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THE PROPHET OF THE GREAT SMOKY MOUNTAINS.

I.

ALWAYS enwrapped in the illusory mists, always touching the evasive clouds, the peaks of the Great Smoky Mountains are like some barren ideal, that has bartered for the vague isolations of a higher atmosphere the material values of the warm world below. Upon those mighty and majestic domes no tree strikes root, no hearth is alight; humanity is an alien thing, and utility set at naught. Below, dense forests cover the massive, precipitous slopes of the range, and in the midst of the wilderness a clearing shows, here and there, and the roof of a humble log cabin; in the valley, far, far lower still, a red spark at dusk may suggest a home, nestling in the cove. Grain grows apace in these scanty clearings, for the soil in certain favored spots is mellow; and the weeds grow, too, and in a wet season the ploughs are fain to be active. They are of the bull-tongue variety, and are sometimes drawn by oxen. As often as otherwise they are followed by women.

In the gracious June mornings, when winds are astir and wings are awirl in the wide spaces of the sunlit air, the work seemed no hardship to Dorinda Cayce, — least of all one day when another plough ran parallel to the furrows of her own, and a loud, drawling, intermittent conversation became practicable.

She paused often, and looked idly about her: sometimes at the distant mountains, blue and misty, against the indefinite horizon; sometimes down at the cool, dense shadows of the wooded valley, so far below the precipice, to which the steep clearing shelved; sometimes at the little log cabin on the slope above, sheltered by a beetling crag and shadowed by the pines; sometimes still higher at the great "bald" of the mountain, and its mingled phantasmagoria of shifting clouds and flickering sheen and glimmering peak.

"He 'lowed ter me," she said, suddenly, "ez he hev been gin ter view strange sights a many a time in them fogs, an' sech."

The eyes lifted to the shivering vapors might never have reflected aught but a tropical sunshine, so warm, so bright, so languorously calm, were they. She turned them presently upon a young man, who was ploughing with a horse close by, and who also came to a meditative halt in the turn-row. He too was of intermittent conversational tendencies, and between them it might be marvelled that so many of the furrows were already run. He wore a wide-brimmed brown wool hat, set far back upon his head; a mass of straight yellow hair hung down to the collar of his brown jeans coat. His brown eyes were slow and contemplative. The corn was knee-

high, and hid the great boots drawn over his trousers. As he moved there sounded the unexpected jingle of spurs. He looked, with the stolid, lack-lustre expression of the mountaineer, at the girl, who continued, as she leaned lightly on the plough-handles:—

"I 'lowed ter him ez mebbe he hed drempt them visions. I knows I hev thunk some toler'ble cur'ous thoughts myself, ef I war tired an' sleepin' hard. But he said he reckoned I had drempt no sech dreams ez his'n. I can't holp sorrowin' fur him some. He 'lowed ez Satan hev hunted him like a patridge on the mountin'."

The young man's eyes dropped with sudden significance upon his plough-handles. A pair of pistols in their leather cases swung incongruously there. They gave a caustic suggestion of human adversaries as fierce as the moral pursuit of the Principle of Evil, and the girl's face fell. In absence of mind she recommenced her work.

"Waal," she gently drawled, as the old ox languidly started down the row, "'pears like ter me ez it ain't goin' ter be no differ, nohow; it won't hender ye none."

Her face was grave, but there was a smile in her eyes, which had the lustre and depth of a sapphire, and a lambent glow like the heart of a blue flame. They were fringed by long, black lashes, and her hair was black, also. Her pink calico sun-bonnet, flaring toward the front, showed it lying in moist tendrils on her brow, and cast an unwonted roseate tint upon the clear, healthful pallor of her complexion. She wore a dark blue homespun dress, and, despite her coarse garb and uncouth occupation and the gaunt old ox, there was something impressive in her simple beauty, her youth, and her elastic vigor. As she drove the ploughshare into the mould she might have seemed the type of a young civilization,—so fine a thing in itself, so roughly accoutred.

When she came down the slope again, facing him, the pink curtain of her bonnet waving about her shoulders, her blue skirts fluttering among the blades of corn, a winged shadow sweeping along as if attendant upon her, while a dove flew high above to its nest in the pines, he raised his hand with an imperative gesture, and she paused obediently. He had flushed deeply; the smouldering fire in his eyes was kindling. He leaned across the few rows of corn that stood between them.

"I hev a word ter ax right now. Who air under conviction hyar?" he demanded.

She seemed a trifle startled. Her grasp shifted uncertainly on the plough-handles, and the old ox, accustomed to rest only at the turn-row, mistook her intention, and started off. She stopped him with some difficulty, and then, "Convicted of sin?" she asked, in a voice that showed her appreciation of the solemnity of the subject.

"I hev said it," the young man declared, with a half-suppressed irritation which confused her.

She remained silent.

"Mebbe it air yer granny," he suggested, with a sneer.

She recoiled, with palpable surprise. "Granny made her peace fifty year ago," she declared, with pride in this anciently acquired grace,— "fifty year an' better."

"The boys air convicted, then?" he asked, still leaning over the corn and still sneering.

"The boys hev got thar religion, too," she faltered, looking at him with wide eyes, brilliant with astonishment, and yet a trifle dismayed. Suddenly, she threw herself into her wonted confident attitude, leaning upon the plough-handles, and with an appealing glance began an extenuation of her spiritual poverty: "'Pears like ez I hev never hed a call ter tell you-uns afore ez I hev hed no time yit ter git my religion."

Granny bein' old, an' the boys at the still, I hev hed ter spin, an' weave, an' cook, an' sew, an' plough some, — the boys bein' mos'ly at the still. An' then, thar be Mirandy Jane, my brother Ab's darter, ez I hev hed ter l'arn how ter cook vittles. When I went down yander ter my aunt Jerushy's house in Tuckaleechee Cove, ter holp her some with weavin', I war plumb cur'ous ter know how Mirandy Jane would make out whilst I war gone. They 'lowed ez she hed cooked the vittles toler'ble, but ef she had washed a skillet or a platter in them three days I could n't find it."

Her tone was stern; all the outraged housekeeper was astir within her.

He said nothing, and she presently continued discursively, still leaning on the plough-handles: "I never stayed away but them three days. I war n't satisf'ied in my mind, nohow, whilst I bided down thar in Tuckaleechee Cove. I hankered cotsider'ble arter the baby. He air three year old now, an' I hev keered fur him ever sence his mother died, — my brother Ab's wife, ye know, — two year ago an' better. They hed fedded him toler'ble whilst I war away, an' I fund him fat ez common. But they hed crost him somehows, an' he war aillin' in his temper when I got home, an' hed ter hev cotsider'ble coddlin'."

She paused before the rising anger in his eyes.

"Why air Mirandy Jane called ter l'arn how ter cook vittles?" he demanded, irrelevantly, it might have seemed.

She looked at him in deprecating surprise. Yet she turned at bay.

"I hev never hearn ez ye war convicted yerself, Rick Tyler!" she said tartly. "Ye war never so much ez seen a-scoutin' round the mourner's bench. Ef I hev got no religion, ye hev got none, nuther."

"Ye air minded ter git merried, D'rindy Cayce," he said, severely, solving his own problem, "an' that's why

Mirandy Jane hev got ter be l'arned ter take yer place at home."

He produced this as if it were an accusation.

She drew back, indignant and affronted, and with a rigid air of offended propriety. "I hev no call ter spen' words 'bout sech ez that, with a free-spoken man like you-uns," she staidly asseverated; and then she was about to move on.

Accepting her view of the gross unseemliness of his mention of the subject, the young fellow's anger gave way to contrition. "Waal, D'rindy," he said, in an eager, apologetic tone, "I hev seen that critter, that thar preacher, a-hangin' round you-uns's house a powerful deal lately, whilst I hev been obleeged ter hide out in the woods. An' bein' ez nobody thar owns up ter needin' religion but you-uns, I reckoned he war a-tryin' ter git ye ter take him an' grace tergeth'er. That man hev got his mouth stuffed chock full o' words, — more 'n enny other man I ever see," he added, with an expression of deep disgust.

Dorinda might be thought to abuse her opportunities. "He ain't studyin' 'bout'n me, no more 'n I be 'bout'n him," she said, with scant relish for the spectacle of Rick Tyler's jealousy. "Pa'son Kelsey jes' stops thar ter the house ter rest his bones a while, arter he kems down off'n the bald, whar he goes ter pray."

"In the name o' reason," exclaimed the young fellow petulantly, "why can't he pray somewhar else? A man ez hev got ter h'ist hisself on the bald of a mounting ten mile high — except what's lackin' — ter git a purchase on prayer hain't got no religion wuth talkin' 'bout. Sinner ez I am, I kin pray in the valley — way down yander in Tuckaleechee Cove — ez peart ez on enny bald in the Big Smoky. That critter air a powerful aggervatin' contrivance."

Her eyes still shone upon him. "'Pears like ter me ez it air no differ,

nohow," she said, with her consolatory cadence. As she again started down the row, she added, glancing over her shoulder and relenting even to explanation, "'Twar granny's word ez Mirandy Jane hed ter be l'arned ter cook an' sech. She air risin' thirteen now, an' air toler'ble bouncin' an' spry, an' oughter be some use, ef ever. An' *she* mought marry when she gits fairly grown, an'," pausing in the turn-row for argument, and looking with earnest eyes at him, as he still stood in the midst of the waving corn, idly holding the plough-handles, where the pistols swung, "ef she did marry, 'pears like ter me ez she would be mightily faulted ef she could n't cook tasty."

There was no reasonable doubt of this proposition, but it failed to convince, and in miserable cogitation he completed another furrow, and met her at the turn-row.

"I s'pose ez Pa'son Kelsey an' yer granny air powerful sociable an' frien'ly," he hazarded, as they stood together.

"I dunno ez them two air partic'lar frien'ly. Pa'son Kelsey air in no wise a sociable critter," said Dorinda, with a discriminating air. "He ain't like Brother Jake Tobin, — though it 'pears like ter me ez his gift in prayer air manifested more survivrus, ef enny-thing." She submitted this diffidently. Having no religion, she felt incompetent to judge of such matters. "'Pears like ter me ez Pa'son Kelsey air more like 'Lijah an' 'Lisha, an' them men, what he talks about cornsider'ble, an' goes out ter meet on the bald."

"He don't meet them men on the bald; they air dead," said Rick Tyler, abruptly.

She looked at him in shocked surprise.

"That 's jes' his addling way o' talkin'," continued the young fellow. "He don't mean fur true more 'n haffen what he say. He 'lows ez he meets the sperits o' them men on the bald."

Once more she lifted her bright eyes to the shivering vapors, — vague, mysterious, veiling in solemn silence the barren, awful heights.

An extreme gravity had fallen upon her face. "Did they live in thar lifetime up hyar in the Big Smoky, or in the valley kentry?" she asked, in a lowered voice.

"I ain't sure 'bout'n that," he replied, indifferently.

"'Crost the line in the old North State?" she hazarded, exhausting her knowledge of the habitable globe.

"I hearn him read 'bout'n it wunst, but I furgits now."

Still her reverent, beautiful eyes, full of the dreamy sunshine, were lifted to the peak. "It must hev been in the Big Smoky Mountings they lived," she said, with eager credulity, "fur he tole me ez the word an' the prophets holped him when Satan kem a-huntin' of him like a patridge on the mount-ing."

The young fellow turned away, with a gesture of angry impatience.

"Ef he hed ever hed the State o' Tennessee a-huntin' of him he would n't be so feared o' Satan. Ef thar war a warrant fur *him* in the sher'ff's pocket, an' the gran' jury's true bill fur murder lyin' agin *him* yander at Shaftesville, an' the gov'nor's reward, two hundred dollars blood money, on *him*, he would n't be a-humpin' his bones round hyar so peart, a-shakin' in his shoes fur the fear o' Satan." He laughed, a caustic, jeering laugh. "Satan 's mighty active, cornsiderin' his age, but I 'd be willin' ter pit the State o' Tennessee agin him when it kems ter huntin' of folks like a patridge."

The sunshine in the girl's eyes was clouded. They had filled with tears. Still leaning on the plough-handles, she looked at him, with suddenly crimson cheeks and quivering lips. "I dunno how the State o' Tennessee kin git its own cornsent ter be so mean an' wicked

ez it air," she said, his helpless little partisan.

Despite their futility, her words comforted him. "An' I hev done nuthin', nohow!" he cried out, in shrill self-justification. "I could no more hender 'Bednego Tynes from shootin' Joel Byers down in his own door 'n nuthin' in this worl'. I never even knowed they hed a grudge. 'Bednego Tynes, he tole me ez he owed Joel a debt, an' war goin' ter see him bout'n it, an' wanted somebody along ter hear his word an' see jestice done 'twixt 'em. Thar air fower Byers boys, an' I reckon he war feared they would all jump on him at wunst, an' he wanted me ter help him ef they did. An' I went along like a fool sheep, thinkin' 'bout nuthin'. An' when we got way down yander in Eskaququa Cove, whar Joel Byers's house air, he gin a hello at the fence, an' Joel kem ter the door. An' 'Bednego whipped up his rifle suddint an' shot him through the head, ez nip an' percise! An' thar stood Joel's wife, seein' it all. An' 'Bednego run off, nimble, I tell ye, an' I war so frustrated I run, too. Somebody cotched 'Bednego in the old North State the nex' week, an' the gov'nor hed ter send a requisition arter him. But sence I fund out ez they 'lowed I war aidin' an' abettin' 'Bednego, an' war goin' ter arrest me 'kase I war thar at the killin', they hev hed powerful little chance o' tryin' me in the court. An' whilst the gov'nor hed his hand in, he offered a reward fur sech a lawless man ez I be."

He broke off, visibly struggling for composure; then he recommenced in increasing indignation: "An' these hyar frien's o' mine in the Big Smoky, I'll be bound they hanker powerful arter them two hundred dollars blood money. I know ez I'd hev been tuk afore this, ef it warn't fur them consarns thar." He nodded frowningly at the pistols. "Them's the only frien's I hev got."

The girl's voice trembled. "'Pears

like ye mought count me in," she said, reproachfully.

"Naw," he retorted, sternly, "ye go round hyar sorrowin' fur a man ez hev got nuthin' ter be afeard of but the devil."

She made no reply, and her meekness mollified him.

"D'rindy," he said, in an altered tone, and with the pathos of a keen despair, "I hed fixed it in my mind a good while ago, when I could hev hed a house, an' lived like folks, stiddier like a wolf in the woods, ter ax ye ter marry me; but I war hendered by gittin' skeered 'bout'n yer bein' all in favor o' Amos Jeemes, ez kem up ter see ye from Eskaququa Cove, an' I did n't want ter git turned off. Mebbe ef I hed axed ye then I would n't hev tuk ter goin' along o' 'Bednego Tynes an' sech, an' the killin' o' Joel would n't hev happened like it done. Would ye — would ye hev merried me, then?"

Her eyes flashed. "Ye air fairly sodden with foolishness, Rick!" she exclaimed angrily. "Air you-uns thinkin' ez I'll 'low ez I would hev merried a man four month ago ez never axed me ter marry, nohow?" Then, with an appreciation of the delicacy of the position and a conservation of mutual pride, she added, "An' I won't say nuther ez I *would* n't marry a man ez hev never axed me ter marry, nohow."

Somehow, the contrariety of the proprieties, as she translated them, bewildered and baffled him. Even had he been looking at her he might hardly have interpreted, with his blunt perceptions, the dewy wistfulness of the eyes which she bent upon him. The word might promise nothing now. Still she would have valued it. He did not speak it. His eyes were fixed on Chilhowce Mountain, rising up, massive and splendid, against the west. The shadows of the clouds flecked the pure and perfect blue of the sunny slopes with a dusky mottling of purple. The denser shade

in the valley had shifted, and one might know by this how the day wore on. The dew had dried from the long, keen blades of the Indian corn; the grasshoppers droned among them. A lizard basked on a flat, white stone hard by. The old ox dozed in the turn-row.

Suddenly Rick Tyler lifted his hand, with an intent gesture and a dilated eye. There came from far below, on the mountain road, the sound of a horse's hoof striking on a stone, again, and yet again. A faint metallic jingle — the air was so still — suggested spurs. The girl's hands trembled violently as she stepped swiftly to his horse and took off the plough-gear. He had caught up a saddle that was lying in the turn-row, and as hastily buckled the girth about the animal.

"Ef that air ennybody a-hankerin' ter see me, don't you-uns be a-denyin' ez I hev been hyar, D'rindy," he said, as he put his foot in the stirrup. "I reckon they hev fund out by now ez I be in the kentry round about. But keep 'em hyar ez long ez ye kin, ter gin me a start."

He mounted his horse, and rode noiselessly away along the newly turned mould of the furrow.

She stood leaning upon her plough-handles, and silently watching him. His equestrian figure, darkly outlined against the far blue mountains and the intermediate valley, seemed of heroic size against the landscape, which was reduced by the distance to the minimum of proportion. The deep shadows of the woods, encompassing the clearing, fell upon him presently, and he, too, was but a shadow in the dusky monochrome of the limited vista. The dense laurel closed about him, and his mountain fastnesses, that had befriended him of yore, received him once again.

Then up and down the furrows Dorinda mechanically followed the plough, her pulses throbbing, every nerve tense, every faculty alert. She winced when

she heard the frequent striking of hoofs upon the rocky slopes of the road below. She was instantly aware when they were silent and the party had stopped to breathe the horses. She began accurately to gauge their slow progress.

"T ain't airish in no wise ter-day," she said, glancing about at the still, noon-tide landscape; "an' ef them air valley cattle they mus' git blowed mightily travelin' up sech steep mountings ez the Big Smoky." She checked her self-gratulation. "Though I ain't wantin' ter gloat on the beastis' misery, nuther," she stipulated.

She paused presently at the lower end of the clearing, and looked down over the precipice, that presented a sheer sandstone cliff on one side, and on the other a wild confusion of splintered and creviced rocks, where the wild rose bloomed in the niches and the grape-vine swung. The beech-trees on the slope below conserved beneath their dense, umbrageous branches a tender, green twilight. Loitering along in a gleaming silver thread by the roadside was a mountain rill, hardly gurgling even when with slight and primitive shift it was led into a hollowed and mossy log, that it might aggregate sufficient volume in the dry season to water the horse of the chance wayfarer.

The first stranger that rode into this shadowy nook took off a large straw hat and bared his brow to the refreshing coolness. His grizzled hair stood up in front after the manner denominated "a roach." His temples were deeply sunken, and his strongly marked face was long and singularly lean. He held it forward, as if he were snuffing the air. He had a massive and powerful frame, with not an ounce of superfluous flesh, and he looked like a hound in the midst of the hunting season.

It served to quiet Dorinda's quivering nerves when he leisurely rode his big gray horse up to the trough, and dropped the rein that the animal might

drink. If he were in pursuit he evidently had no idea how close he had pressed the fugitive. He was joined there by the other members of the party, six or eight in number, and presently a stentorian voice broke upon the air. "Hello! Hello!" he shouted, hailing the log cabin.

Mirandy Jane, a slim, long-legged, filly-like girl of thirteen, with a tangled black mane, the forelock hanging over her wild, prominent eyes, had at that moment appeared on the porch. She paused, and stared at the strangers with vivacious surprise. Then, taking sudden fright, she fled precipitately, with as much attendant confusion of pattering footfalls, flying mane, and excited snorts and gasps as if she were a troop of wild horses.

"Granny! granny!" she exclaimed to the old crone in the chimney corner, "thar's a man on a big gray critter down at the troff, an' I ain't s'prised none ef he air a raider!"

The hail of the intruders was regarded as a challenge by some fifteen or twenty hounds that suddenly materialized among the bee-hives and the althea bushes, and from behind the ash-hopper and the hen-house and the rain-barrel. From under the cabin two huge curs came, their activity impeded by the blocks and chains they drew. These were silent, while the others yelped vociferously, and climbed over the fence, and dashed down the road.

The horses pricked up their ears, and the leader of the party awaited the onslaught with a pistol in his hand.

The old woman, glancing out of the window, observed this demonstration.

"He'll kill one o' our dogs with that thar shootin'-iron o' his'n!" she exclaimed in trepidation. "Run, Mirandy Jane, an' tell him *our* dogs don't bite."

The filly-like Mirandy Jane made great speed among the hounds, as she called them off, and remembered only after she had returned to the house to

be afraid of the "shootin'-iron" herself.

The old woman, who had come out on the porch, stood gazing at the party, shading her eyes with her hand, and a long-range colloquy ensued.

"Good-mornin', madam," said the man at the trough.

"Good-mornin', sir," quavered the old crone on the mountain slope.

"I'm the sher'ff o' the county, madam, an' I'd like ter know ef" —

"Mirandy Jane," the old woman interrupted, in a wrathful undertone, "'pears like I hev hed the trouble o' raisin' a idjit in you-uns! Them ain't raiders, 'n nuthin' like it. Run an' tell the sher'ff we air dishin' up dinner right now, an' ax him an' his gang ter' light an' hitch, an' eat it along o' we-uns."

The prospect was tempting. It was high noon, and the posse had been in the saddle since dawn. Dorinda, with a beating heart, marked how short a consultation resulted in dismounting and hitching the horses; and then, with their spurs jingling and their pistols belted about them, the men trooped up to the house.

As they seated themselves around the table, more than one looked back over his shoulder at the open window, in which was framed, as motionless as a painted picture, the vast perspective of the endless blue ranges and the great vaulted sky, not more blue, all with the broad, still, brilliant noontide upon it.

"Ye ain't scrimped fur a view, Mis' Cayce, an' that's the Lord's truth!" exclaimed the officer.

"Waal," said the old woman, as if her attention were called to the fact for the first time, "we kin see a power o' kentry from this spot o' ourn, sure enough; but I dunno ez it gins us enny more chance o' ever viewin' Canaan."

"It's a sight o' ground ter hev ter hunt a man over, ez ef he war a needle in a haystack," and once more the officer turned and surveyed the prospect.

The room was overheated by the fire which had cooked the dinner, and the old woman actively plied her fan of turkey feathers, pausing occasionally to readjust her cap, which had a flapping frill and was surmounted by a pair of gleaming spectacles. A bandana kerchief was crossed over her breast, and she wore a blue-and-white-checked homespun of the same pattern and style that she had worn here fifty years ago. Her hands were tremulous and gnarled and her face was deeply wrinkled, but her interest in life was as fresh as Mirandy Jane's.

The great frame of the warping-bars on one side of the room was swathed with a rainbow of variegated yarn, and a spinning-wheel stood near the door. A few shelves, scrupulously neat, held piggins, a cracked blue bowl, brown earthenware, and the cooking utensils. There were rude gun-racks on the walls. These indicated the fact of several men in the family. It was the universal dinner-hour, yet none of them appeared. The sheriff reflected that perhaps they had their own sufficient reason to be shy of strangers, and the horses hitched outside advertised the presence and number of unaccustomed visitors within. When the usual appetizer was offered, it took the form of whiskey in such quantity that the conviction was forced upon him that it was come by very handily. However, he applied himself with great relish to the bacon and snap-beans, corn dodgers and fried chicken, not knowing that Mirandy Jane, who was esteemed altogether second rate, had cooked them, and spread the honey upon the apple-pie, ate it with his knife, and washed it down with buttermilk, kept cold as ice in the spring, — the mixture being calculated to surprise a more civilized stomach.

Not even his conscience was roused, — the first intimation of a disordered digestion. He listened to old Mrs. Cayce with no betrayal of divination when she

vaguely but anxiously explained the absence of her son and his boys in the equivocal phrase, "Not round about ter-day, bein' gone off," and he asked how many miles distant was the Settlement, as if he understood they had gone thither. He was saying to himself, the brush whiskey warming his heart, that the revenue department paid him nothing to raid moonshiners, and there was no obligation of his office to sift any such suspicion which might occur to him while accepting an unguarded hospitality.

He looked with somewhat appreciative eyes at Dorinda, as she went back and forth from the table to the pot which hung in the deep chimney-place above the smouldering coals. She had laid aside her bonnet. Her face was grave; her eyes were bright and excited; her hair was drawn back, except for the tendrils about her brow, and coiled, with the aid of a much-prized "tuckin' comb," at the back of her head in a knot discriminated as Grecian in civilization. He remarked to her grandmother that he was a family man himself, and had a daughter as old, he should say, as Dorinda.

"D'rindy air turned seventeen now," said Mrs. Cayce, disparagingly. "It 'pears like ter me ez the young folks nowadays air awk'ard an' back'ard. I war merried when I war sixteen, — sixteen scant."

The girl felt that she was indeed of advanced years, and the sheriff said that his daughter was not yet sixteen, and he thought it probable she weighed more than Dorinda.

He lighted his pipe presently, and tilted his chair back against the wall.

"Yes 'm," he said meditatively, gazing out of the window at the great panorama, "it's a pretty big spot o' kentry ter hev ter hunt a man over. Now ef 't war one o' the town folks we could make out ter overhaul him somehow; but a mounting boy, — why, he's ez free

ter the hills ez a fox. I s'pose ye hain't seen him hyar-about's?"

"I hain't hearn who it air yit," the old woman replied, putting her hand behind her ear.

"It's Rick Tyler; he hails from this deestric'. I won't be 'stonished ef we ketch him this time. The gov'nor has offered two hunderd dollars reward fur him, an' I reckon somebody will find it wuth while ter head him fur us."

He was talking idly. He had no expectation of developments here. He had only stopped at the house in the first instance for the question which he had asked at every habitation along the road. It suddenly occurred to him as polite to include Dorinda in the conversation.

"Ye hain't seen nor hearn of him, I s'pose, hev ye?" inquired the sheriff, directly addressing her.

As he turned toward her he marked her expression. His own face changed suddenly. He rose at once.

"Don't trifle with the law, I warn ye," he said sternly. "Ye hev seen that man."

Dorinda was standing beside her spinning-wheel, one hand holding the thread, the other raised to guide the motion. She looked at him, pale and breathless.

"I hev seen him. I ain't onwillin' ter own it. Ye never axed me afore."

The other members of the party had crowded in from the porch, where they had been sitting since dinner, smoking their pipes. The officer, realizing his lapse of vigilance and the loss of his opportunity, was sharply conscious, too, of their appreciation of his fatuity.

"Whar did ye see him?" he asked.

"I seen him hyar—this mornin'." There was a stir of excitement in the group. "He kem by on his beastis whilst I war a-ploughin', an' we talked a passel. An' then he tuk Pete's plough, ez war idle in the turn-row, an' holped along some; he run a few furrows."

"Which way did he go?" asked the sheriff breathlessly.

"I dunno," faltered the girl.

"Look-a-hyar!" he thundered, in rising wrath. "Ye'll find yerself under lock an' key in the jail at Shaftesville, ef ye undertake ter fool with me. Which way did he go?"

A flush sprang into the girl's excited face. Her eyes flashed.

"Ef ye kin jail me fur tellin' all I know, I can't holp it," she said, with spirit. "I kin tell no more."

He saw the justice of her position. It did not make the situation easier for him. Here he had sat eating and drinking and idly talking while the fugitive, who had escaped by a hair's breadth, was counting miles and miles between himself and his lax pursuer. This would be heard of in Shaftesville,—and he a candidate for reëlection! He beheld already an exchange of significant glances among his posse. Had he asked that simple question earlier he might now be on his way back to Shaftesville, his prisoner braceleted with the idle handcuffs that jingled in his pocket as he moved.

He caught at every illusive vagary that might promise to retrieve his error. He declared that she could not say which way Rick Tyler had taken because he was not gone.

"He's in this house right now!" he exclaimed. He ordered a search, and the guests, a little while ago so friendly, begun exploring every nook and cranny.

"No, no!" cried the old woman, shrilly, as they tried the door of the shed-room, which was bolted and barred. "Ye can't tech that thar door. It can't be opened,—not ef the Gov'nor o' Tennessee war hyar himself, a-moanin' an' a-honin' ter git in."

The sheriff's eyes dilated. "Open the door,—I summon ye!" he proclaimed, with his imperative official manner.

"No! — I done tole ye," she said in-

dignantly. "The word o' the men folks hev been gin ter keep that thar door shet, an' shet it's goin' ter be kep'."

The officer laid his hand upon it.

"Ye must n't bust it open!" shrilled the old woman. "Laws-a-massy! ef thar be many sech ez you-uns in Shaftesville, I ain't s'prised none that the Bible gits ter mournin' over the low kentry, an' calls it a vale o' tears an' the valley o' the shadder o' death!"

The sheriff had placed his powerful shoulder against the frail batten door.

"Hyar goes!" he said.

There was a crash; the door lay in splinters on the floor; the men rushed precipitately over it.

They came back laughing sheepishly. The officer's face was angry and scarlet.

"Don't take the bar'l, — don't take the bar'l!" the old woman besought of him, as she fairly hung upon his arm. "I dunno *how* the boys would cavort ef they kem back an' fund the bar'l gone."

He gave her no heed. "Why n't ye tell me that man war n't thar?" he asked of the girl.

"Ye did n't ax me that word," said Dorinda.

"No, 'Cajah Green, ye did n't," said one of the men, who, since the abortive result of their leader's suspicion, were ashamed of their mission, and prone to self-exoneration. "I'll stand up ter it ez she answered full an' true every word ez ye axed her."

"Lor'-a-mighty! Ef I jes' knowed aforehand how it will tech the boys when they view the door down onto the floor!" exclaimed the old woman. "They mought jounce round hyar ez ef they war bereft o' reason, an' all thar hope o' salvation hed hung on the hinges. An' then agin they mought 'low ez they hed ruther hev no door than be at the trouble o' shettin' it an' barrin' it up ez they kem an' go. They air mighty onsartain in thar temper, an' I hev never hankered ter see 'em crost. But fur the glory's sake, don't tech the bar'l. It's been

sot thar ter age some, ef the Lord will spare it."

In the girl's lucent eyes the officer detected a gleam of triumph. How far away in the tangled labyrinths of the mountain wilderness, among the deer-paths and the cataracts and the cliffs, had these long hours led Rick Tyler!

He spoke on his angry impulse: "An' I ain't goin' ter furgit in a hurry how I hev fund out ez ye air a-consortin' with criminals, an' aidin' an' abettin' men ez air fleein' from jestic an' wanted fur murder. Ye look out; ye'll find yerself in Shaftesville jail 'fore long, I'm a-thinkin'."

"He stopped an' talked ez other folks stop an' talk," Dorinda retorted. "I could n't hender, an' I hed no mind ter hender. He took no bite nor sup ez others hev done. 'Pears like ter me ez we hev gin aid an' comfort ter the officer o' the law, ez well ez we could."

And this was the story that went down to Shaftesville.

The man, his wrath rebounding upon himself, hung his head, and went down to the trough, and mounted his horse without another word.

The others hardly knew what to say to Dorinda. But they were more deliberate in their departure, and hung around apologizing in their rude way to the old woman, who convulsively besought each to spare the barrel, which had been set in the shed-room to "age some, ef it could be lef' alone."

Dorinda stood under the jack-bean vines, blossoming purple and white, and watched the men as they silently rode away. All the pride within her was stirred. Every sensitive fibre flinched from the officer's coarse threat. She followed him out of sight with vengeful eyes.

"I wish I war a man!" she cried, passionately.

"A-law, D'rindy!" exclaimed her grandmother, aghast at the idea. "That ain't manners!"

The shadows were beginning to creep slowly up the slopes of the Great Smoky Mountains, as if they came from the depths of the earth. A roseate suffusion idealized range and peak to the east. The delicate skyey background of opaline tints and lustre made distinct and definite their majestic symmetry of outline. Ah! and the air was so clear! What infinite lengths of elastic distances stretched between that quivering trumpet-flower by the fence and the azure heights which its scarlet horn might almost seem to cover! The sun, its yellow blaze burned out, and now a sphere of smouldering fire, was dropping down behind Chilhowee, royally purple, richly dark. Wings were in the air and every instinct was homeward. An eagle, with a shadow skurrying through the valley, like some forlorn Icarus that might not soar, swept high over the landscape. Above all rose the great "bald," still splendidly illumined with the red glamour of the sunset, and holding its uncovered head so loftily against the sky that it might seem it had bared its brow before the majesty of heaven.

When the "men folks," great, gaunt, bearded, jeans-clad fellows, stood in the shed-room and gazed at the splintered door upon the floor, it was difficult to judge what was the prevailing sentiment, so dawdling, so uncommunicative, so inexpressive of gesture, were they.

"We kuowed ez thar war strangers prowlin' roun'," said the master of the house, when he had heard his mother's excited account of the events of the day. "We war a-startin' ter kem home ter dinner, an' seen thar beastises hitched thar a-nigh the trough. An' I 'lowed ez mebbe they mought be the revenue devils, so I jes' made the boys lay low. An' Sol war set ter watch, an' he gin the word when they hed rid away."

He was a man of fifty-five, perhaps, tough and stalwart. His face was as lined and seamed as that of his mother, who had counted nearly fourscore years,

but his frame was almost as supple as at thirty. This trait of physical vigor was manifested in each of his muscular sons, and despite their slow and lank uncouthness their movements suggested latent elasticity. In Dorinda, his only daughter, it graced her youth and perfected her beauty. He was known far and wide as "Ground-hog Cayce," but he would tell you, with a flash of the eye, that before the war he bore the Christian name of John.

Nothing more was said on the subject until after supper, when they were all sitting, dusky shadows, on the little porch, where the fireflies sparkled and the vines fluttered, and one might look out and see the new moon, in the similitude of a silver boat, sailing down the western skies, off the headlands of Chilhowee. A cricket was shrilling in the weeds. The vague, sighing voice of the woods rose and fell with a melancholy monody. A creamy elder blossom glimmered in a corner of the rail fence, hard by, its delicate, delicious odor pervading the air.

"I never knowed," said one of the young men, "ez this hyar sher'ff — this 'Cajah Green — war sech a headin' critter."

"He never teched the bar'l," said the old woman, not wishing that he should appear blacker than he had painted himself.

"I s'pose you-uns gin him an' his gang a bite an' sup," remarked Ground-hog Cayce.

"They eat a sizable dinner hyar," put in Mirandy Jane, who, having cooked it, had no mind that it should be belittled.

"An' they stayed a right smart while, an' talked powerful frien'ly an' sociable-like," said old Mrs. Cayce, "till the sher'ff got addled with the notion that we hed Rick Tyler hid hyar. An' unless we-uns hed tied him in the cheer or shot him, nuthin' in natur' could hev held him. I 'lowed 't war the dram he

tuk, though D'rindy thinks differ. They never teched the bar'l, though."

"An' then," said Dorinda, with a sudden gush of tears, all the afflicted delicacy of a young and tender woman, all the overweening pride of the mountaineer, throbbing wildly in her veins, her heart afire, her helpless hands trembling, "he said the word ez he would lock me up in the jail at Shaftesville, sence I hed owned ter seein' a man ez he warn't peart enough ter ketch. He spoke that word ter me, — *the jail!*"

She hung sobbing in the doorway.

There was a murmur of indignation among the group, and John Cayce rose to his feet with a furious oath.

"He shell rue it!" he cried, — "he shell rue it! Me an' mine take no word off'n nobody. My gran'dad an' his three brothers, one hunderd an' fourteen year ago, kem hyar from the old North State an' settled in the Big Smoky. They an' thar sons rooted up the wilderness. They crapped. They fit the beastis; they fit the Injun; they fit the British; an' this last little war o' ourn they fit each other. Thar hev never been a coward 'mongst 'em. Thar hev never been a key turned on one of 'em, or a door shet. They hev respected the law fur what it war wuth, an' they hev stood up fur thar rights agin it. They answer fur thar word, an' others hev ter answer." He paused for a moment.

The moon, still in the similitude of a silver boat, swung at anchor in a deep

indentation in the summit of Chilhowee that looked like some lonely pine-girt bay; what strange, mysterious fancies did it land from its cargo of sentiments and superstitions and uncanny influences!

"D'rindy," her father commanded, "make a mark on this hyar rifle-bar'l fur 'Cajah Green's word ter be remembered by."

There was a flash in the faint moon-beams, as he held out to her a long, sharp knife. The rifle was in his hand. Other marks were on it commemorating past events. This was to be a foregone conclusion.

"No, no!" cried the girl, shrinking back aghast. "I don't want him shot. I would n't hev him hurted fur me, fur nuthin'! I ain't keerin' now fur what he said. Let him be, — let him be."

She had smarted under the sense of indignity. She had wanted their sympathy, and perhaps their idle anger. She was dismayed by the revengeful passion she had roused.

"No, no!" she reiterated, as one of the younger men, her brother Peter, stepped swiftly out from the shadow, seized her hand with the knife trembling in it, and, catching the moonlight on the barrel of the rifle, guided upon it, close to the muzzle, the mark of a cross.

The moon had weighed anchor at last, and dropped down behind the mountain summit, leaving the bay with a melancholy waning suffusion of light, and the night very dark.

Charles Egbert Craddock.

A CANADIAN FOLK-SONG.

THE doors are shut, the windows fast;
Outside the gust is driving past;
Outside the shivering ivy clings,
While on the hob the kettle sings.
Margery, Margery, make the tea,
Singeth the kettle merrily.

The streams are hushed up where they flowed,
The ponds are frozen along the road,
The cattle are housed in shed and byre,
While singeth the kettle on the fire.
Margery, Margery, make the tea,
Singeth the kettle merrily.

The fisherman on the bay in his boat
Shivers and buttons up his coat;
The traveler stops at the tavern door,
And the kettle answers the chimney's roar.
Margery, Margery, make the tea,
Singeth the kettle merrily.

The firelight dances upon the wall,
Footsteps are heard in the outer hall;
A kiss and a welcome that fill the room,
And the kettle sings in the glimmer and gloom.
Margery, Margery, make the tea,
Singeth the kettle merrily.

William Wilfred Campbell.

CHILDHOOD IN GREEK AND ROMAN LITERATURE.

THERE was a time, just beyond the memory of men now living, when the Child was born in literature. At the same period books for children began to be written. There were children, indeed, in literature before Wordsworth created Alice Fell and Lucy Gray, or breathed the lines beginning,

"She was a phantom of delight,"

and there were books for the young before Mr. Day wrote Sandford and Merton; especially is it to be noted that Goldsmith, who was an *avant-courier* of Wordsworth, had a very delightful perception of the child, and amused himself with him in the Vicar of Wakefield, while he or his double entertained his little friends in real life with the Renowned History of Goody Two Shoes. Nevertheless, there has been, since the day of Wordsworth, such a succession of childish figures in prose and verse that we are justified in believing child-

hood to have been discovered at the close of the last century. The child has now become so common that we scarcely consider how absent he is from the earlier literature. Men and women are there, lovers, maidens, and youth, but these are all with us still. The child has been added to the *dramatis personæ* of modern literature.

There is a correlation between childhood in literature and a literature for children, but it will best be understood when one has considered the meaning of the appearance and disappearance of the child in different epochs of literature and art; for while a hasty survey certainly assures one that the nineteenth century regards childhood far more intently than any previous age, it is impossible that so elemental a figure as the child should ever have been wholly lost to sight. A comparison of literatures with reference to this figure may disclose some of the

fundamental differences which exist between this century and those which have preceded it; it may also disclose a still deeper note of unity, struck by the essential spirit in childhood itself. It is not worth while in such a study to have much recourse to the minor masters; if a theme so elemental and so universal in its relations is not to be illustrated from the great creative expositors of human nature, it cannot have the importance which we claim for it.

I.

When Dr. Schliemann with his little shovel uncovered the treasures of Mycenæ and Ilium, a good many timid souls rejoiced exceedingly over a convincing proof of the authenticity of the Homeric legends. There always will be those who find the proof of a spiritual fact in some corresponding material fact; who wish to see the bones of Agamemnon before they are quite ready to believe in the Agamemnon of the Iliad; to whom the Bible is not true until its truth has been confirmed by some external witness. But when science has done its utmost, there still remains in a work of art a certain testimony to truth, which may be illustrated by science, but cannot be superseded by it. Agamemnon has lived all these years in the belief of men without the aid of any cups, or saucers, or golden vessels, or even bones. Literature, and especially imaginative literature, is the exponent of the life of a people, and we must still go to it for our most intimate knowledge. No careful antiquarian research can reproduce for us the women of early Greece as Homer has set them before us in a few lines in his pictures of Helen and Penelope and Nausikaä. When, therefore, we ask ourselves of childhood in Greek life, we may reconstruct it out of the multitudinous references in Greek literature to the education of children, to their sports and games; and it is no very difficult task to follow the child from

birth through the nursery to the time when it assumes its place in the active community: but the main inquiries must still be, What pictures have we of childhood? What part does the child play in that drama which is set before us in a microcosm by poets and tragedians?

The actions of Homer's heroes are spiritualized by reflection. That is, as the tree which meets the eye becomes a spiritual tree when one sees its answering image in the pool which it overhangs, so those likenesses which Homer sets over against the deeds of his heroes release the souls of the deeds, and give them wings for a flight in the imagination. A crowd of men flock to the assembly: seen in the bright reflection of Homer's imagination, they are a swarm of bees:—

"Being abroad, the earth was overlaid
With flocks to them, that came forth, as when
Of frequent bees
Swarms rise out of a hollow rock, repairing the
degrees
Of their egression endlessly, with ever rising new
From forth their sweet nest; as their store, still
as it faded, grew,
And never would cease sending forth her clusters
to the spring,
They still crowd out so; this flock here, that
there, belaboring
The loaded flowers."¹

So Chapman, in his Gothic fashion, running up his little spires and pinnacles upon the building which he has raised from Homer's material; but the idea is all Homer's, and Chapman's "repairing the degrees of their egression endlessly," with its resonant hum, is hardly more intentionally a reflex of sound and motion than Homer's *αἰὲν νέον ἐρχομένων*.

We look again at Chapman's way of rendering the caressing little passage in the fourth book of the Iliad, where Homer, wishing to speak of the ease and tenderness with which Athene turns aside the arrow shot at Menelaos, calls up the image of a mother brushing a fly from the face of her sleeping child:—

¹ Chapman's *The Iliads of Homer*, ii. 70-77.

"Stood close before, and slack'd the force the arrow did confer
 With as much care and little hurt as doth a mother use,
 And keep off from her babe, when sleep doth through his powers diffuse
 His golden humor, and th' assaults of rude and busy flies
 She still checks with her careful hand." ¹

Here the Englishman has caught the notion of ease, and emphasized that; yet he has missed the tenderness, and all because he was not content to accept the simple image, but must needs re-fract it into "assaults of rude and busy flies." Better is the rendering of the picturesque figure in which Ajax, beset by the Trojans, is likened to an ass belabored by a pack of boys:—

"As when a dull mill ass comes near a goodly field of corn,
 Kept from the birds by children's cries, the boys are overborne
 By his insensible approach, and simply he will eat
 About whom many wands are broke, and still the children beat,
 And still the self-providing ass doth with their weakness bear,
 Not stirring till his paunch be full, and scarcely then will steer." ²

Apollo, sweeping away the rampart of the Greeks, does it as easily as a boy, who has heaped a pile of sand upon the sea-shore in childish sport, in sport razes it with feet and hands. Achilles half pities, half chides, the imploring, weeping Patroclus, when he says, —

"Wherefore weeps my friend
 So like a girl, who, though she sees her mother cannot tend
 Her childish humors, hangs on her, and would be taken up,
 Still viewing her with tear-drowned eyes, when she has made her stoop." ³

Chapman's "hangs on her" is hardly so particular as Homer's *εἰανὸν ἀπτομένην*, plucks at her gown; and he has quite missed the picture offered by the poet, who makes the child, as soon as she discovers her mother, beg to be taken up,

and insistently stop her as she goes by on some errand. Here again the naive domestic scene in Homer is charged in Chapman with a certain half-tragic meaning.

This, we think, completes the short catalogue of Homer's indirect reference to childhood, and the comparison with the Elizabethan poet's use of the same forms brings out more distinctly the sweet simplicity and native dignity of the Greek. When childhood is thus referred to by Homer, it is used with no condescension, and with no thought of investing it with any adventitious property. It is a part of nature, as the bees are a part of nature; and when Achilles likens his friend in his tears to a little girl wishing to be taken up by her mother, he is not taunting him with being a "cry-baby."

Leaving the indirect references, one recalls immediately the single picture of childhood which stands among the heroic scenes of the Iliad. When Hector has his memorable parting with Andromache, as related in the sixth book of the Iliad, the child Astyanax is present in the nurse's arms. Here Chapman is so careless that we desert him, and fall back on a simple rendering into prose of the passage relating to the child:—

"With this, famous Hector reached forth to take his boy, but back into the bosom of his fair-girded nurse the boy shrank with a cry, frightened at the sight of his dear father; for he was afraid of the brass,—yes, and of the plume made of a horse's mane, when he saw it nodding dreadfully at the helmet's peak. Then out laughed his dear father and his noble mother. Quick from his head famous Hector took the helmet and laid it on the ground, where it shone. Then he kissed his dear son and tossed him in the air, and thus he prayed to Zeus and all the gods. . . . These were his words, and so he placed the boy, his boy, in the hands of his dear wife; and

¹ Iliad, iv. 147-151.

² Iliad, xi. 485-490.

³ Iliad, xvi. 5-8.

she received him into her odorous bosom, smiling through her tears. Her husband had compassion on her when he saw it, and stroked her with his hand, spoke to her, and called her by her name."¹

Like so many other passages in Homer, this at once offers themes for sculpture. Flaxman was right when he presented his series of illustrations to the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* in outline, and gave a statuesque character to the groups, though his interpretation of this special scene is commonplace. There is an elemental property about the life exhibited in Homer which the firm boundaries of sculpture most fitly inclose. Thus childhood, in this passage, is characterized by an entirely simple emotion,—the sudden fear of an infant at the sight of his father's shining helmet and frowning plume; while the relation of maturity to childhood is presented in the strong man's concession to weakness, as he laughs and lays aside his helmet, and then catches and tosses the child.

It is somewhat perilous to comment upon Homer. The appeal in his poetry is so direct to universal feeling, and so free from the entanglements of a too refined sensibility, that the moment one begins to enlarge upon the sentiment in his epic one is in danger of importing into it subtleties which would have been incomprehensible to Homer. There is preserved, especially in the *Iliad*, the picture of a society which is physically developed, but intellectually unrefined. The men weep like children when they cannot have what they want, and the passions which stir life are those which lie nearest the physical forms of expression. When we come thus upon this picture of Hector's parting with Andromache, we are impressed chiefly with the fact that it is human life in outline. Here are great facts of human experience, and they are so told that not one

of them requires a word of explanation to make it intelligible to a child. The child, we are reminded in a later philosophy, is father of the man, and Astynax is a miniature Hector; for we have only to go forward a few pages to find Hector, when brought face to face with Ajax, confessing to a terrible thumping of fear in his breast.

There is one figure in early Greek domestic life which has frequent recognition in literature. It helps in our study of this subject to find the nurse so conspicuous; in the passage last quoted she is given an epithet which is reserved for goddesses and noble women. The definite regard paid to one so identified with childhood is in accord with the open acceptance of the physical aspect of human nature which is at the basis of the Homeric poems. The frankness with which the elemental conditions of life are made to serve the poet's purpose, so that eating and drinking, sleeping and fighting, weeping and laughing, running and dancing, are familiar incidents of the poem, finds a place for the nurse and the house-dog. Few incidents in the *Odyssey* are better remembered by its readers than the recognition of the travel-worn Odysseus by the old watch-dog, and by the nurse who washes the hero's feet and discovers the scar of the wound made by the boar's tusk when the man before her was a youth.

The child, in the Homeric conception, was a little human creature uninvested with any mystery, a part of that society which had itself scarcely passed beyond the bounds of childhood. As the horizon which limited early Greece was a narrow one, and the world in which the heroes moved was surrounded by a vast *terra incognita*, so human life, in its Homeric acceptance, was one of simple forms; that which lay beyond tangible and visible experience was rarely visited, and was peopled with shapes which brought a childish fright. There was, in a word, nothing in the development

¹ *Iliad*, vi. 466-475, 482-485.

of man's nature, as recorded by Homer, which would make him look with questioning toward his child. He regarded the world about him with scarcely more mature thought than did the child whom he tossed in the air, and until life should be apprehended in its more complex relations, he was not likely to see in his child anything more than an epitome of his own little round. The contrast between childhood and manhood was too faint to serve much of a purpose in art.

The difference between Homer and the tragedians is at once perceived to be the difference between a boy's thought and a man's thought. The colonial growth, the Persian war, the political development, the commerce with other peoples, were witnesses to a more complex life and the quick causes of a profounder apprehension of human existence. It happens that we have in the *Œdipus Tyrannus* of Sophocles an incident which offers a suggestive comparison with the simple picture of the parting of Hector and Andromache. In the earlier poem, the hero, expecting the fortunes of war, disdains all suggestions of prudence, and speaks as a brave man must, who sets honor above ease, and counts the cost of sacrifice only to stir himself to greater courage and resolution. He asks that his child may take his place in time, and he dries his wife's tears with the simple words that no *man* can separate him from her, that fate alone can intervene; in Chapman's nervous rendering:—

"Afflict me not, dear wife,
With these vain griefs. He doth not live that
can disjoin my life
And this firm bosom but my fate; and fate,
whose wings can fly?
Noble, ignoble, fate controls. Once born, the
best must die."

Here, the impending disaster to Troy, with the inclusion of Hector's fortune, appears as one fact out of many, an incident in life, bringing other incidents in its train, yet scarcely more ethical in its

relations than if it followed from the throw of dice. In the *Œdipus*, when the king, overwhelmed by his fate, in the supreme hour of his anguish takes vengeance upon his eyes, there follows a passage of surpassing pathos. To the mad violence has succeeded a moment of tender grief, and the unhappy *Œdipus* stretches out his arms for his children, that he may bid them farewell. His own terrible fate is dimmed in his thought by the suffering which the inevitable curse of the house is to bring into their lives. He reflects; he dismisses his sons, — they, at least, can fight their battles in the world; he turns to his defenseless little daughters, and pours out for them the tears of a stricken father. The not-to-be-questioned fate of Homer, an inexplicable incident of life, which men must set aside from calculation and thought because it is inexplicable, has become in Sophocles a terrible mystery, connecting itself with man's conduct, even when that is unwittingly in violation of divine decree, and following him with such unrelenting vigilance that death cannot be counted the end of perilous life. The child, in the supreme moment of Hector's destiny, is to him the restoration of order, the replacement of his loss; the children, in the supreme moment of the destiny of *Œdipus*, are to him only the means of prolonging and rendering more murky the darkness which has fallen upon him. When Hector looks upon Astyanax, he sees the world rolling on, sunlight chasing shadow, repeating the life he has known; when *Œdipus* looks upon Antigone and Ismene, he sees new disclosures of the possibilities of a dread power under which the world is abiding.

It cannot have escaped notice how large a part is played by children in the spectacular appointments of the Greek drama. Those symbolic processions, those groups of human life, those scenes of human passion, are rendered more

complete by the silent presence of children. They serve in the temples; their eyes are quick to catch the coming of the messenger; they suffer dumbly in the fate that pulls down royal houses and topples the pillars of ancestral palaces. It was impossible that it should be otherwise. The Greek mind, which found expression in tragic art, was oppressed by the problems not so much of individual fate as of the subtle relations of human life. The serpents winding about Laokoön entwined in their folds the shrinking youths, and the father's anguish was for the destiny which would not let him suffer alone. Yet there is scarcely a child's voice to be heard in the whole range of Greek poetic art. The conception is universally of the child not as acting, far less as speaking, but as a passive member of the social order. It is not its individual life so much as its related life which is contemplated.

We are related to the Greeks not only through the higher forms of literature, but through the political thought which had with them both historical development and speculative representation. It comes thus within the range of our inquiry to ask what recognition of childhood there was in writings which sought to give an artistic form to political thought. There is a frequent recurrence by Plato to the subject of childhood in the state, and we may see in his presentation not only the germinal relation which childhood bears, so that education becomes necessarily one of the significant functions of government, but also what may not unfairly be called a reflection of divinity.

The education which in the ideal state is to be given to children is represented by him, indeed, as the evolution from the sensations of pleasure and pain to the perception of virtue and vice. "Pleasure and pain," he says,¹

¹ *Laws*, ii. 653. In this and subsequent passages, Jowett's translation is used.

"I maintain to be the first perceptions of children, and I say that they are the forms under which virtue and vice are originally present to them. As to wisdom and true and fixed opinions, happy is the man who acquires them, even when declining in years; and he who possesses them, and the blessings which are contained in them, is a perfect man. Now I mean by education that training which is given by suitable habits to the first instincts of virtue in children; when pleasure and friendship and pain and hatred are rightly implanted in souls not yet capable of understanding the nature of them, and who find them, after they have attained reason, to be in harmony with her. This harmony of the soul, when perfected, is virtue; but the particular training in respect of pleasure and pain which leads you always to hate what you ought to hate, and love what you ought to love, from the beginning to the end, may be separated off, and, in my view, will be rightly called education."

In the *Republic*, Plato theorizes at great length upon a possible selection and training of children, which rests for its basis upon a too pronounced physical assumption, so that one in reading certain passages might easily fancy that he was considering the production of a superior breed of colts, and that the soul was the product of material forces only; but the fifth book, which contains these audacious speculations, may fairly be taken in the spirit in which Proudhon is said to have thrown out some of his extravagant assertions,—he expected to be beaten down in his price.

There are other passages, especially in the *Laws*, in reading which one is struck by a certain reverence for childhood, as that interesting one where caution is given against disturbing the uniformity of children's plays on account of their connection with the life of the state. The modern theories of the Kindergarten find a notable support in Plato's

reasoning: "I say that in states generally no one has observed that the plays of childhood have a great deal to do with the permanence or want of permanence in legislation. For when plays are ordered with a view to children having the same plays and amusing themselves after the same manner and finding delight in the same playthings, the more solemn institutions of the state are allowed to remain undisturbed. Whereas, if sports are disturbed and innovations are made in them, and they constantly change, and the young never speak of their having the same likings or the same established notions of good and bad taste, either in the bearing of their bodies or in their dress, but he who devises something new and out of the way in figures and colors and the like is held in special honor, we may truly say that no greater evil can happen in a state; for he who changes the sports is secretly changing the manners of the young, and making the old to be dishonored among them, and the new to be honored. And I affirm that there is nothing which is a greater injury to all states than saying or thinking thus."¹

It is, however, most germane to our purpose to cite a striking passage from the *Laws*, in which Plato most distinctly recognizes the power resident in childhood to assimilate the purest expression of truth. The Athenian, in the dialogue, is speaking, and says, "The next suggestion which I have to offer is that all our three choruses [that is, choruses representing the three epochs of life] shall sing to the young and tender souls of children, reciting in their strains all the noble thoughts of which we have already spoken, or are about to speak; and the sum of them shall be that the life which is by the gods deemed to be the happiest is the holiest, and we shall affirm this to be a most certain truth; and the minds of our young dis-

ciples will be more likely to receive these words of ours than any others which we might address to them. . . .

"First will enter, in their natural order, the sacred choir, composed of children, which is to sing lustily the heaven-taught lay to the whole city. Next will follow the chorus of young men under the age of thirty, who will call upon the God Pæan to testify to the truth of their words, and will pray to him to be gracious to the youth and to turn their hearts. Thirdly, the choir of elder men, who are from thirty to sixty years of age, will also sing. There remain those who are too old to sing, and they will tell stories illustrating the same virtues, as with the voice of an oracle."²

Plato used human society as material from which to construct an organization artistically perfect and representing political order, just as Phidias or Praxiteles used clay as a material from which to construct the human being artistically perfect and representing the soul of man. Into this fine organism of the ideal state Plato incorporated his conception of childhood in its two relations of singing and being sung to. He thought of the child as a member of the three-fold chorus of life, and when he set these choirs hymning the divine strain, he made the recipients of the revelation to be themselves children, the forming elements of the growing, organic state. It is certainly a wide arc which is spanned by these three great representatives of Greek art, and in passing from Homer to Sophocles, and from Sophocles to Plato, we are not merely considering the epic, the tragic, and the philosophic treatment of childhood in literature; we are discovering the development of the conception of childhood in a nation which has communicated to history the eidolon of the fairest humanity. It is scarcely too much to speak of it as the evolution of a soul, and to find, as one so often finds in his

¹ *Laws*, vii. 797.

² *Laws*, ii. 664.

study of Greece, the outline of the course of the world's thought.

The old, formal view of antiquity, which once placed Grecian life almost beyond the pale of our human sympathy, and made the men and women cold marble figures in our imagination, has given place to a warmer regard. Through literary reproduction, which paraphrases Greek life in the dramatic art of Browning and Fitzgerald, gives us Spencerian versions of Homer, or, better still, the healthy childlike recital in Mr. Palmer's version of the *Odyssey*, and enables us to sit down after dinner with Plato, Mr. Jowett being an idiomatic interpreter; through the discoveries of Schliemann and others, by which the mythic and heroic ages of Greece are made almost grotesquely familiar, we are coming to read Grecian history, in Niebuhr's felicitous phrase, as if it really happened, and to lay aside our artificial and distant ways of becoming familiar with Greek life. Yet the means which have led to this modern attitude toward classic antiquity are themselves the product of modern life; the secrets of Greek life are more open to us now because our own life has become freer, more hospitable, and more catholic. It is a delight to us to turn from the marble of Phidias to the terra cotta of the unknown modelers of the Tanagra figurines, while these homelike, domestic images serve as interpreters, also, of the larger, nobler designs. So we have recourse to those fragments of the Greek Anthology which give us glimpses of Greek interiors, and by means of them we find a side-light thrown upon the more majestic expressions of poetic and dramatic art.

The Anthology gathers for us the epigrams, epitaphs, proverbs, fables, and little odds and ends which have been saved from the ruins of literature, and in turning its leaves one is impressed by the large number of references to childhood. It is as when, rambling through the

streets of the uncovered Pompeii, one comes upon the playthings of children, dead nigh two thousand years. Here are tender memorials of lost babes in inscriptions upon forgotten tombs, and laments of fathers and mothers for the darkness which has come upon their dwellings. We seem to hear the prattle of infancy and the mother's lullaby. The Greeks, as we, covered their loss with an instinctive trust in some better fortune in store for the child, and hushed their skepticism with the song of hope and the remembrance of stories which they had come in colder hours to disbelieve. Here, for example, is an anonymous elegy:—

Thou hast not, O ruler Pluto, with pious intent, stolen for thy underground world a girl of five years, admired by all. For thou hast cut, as it were, from the root, a sweet-scented rose in the season of a commencing spring, before it had completed its proper time. But come, Alexander and Philtatus; do not any longer weep and pour forth lamentations for the regretted girl. For she had, yes, she had a rosy face which meant that she should remain in the immortal dwellings of the sky. Trust, then, to stories of old. For it was not Death but the Naiads, who stole the good girl as once they stole Hylas.¹

Perhaps the most celebrated of these tender domestic passages is to be found in the oft-quoted lines from Simonides, where Danaë sings over the boy Perseus:—

“When in the ark of curious workmanship
The winds and swaying waters fearfully
Were rocking her, with streaming eyes, around
Her boy the mother threw her arms, and said:

“O darling, I am very miserable;
But thou art cosy-warm and sound asleep
In this thy dull, close-cabin'd prison-house,
Stretched at full ease in the dark, ebon gloom.
Over thy head of long and tangled hair
The wave is rolling; but thou heedest not;
Nor heedest thou the noises of the winds,
Wrapt in thy purple cloak, sweet pretty one.

¹ Epigrammata Despota, DCCXI.

" 'But if this fearful place had fear for thee,
Those little ears would listen to my words;
But sleep on, baby, and let the sea-waves sleep,
And sleep our own immeasurable woes.
O father Zeus, I pray some change may come;
But, father, if my words are over-bold,
Have pity, and for the child's sake pardon
me.' " ¹

II.

As before we stopped in front of the charming group which Homer gives us in the parting of Hector and Andromache, with the child Astyanax set in the midst, so in taking the poet who occupies the chief place in Latin literature we find a significant contrast. The picture of Æneas bearing upon his shoulders the aged Anchises and leading by the hand the young Ascanius is a distinct Roman picture. The two poems move through somewhat parallel cycles, and have adventures which are common to both; but the figure of Odysseus is essentially a single figure, and his wanderings may easily be taken to typify the excursions of the human soul. Æneas, on the other hand, seems always the centre of a family group, and his journeyings always appear to be movements toward a final city and nation. The Greek idea of individuality and the Roman of relationship have signal illustration in these poems. Throughout the Æneid the figure of Ascanius is an important one. There is a nice disclosure of growth in personality, and one is aware that the grandson is coming forward into his place as a member of the family, to be thereafter representative. The poet never loses sight of the boy's future. Homer, in his shield of Achilles, that microcosm of human life, forgets to make room for children. Virgil, in his prophetic shield, shows the long triumphs from Ascanius down, and casts a light upon the cave wherein the twin boys were suckled by the wolf. One of the most interesting episodes in the Æneid is the childhood of Camilla, in which the warrior maid's nature is

¹ D'Arcy W. Thompson, in his *Ancient Leaves*.

carried back and reproduced in diminutive form. The evolutions of the boys in the fifth book, while full of boyish life, come rather under the form of mimic soldiery than of spontaneous youth.

Childhood, in Roman literature, is not contemplated as a fine revelation of nature. In the grosser conception, children are reckoned as scarcely more than cubs; but in the strong hold which the family idea had upon the Roman mind it was impossible that in the refinement which came gradually upon life childhood should not play a part of its own in poetry, and come to represent the more spiritual side of the family life. Thus Catullus, in one of his nuptial odes, has a charming picture of infancy awaking into consciousness and affection: —

" Soon my eyes shall see, mayhap,
Young Torquatus on the lap
Of his mother, as he stands
Stretching out his tiny hands,
And his little lips the while
Half open on his father's smile.

" And oh! may he in all be like
Mauilius, his sire, and strike
Strangers when the boy they meet
As his father's counterfeit,
And his face the index be
Of his mother's chastity." ²

So also the same poet has a tender elegy upon the death of his little girl's sparrow, which is really the poet's interpretation of his child's sorrow. The elegy has been rendered into Scottish, in a paraphrase which scarcely imports anything into the simple pathos of the original: —

THE DEAD CANARY.

Wee bit birdie's dead and gane,
'The pet o' my ain dearie O,
And now is journeyin' all alane
The road so dark and dreary O,
The road that maun be trod by all
O' mortal men and birdies O.

Sweet birdie kenn'd his mistress weel,
Her face fra ilka ither O,
As weel as e'er my lassie kenn'd
The face o' her ain mither O,
And nestled in her breast, he'd pipe
And cheep the hour thegither O.

² Theodore Martin's translation.

Ah, birdie, what for was thy life,
 Thy pair bit life sae fleetin' O ?
 'T is a' for thee my dearie's een
 Are red and sair wi' greetin' O,
 'T is a' for thee thae bonny een
 Are red and sair wi' greetin' O.¹

The epitaphs and the elegies of the Greek Anthology have their counterpart in Latin. Mr. Thompson, who rendered Catullus's *Funus Passeris* so daintily, has tried his hand at a passage from Statius: ²—

ON THE DEATH OF A CHILD.

Shall I not mourn thee, darling boy ? with whom,
 Childless I missed not children of my own ;
 I, who first caught and pressed thee to my breast,
 And called thee mine, and taught thee sounds and words,
 And solved the riddle of thy murmurings,
 And stoop'd to catch thee creeping on the ground,
 And propp'd thy steps, and ever had my lap
 Ready, if drowsy were those little eyes,
 To rock them with a lullaby to sleep ;
 Thy first word was my name, thy fun my smile,
 And not a joy of thine but came from me.

In the literature which sounds the deeper waters of life, we find references to childhood ; but the child rarely, if ever, draws the thought outside of the confines of this world. As near an approach as any to a perception of the mystery of childhood is in a passage in Lucretius, where the poet looks down with compassion upon the new-born infant as one of the mysteries of nature: "Moreover, the babe, like a sailor cast ashore by the cruel waves, lies naked on the ground, speechless, in need of every aid to life when first nature has cast him forth by great throes from his mother's womb, and he fills the air with his piteous wail, as befits one whose doom it is to pass through so much misery in life."³ Lucretius displayed a profound reverence for human affection. Scattered through his great poem are fine lines in which childhood appears. "Soon," he says, in one mournful passage, — "soon shall thy home receive thee no more with glad welcome, nor thy dear chil-

dren run to snatch thy first kiss, touching thy heart with silent gladness."⁴

Any survey of ancient Greek and Roman life would be incomplete which left out of view the supernatural element. We need not inquire whether there was a conscious materialization of spiritual forces, or an idealization of physical phenomena. We have simply to do with certain shapes and figures which dwelt in the mind and formed a part of its furniture ; coming and going like shadows, yet like shadows confessing a forming substance ; embodying belief and symbolizing moods. In that overarching and surrounding world, peopled by the countless personages of Greek and Roman supernaturalism, we may discover, if we will, a vague, distorted, yet sometimes transcendent reflection of the life which men and women were living upon the more palpable and tangible earth.

What, then, has the childhood of the gods to tell us ? We have the playful incident of Hermes, or Mercurius, getting out of his cradle to steal the oxen of Admetos, and the similar one of Herakles strangling the snakes that attacked him just after his birth ; but these are simply stories intended to carry back into childhood the cunning of the one and the strength of the other. It is more to our purpose to note the presence in the pantheon of the child who remains always a child, and is known to us familiarly as Eros, or Cupid, or Amor. It is true that the myth includes the union of Cupid and Psyche ; nevertheless, the prevailing conception is of a boy, winged, armed with bow and arrows, the son and messenger of Venus. It may be said that the myth gradually adapted itself to this form, which is not especially apparent in the earlier stories. The figure of Love, as thus presented, has been more completely adopted into

¹ D'Arcy W. Thompson, in *Ancient Leaves*.

² *Silvæ*, v. 5, 79-87.

³ *De Rerum Natura*, V. 222-227. Sellar's *The Roman Poets of the Republic*, page 396.

⁴ III. 894-896. Sellar, page 364.

modern poetry than any other in the old mythology, and it cannot be said that its characteristics have been materially altered. It is doubtful whether the ancient idea was more simple than the same when reproduced in Thorwaldsen's sculpture, or in Ben Jonson's *Venus' Runaway*. The central conception is essentially an unmoral one; it knows not right or wrong, good or evil; the mischief-making is capricious, and not malicious. There is the idea only of delight, of an innocence which is untutored, of a will which is the wind's will. It would seem as if, in fastening upon childhood as the embodiment of love, the ancients, as well as their modern heirs, were bent upon ridding life of conscience and fate, — upon making love to have neither memory nor foresight, but only the joy of the moment. This sporting child was a refuge, in their

minds, from the ills of life, a residence of the one central joy of the world. There is an infinite pathos in the erection of childhood into a temple for the worship of Love. There was, indeed, in the reception of this myth a wide range from purity to grossness, as the word love itself has to do service along an arc which subtends heaven and hell; but when we distill the poetry and art which gather about the myth of Cupid, the essence will be found in this conception of love as a child, — a conception never wholly lost, even when the child was robbed of the purity which we recognize as its ideal property. It should be noted, also, that the Romans laid hold of this idea more eagerly than did the Greeks; for the child itself, though more artistically set forth in Greek literature, appears as a more vital force in Roman literature.

H. E. Scudder.

THE H MALADY IN ENGLAND.

SOME years ago, at an evening entertainment at the house of a New York friend, I met an old acquaintance, Sir George —; one of those men, not rare in England, who, not being professed authors, are yet of recognized literary ability, — a sort of which we have not many examples. The occasion was not at all of a literary character; and indeed I believe that in that large company we were the only persons at all connected with literature. It is directly to our present purpose to say not only this, but also that not a few of that company were persons who, although they were, because of their wealth, of more or less social prominence, had not had in early life the advantages of the best social culture, and that this was soon discovered by my discriminating British friend. For late in the evening

I found that he had been observing his fellow guests pretty closely. As we stood apart, looking at the gay throng which filled two large drawing-rooms, and which in a "World of Society" column would have been styled "brilliant," he said, breaking into a little laugh, "It's very funny, — very droll indeed! How comes it that in this country you never hear an *h* left off or misplaced, — never; and yet in England you hear it everywhere, go where you will, except among people of a certain social rank, and even from some of the people that get into their houses; but here, among your native Americans, never. I have not heard it once." It need hardly be said that I laughed, too, as I expressed my entire concurrence in his criticism; but I did not then undertake an explanation of the phenomenon. He was evidently

very much impressed by it, for he recurred to it again with emphasis. Plainly, our British guest, as he found in some persons in that company a lack of certain graces of manner and speech to which he had been accustomed, had expected to find also an accompanying lack of *h*'s. He might as well have expected the men to wear scalp-locks and tomahawks, and the women embroidery of porcupines' quills. He was, however, guiltless not only of this, but of all kindred misapprehension. He fully recognized the fact that he was among a people who in blood, language, and manners were essentially English; and for that very reason he was struck by this difference in the speech of the two peoples.

It is truly a remarkable fact, in the history of language, that two peoples of the same race, acknowledging only one standard of speech, whether in vocabulary, construction, or pronunciation, using the same dictionaries, the literature of both being chiefly produced by the elder, should not only be distinguishable from each other in great measure by such a very trifling variation in speech, but that the younger and the less cultivated, the one which does not pretend, and cannot rightly pretend, to establish the standard of that speech, and which produces much the smaller and much the inferior part of the literature common to the two, should in this respect, universally, even among those of inferior condition and no social or intellectual culture, be correct upon a point which is in the other almost a distinctive trait of superiority in social position, if not in education. The phenomenon is the more impressive because the difference is so very slight, and re-

lates to what can hardly be called a letter. *H* is indeed a character in the English alphabet; but it is properly neither a consonant nor a vowel. It is simply a breathing; the "rough breathing" of the Greek, in which it is indicated by an accent-like sign over the vowel which it introduces. And this breathing, too, is so very slight that it is just perceptible. To make it at all prominent, so that it would attract attention, would be almost as great a solecism as to omit it altogether, or to use it out of place. To say *Hotel* (with a big, rough *h*) would be at least as bad as to say '*otel*'; and *Hoist* would be little less startling than *hoyster*.

Although a very large majority of the subjects of Her Most Gracious Majesty do say '*otel*', and most of them, yet a much smaller number, do say *hoyster*, to assume that all of them do so would be unwarranted and injurious. Those who say *hotel* are, it is true, not many, nor easily found; but those who say *hoyster*, although very numerous, a vast multitude, forming, indeed, the bulk of the people of England, are much fewer than those who, on the point in question, violate, in degrees various but less atrocious, the now-accepted standard of speech in that country. These two words, thus pronounced, represent the two extremes of the *H* malady. An Eton and Oxford bred peer may (I do not say always does; far from it) say '*otel*'; but *hoyster* and the like are heard only from those whose associations in their early years were with people in the lowest condition of life.

For it is always to be borne in mind that *h* in England is a shibboleth distinctive of birth and breeding.¹ Not only men of wealth, but highly educat-

¹ Not exactly of mere social position. For, as the very competent British critic referred to in the opening of this paper said, people who maltreat their *h*'s do get into the houses of born gentlefolk. How this happens, and what a social touchstone the letter is, the following passages from novels of the day illustrate. In the first,

the speaker is a high-born young "swell," who coaches new aspirants to social honors:—

"To tell you the truth, I could pull the Tompkinses through another season, but I am keeping all my best ideas for the Bodwinkles. Bodwinkle's first ball is to cost £2000. He wanted me to do it for £1500, and I should have been able to do it

ed men, scholars and men of scientific acquirements, who write capital letters after their names, "drop their *h*'s" in England; just as in America men of like position have a nasal twang, and say *M'rica* for America, and the like. Not long ago I heard the president of one of our colleges say *fumbly* for family, and *chimby* for chimney, half a dozen times in half an hour. Habits of speech acquired in youth are almost, if not quite, ineradicable. They are surely so after twenty years of age. The British *H* malady seems, however, to be the most irremediable of all the ills of speech. I have had opportunities of observing that it cannot be removed by long residence in this country, even under conditions the most favorable for the acquirement, through contact and example, of a correct enunciation in this respect, if not in any other. One man whom I have known well for many years, and whom I supposed, on my making his acquaintance, to be American born and bred, startled me, in the first five minutes of our conversation, by saying, "*Lee* came into my office." I saw at once my mistake; and I discovered afterwards that he was born in a remote rural county in England, that he had never been in London, and had not left his native place until he set out for Liverpool, to emigrate with his family to this country. He was then only four or five years old; but although he was educated here, and his associations were always with intelligent and educated Americans, he had not at thirty-eight years of age acquired the ability to say *he*, or to utter the aspirate before any

accented vowel. Another man, of equal intelligence and much greater acquirements, — for he was a member of one of the learned professions, — surprised me by revealing his birth as suddenly and in the same manner. He was an elderly man; and I learned from him that he had been in New York no less than fifty years! But the speech of his native country and of his infancy clung to him through the attrition of half a century.

It is a good thing that we so generally conform, on this one point at least, to the accepted standard of speech in England, — which, it should always be remembered, is the only standard; yet it is not well for us to vaunt ourselves upon our unconscious correctness, nor to flout those of our British cousins who fail in this respect. It would be much better for us to emulate them in those respects — not a few — in which many of the least educated among them are superior to many of the best educated among ourselves.

For this pronunciation of *h*, as to which my British friend so frankly confessed the general failing of his countrymen and the universal correctness of mine, and which furnishes humorous writers and comic papers in England a never-failing occasion of girding and gibling at the peculiarities of those who, through no fault of their own, have been deprived in youth of the advantage of the best training and associations, — a too common occasion of sneering and scoffing on the part of those who, by no merit of their own, have enjoyed such advantages, — this *h* breathing is a fashion in speech

for that if Mrs. Bodwinkle had had any *h*'s; but the *crime de la crime* require an absence of aspirations to be made up to them somehow." (Piccadilly, by Lawrence Oliphant, Part III.)

In the next, a very highly finished marquis is persuading his son and heir to marry the daughter of a rich trader, whom the son has not yet seen: —

"She is quite all she ought to be, as far as features go."

"Am I then to suppose she drops her *h*'s?" asks Lord Clontarf [the son] gloomily.

"For the second time," says the marquis reproachfully, "you would seek to convict me of wanton cruelty. There can be no question about *h*'s, because she is an Irishwoman." (Doris, by "The Duchess," chap. i.)

I have an illustration cut from the London Punch or Fun, upon which I cannot just now lay my hand, which represents a peer and a member of Parliament chatting together in the peer's house; and the M. P. slaughters his *h*'s.

which, I venture to say, is, among the "best people" in modern England, hardly more than seventy-five years old. So far as I have been able to discover the evidence upon the point, it all goes to show that even in the early years of our century the present rule as to the *h* breathing was far from being absolute, and still farther from being generally followed among those who were regarded as the best speakers. It is shocking to think of Chesterfield in the last century, and Sir Philip Francis in this, saying 'e and 'im, and 'ead and 'eart; but the sad probability is that they did so, or at least that they might have done so without attracting the attention of their elegant and high-born associates. But only a careful investigation of the traces of language in past generations can reveal the capricious changes which have taken place in pronunciation. The speech of our own day is to most of us the only utterance of our mother tongue of which we have any conception. Even slight deviation from that is to us not only strange, but ridiculous. But for that very reason, if our forefathers could and should rise up among us, our pronunciation would be just as strange and just as ridiculous to them. In either case there would be the same reason for surprise and laughter; that is, in both cases there would be none. Custom, the custom of the best society, is the only absolute law as to pronunciation, and in most respects and within certain limits the only law of language.

The evidence in regard to the recentness of the change as to *h* is, most of it, necessarily of a negative sort. Nowadays a British writer of novels, tales, dramas, or humorous sketches of life, who wishes to portray a personage of inferior social position, makes his speech a strong point of external characterization. This is more common now than it was in past times; but it has always been a main resource for local color and individuality. In England at the

present day, and among writers of the generation which has just passed or is just passing away, the misuse of this *h* breathing is almost the distinctive mark of what is called "vulgarity" in speech. It is something quite different from rusticity or from provincialism in dialect, and is made prominent in the speech of personages who do not exhibit the slightest trace of either. Nor has it more connection with ignorance than with rusticity. A dandy guardsman, who is almost as ignorant as the horse on which he rides to hounds, and whose spelling, when on rare occasions he writes, is hardly as correct as that of the learned pig, could no more be guilty of maltreating his *h*'s than an American born and bred artisan could, or an Irish peasant, in whose very cabin the orthographical pig may have first seen the light; and the "swell," who heard a man of science or an accomplished journalist violate the present law of English speech in this regard (and both of the supposed cases I have met with) would mentally set him down at once as a cad. It is the vocal sign and token of vulgarity in England; and it is one which is a never-ending, never-failing provocation of hilarity among the "hupper classes."

Now it is noteworthy, as I have casually remarked before,¹ that there is in English literature of only two generations ago not the slightest indication that the omission of the *h* breathing was regarded as peculiar to persons of inferior breeding. It is only within sixty years that the novelists and tale-writers and journalists of England have made 'ead and 'eart, for *head* and *heart*, and like pronunciations, a sign of the social condition of inferior people. It is only within that time that they have used those pronunciations at all for the purpose of exciting mirth and characterizing the speech of their personages. All other kinds of vulgarity as well

¹ England Without and Within, chap. xvi.

as provincialism in speech, Irishisms, Frenchified and even Dutchified talk, have been represented, with more or less faithfulness to nature, by such writers, not only in the early part of this century, but in the last, and even in the dramas and the poetry of the Elizabethan age, and in the ante-Elizabethan poetry; but not this. And not only so: all sorts and varieties of vulgarity in speech (as distinguished from rusticity), of every shade, were freely used by such writers in the early part of the present century, except this one, which I venture to say cannot be found in a book, a periodical, or a newspaper published in England more than about sixty years ago.

One of the minor departments of British journalism, the comic police report, had its origin, like many others, major as well as minor, within that period. At first this was hardly a minor department of journalism, if importance may be determined by success, by the interest excited, and by influence upon the fortunes of a well-known London journal. For this assertion there is good authority. The author of *The Great Metropolis*¹ (who was also the author of *Random Recollections of the Lords and Commons*), in his very interesting account of the rise and progress of the great London daily newspapers, says of the *Morning Herald*, which had been established in 1782, that in 1820 "it was scarcely ever seen or heard of," and that "its circulation was as low as 1400 copies per day." About that time it began to attract attention, "in consequence of a series of reports of the proceedings of the Bow Street Office [the principal police office of London] which was then commenced in it," and which were, he says, "remarkable for their humor." The writer then, in candor, adds, "Of course they were, for the most part, caricatures of what actually trans-

pired;² but the public got something to laugh at, and it never troubled itself about the fidelity of the representations. [It never does.] They appeared exclusively in the *Herald*, agreeably to an arrangement between the proprietors and the writer. Those, therefore, who wished a dish of fun to be served up with breakfast, and could afford sevenpence for it,³ were obliged to procure the *Herald*. The consequence was that the circulation of the *Herald* rose with amazing rapidity. In the short space, I have been assured, of little more than a year it trebled its circulation." (Vol. ii. p. 31.)

We may be very sure that if peculiarities of speech were made the occasion of the "humor" of these articles, and that if the maltreatment of *h* was at that time, we need not say as remarkable, but anything like as remarkable, a note of vulgarity as it has been for the last forty years in England, we should find this phonetic trait utilized in them with a free hand. Upon this point I am able to speak with some confidence. For in 1824 there was published in London an extraordinary gallimaufry of articles from newspapers and magazines, called *The Spirit of the Public Journals*. So important a feature of London journalism were these *Herald* comic police reports then regarded that in this volume there are no less than seventy-two of them reproduced. I have read them, and they are sad stuff. The London folk who, by the thousand, would pay sevenpence sterling for such coarse, vulgar rubbish must have been sorely in need of some relish to their breakfasts. These articles and their success bear witness to a taste in the opulent Londoners of that day which happily has given place to a demand for an intellectually higher and more decent journalism. Good or bad, however, they

¹ London, 2 vols. 1836.

² This queer use of *transpired*, it will be seen, is not an "Americanism."

³ Fourteen cents: quite equal to twenty-five cents in New York to-day!

equally tell a tale which is directly to our present purpose.

As might have been expected, these caricatured and highly spiced sketches of what "transpired" in a London police court did make a strong humorous point of the language of the parties to the complaints, who were always of the lower, but not always of the lowest, classes. We have, for example, "werry impolitely," "a bootiful greenu-house," "wulgar liberties," "premonstratted [remonstrated] with him," "fistesess" [fists],¹ "upon instinc," "tould 'em," "intosticatedly," "fat ship" [sheep], "vants the use o' vauking my legs off arter 'em," "got vell vhopped," "sich a sulky chap," "gemmen" [gentlemen], "werry whizzable" [visible], "partiklar," "as how," "blowed me up," "molished her best cap to rags," "skrouged," "yorks at the vax," "a fresh chor of pigtail," "I com'd up," "a bit arter," "ax sister," "this 'fernal old Jarman," "howsomever," "get me back my vife vot I vere lawfully married to last Monday vere a veek at Shoreditch church," "inwiggle her away," "then, by goles, I'll go to Marlborough Street, for I vont be diddled out of my vife in this ere manner, howsomever." The general tone of these articles is exhibited in the following passage, which, coarse as it is, has more of their characteristic "humor" than appears in most of them: —

"Your Worship," said he, "I was sitting by the fire with my wife, talking tolerably quiet, and at last, about ten o'clock, 'Mary,' said I, 'I'll go to bed.' She made no reply, and I went to bed; and whatever possessed her I know no more than the child unborn, but I had n't been in bed many minutes before she rushed into the room, and pulled me, bed, bedstead, and all, slap into the middle of the floor! Lord bless you, sir!

¹ This might be taken for a grotesque and untruthful exaggeration, but the orthoepist Walker remarks upon it as a peculiarity of low London speech in the early years of this century.

chairs, tables, pokers, fenders, fire shovels, — nothing came amiss to her! She heaped them upon me like fury; and as soon as I could disentangle myself from amongst them, she flew at me, tore my shirt off my back, and there was I scampering about stark naked, — saving your Worship's presence, — and she smacking me round and round the room with a fire shovel! Only think, your Worship, of being smacked with a fire shovel! Would any *good* wife do that, I should like to know? I cried murder!" etc.

That the character of these articles as to language might be seen with sufficient completeness and particularity to warrant a general conclusion, I have given these examples, which, although comparatively few, exhibit that character fairly. Yet notwithstanding the volume in question contains no less than seventy-two of these reports (such an important indication were they of the "spirit of public journals" of London at that time; they are mingled, by the bye, with all the poetry of the Anti-Jacobin and John Bull, and with articles from the Times, the Morning Chronicle, and many interesting *jeux d'esprit* and political satires), in all the seventy-two only two instances of the misuse of *h* appear.² One of these is, "My Lord Mops [the name, fictitious] said 'the *high dear* of such a thing was cursed low;" and the other, "Did n't I nurse you, and toddle you up, and pay three-years *heddication* for you at Mr. Tod's?" Now it is morally certain that in seventy-two articles of this character, in which so strong a point is made of language, if the misuse of *h* had then been regarded as it is now in England, or even if it had been even so distinctive as to have attracted attention, there would have been a copious exhibition of this marked and, according to the present standard of taste, this laugh-provoking solecism.

² I should say that my copy of this book, which I picked up at a book-stall, is mutilated by the loss of a few pages.

Manifestly between the years 1820 and 1824 the maltreatment of *h* was not so remarkable, or rather so distinctive, a trait of pronunciation in England as it is at present. When we consider the great variety of the blunders in speech which *are* made the occasion of laughter in these articles, the inference is warranted that the sinking of the *h* was so common then as not to be regarded as a subject of public ridicule.

The earliest instance of the misuse of *h* that I have met with in a British publication has for its date the year 1820. It appeared in the *Huntingdon Peerage*, which was published in London in that year, and which gave a detailed account of the evidence and proceedings connected with the restoration of the earldom, which had been long in abeyance. The writer was Henry Nugent Bell, Esquire, Student of the Inner Temple.¹ Mr. Bell, in his search for evidence, went down to a church near Leicester, where, notwithstanding the parish clerk's remonstrance, he resolved to examine two or three tombstones in the chancel. He thus recounts his interview with the clerk:—

"Amen gazed on me with a face of deprecation and amazement, and after a pause, to give distinctness to his response, asked, 'Pray, sir, may I ax what countryman you be? I am sure you beant of our parish, or you would n't be in such a hurry to go to church this time o' the night.' 'And why not, my friend?' 'Why, no one in his senses would venture,—that's all; though I believe there's nothing in the stories I've heard since I was a boy.' 'Stories! What stories do you mean?' 'Why, as how you see one Hastings, a warrior in Holiver Cromwell's time, canters about a marble horse of his over the gravestones at night. He was sequestrified by the Parliament in those times, which,

they say, sticks in his gizzard to this hour. Lord bless us! Sam Caxton told me not five days ago that he rattled one of the tombstones you mention into ten thousand pieces; howsomdever, that was no very hard matter to do,' etc. (Quoted in the *Edinburgh Monthly Review*, August, 1820, page 206.)

The writer of the monograph from which this passage is quoted seems to have been not only an observant but a careful and methodical man, and to have made notes promptly of all his experiences;² and we may be pretty sure that he gives "Amen's" remonstrance and story with a reasonable degree of correctness. It is as remarkable for what it omits as it is for the one example of the *H* malady which it records. If the account of such an interview had been written by a gentleman of the Inner Temple nowadays, it need hardly be said that we should have had, "Pray, sir, may I *hax w'at* countryman you be?" "you would n't be in such a '*ur*ry;" "that's '*hall*;" "the stories I '*ave*'eard;" "one '*Astings*, a warrior in *Holiver* Cromwell's time, canters about a marble '*orse* of '*is hover* the gravestones;" "*ee* was sequestrified," etc. And we may be sure—I, at least, am sure—that this was the worthy parish clerk's way of speaking. The writer, however, was not impressed by the many and various slips upon *h* which I have indicated, because they were not strange to his ear, and therefore he did not record them. The putting of an extra *h* upon so prominent a name as that of the great Protector did, however, impress him; and more, probably, because of the eminence of the name than for any other reason. This is the likelier because of the nature of the one solecism which he did remark,—a distinction which pertains also to the two instances found in the seventy-two humorous police reports in the

¹ See also by this gentleman's style and title that neither were "three-barreled names" "Americanisms" seventy years ago.

² The article in the *Monthly Review* is twenty-four pages long, and is rich in extracts.

Morning Herald. It will be perceived that in all of these three instances of an early observation and record of the *H* solecism the breathing is not dropped, but added: “*high dear*,” “*heddication*,” “*Holiver*.” Now even at the present day this error is more remarkable than the other, and is indicative of a lower degree of breeding and association in the speaker than the other is. There are hundreds of thousands of people in England, who “drop their *h*’s all over the floor,” who never add a superfluous *h*, and who would be shocked at hearing it from one of their friends. This is the most aggravated form of the *H* malady, besides being the most violent distortion of normal pronunciation. When, therefore, we find this the first to be observed and recorded by humorists and writers of character sketches, we may reasonably infer that the lighter and easier error was passed over because it was so common and customary, so familiar to the ears of the writer himself, as not to be observed. All the more would this inference be warranted if there were evidence that about the time when these passages were written the dropping of the *h* was sufficiently common to elicit remark and protest from professed orthoepists. There is such evidence.

Walker was the first writer upon English orthoepy who treated his subject thoroughly, and with the nice discrimination of a careful and sensitive observer; and even to this day he remains at the head of English orthoepists. His successors have done little else than to work upon the material which he left them, and to record the comparatively few changes in polite speech which have taken place since his time. His pronouncing dictionary, with its copious and minute introduction, was published in 1791. The copy before me is the third edition, published after he had had the benefit of criticism, in 1807. In that, on page xvi., he remarks upon the “Fourth Fault” most to be

censured in the speech of Londoners as follows:—

“A still worse habit than the last prevails, chiefly among the people of London: that of sinking the *h* at the beginning of words where it ought to be sounded, and of sounding it where it is not seen, or where it ought to be sunk. Thus we not unfrequently hear, especially among children, *heart* pronounced *art* and *arm* *harm*. This is a vice perfectly similar to that of pronouncing the *v* for the *w* and the *w* for the *v*, and requires a similar method to correct it.”

The habit, therefore, did then exist, and not only among such people as Mr. Bell’s parish clerk and the Morning Herald’s police-court subjects: it “prevailed” among people whom a writer like Walker had in mind in the preparation of his dictionary. Nor was it confined to Londoners, even in such a degree as to make it distinctive of their speech. It was rife in counties remote from the metropolis. I myself have observed it in men who told me that they had never been in London, and who must have derived it from their parents and their early associates, who probably, indeed quite surely, were as free as they were from urban contamination. And it is to be remarked and remembered that a habit of speech like this — any general habit of speech, in fact — is always thus inherited. It does not appear suddenly, nor spring out of the ground. It passes insensibly from mouth to mouth, from generation to generation. This *H* malady was, however, and is, I believe, more prevalent in the south of England than in the north. The fact that it did “prevail” in England about the beginning of this century sufficiently to cause a writer like Walker (addressing himself to literate people, who were desirous of learning the most polite speech) to caution *his readers* against it, and the other fact that the dropping of the *h* is entirely passed over by contemporary humorous and character-

sketch writers, while they do remark and record, although with extremest rarity, so late as 1820 to 1824, the grosser error of adding a superfluous *h*, make it clear, it would seem, that the former, the suppression of the breathing, was so common as not to attract the attention of literary persons on the lookout for ridiculous peculiarities of speech.

That it was so in the last quarter of the last century Miss Burney has left us evidence, both negative and positive, in her ever-charming *Evelina*, which was published in 1788. In that book there are vulgar people of various sorts; among them the proverbially vulgar Branghtons, who kept a hosier's shop in Holborn; and of characteristically vulgar speech we have enough, such as "most impudentest," "tell him as we han't no coach here," "it i' n't the less provokinger," "you don't know nothing," "the ill-bredest person," "spare yourself that there trouble," "you han't no eyes," "Mr. Smith as lodges on the first floor." Yet amid all this vulgar speech, and in a book in which the omission of *s* in *isn't* (i' n't) by the vulgar is continuously and carefully recorded, there is not one example of a dropped *h*, — not one. To this negative there is added positive evidence, the significance of which seems unmistakable. Every school-boy knows that the form of the indefinite article (whether *an* or *a*) is determined by the following word. If that begins with a consonant we drop the *n*; if with a vowel, *n* is retained. Before words beginning with the rough-breathed *h* we use *a*, as a horse, a hill, a home, a hotel; before words in which the initial *h* is silent we use *an*, as an hour, an heir, an herb. This is normal English speech. Now when we find a writer using *an* before a word beginning with *h* we may be sure that writer did not aspirate that

h. Miss Burney, in the person of her finely-bred and well-educated heroine, writes, "When at last we stopped at *an hosier's* in High Holborn, Sir Clement said nothing." (Letter xlv.) This tells the tale: Fanny Burney dropped her *h*'s. To her a hosier was an osier. Not that she took a cockney stocking-vender for a willow twig, but she called him so. As she dropped *h*'s herself, of course she did not observe that others did the same.

That the *H* malady prevailed, or at least existed, before Miss Burney's time I happen to have evidence at hand. It is in a copy of the first quarto edition of the authorized English Bible, published in 1612. In this book some of its former owners have recorded marriages and births, and among the records are the following: —

"John Harmond Hand Mary was married in the yeare of our Lord God 1735 nouember the 25 day.

"John the son of John Harmond was born the 24 day of June 1737 half a our after tow a clock."

"William Stubbs hand Ann Meakins was married in the year of our Lord God 1787, February the 11."

We thus find in the middle half of the last century the pronunciation *hand* for and, and *a our* for an hour, among people who, however humble their condition (they were probably well-to-do farmers), could write and spell February correctly! Moreover, the text of the Bible itself is full of evidence of the general habit of suppressing the initial *h*, even among scholars. This evidence is in the constant use of *an* before words beginning with *h*, in which the rough breathing has been heard from good speakers in England for certainly half a century; whereas *a* is used before consonants. I give examples below.¹

¹ "An hair, an habergeon, an habitation, an hammer, an high hand (but *a* strong hand), an handbreadth, an hundred (this prevailed till very recently), an harlot, an haughty spirit, an head, an heap (but *a* great heap), an heart, an heavy

heart (but *a* proud heart), an hedge, an heifer, an helmet, an help, an herdman, an heritage (but *a* goodly heritage), an hill, an hin, an hired servant, an homer, an hoof, an hook, an horn, an horse (but *a* red horse), an host (but *a* great host), an

Another trait of speech remarked upon by British orthoepists has a bearing upon the present question. The London Spectator, in a generous review of a book recently published, takes it somewhat to heart that in that book a peer is represented as dropping his *g*'s in participles ending in *ng*, and a young guardsman as doing the same, and also as being incapable of the letter *r*, for which he uses *w*.¹ What would have been the anguish of this kindly critic if both peer and guardsman (with whom the readers of The Atlantic are not unacquainted) had been represented as dropping the *h* in every word beginning with *wh*, and saying *w'at* and *w'en* for *what* and *when*, etc.! Yet this might have been done with perfect truthfulness; and that the writer of that book did not so represent them must have been from a touch of kindly weakness which led him to treat his subjects tenderly, or perhaps from a feeling that it would be pleasanter and more grateful not to overload the speech of his personages with signs of deviation

from the accepted standard of pronunciation in England.

For that the majority, the vast majority, of the people of England do thus mutilate the initial *wh*, and say *w'at*, *w'ich*, *w'en*, etc., for *what*, *which*, *when*, etc., is as true as that, notwithstanding these and other common deviations from their own standard, their speech is on the whole far pleasanter to the ear than that of the "average American," with his generally stricter conformity to the normal standard of English pronunciation. At least seventy per cent. of the people of England, including a large proportion of "the best speakers," who would as soon be caught standing on their heads as dropping their initial *h*'s, do drop the *h* in almost all words beginning with the combination *wh*. Let any British reader of The Atlantic who is tempted to indignant protest against this assertion pause a moment before declaring that he "denies the allegation and scorns the allegator." For there is evidence, British testimony, that a hun-

house (but *a* sure house), an husband (but *a* bloody husband), an hypocrite."

It is worth while to add that in The Witch of Edmonton, by Ford and Dekker (which I happened to be reading with quite another than our present purpose, when I was writing this article), we have "an honest man," as we might expect; but we also have "an hard case, an husband, an homely man, an hair's breadth, an high morris, an hundred." It would be unreasonable to believe that *an*, used in the first instance because the following *h* was silent, was used in the other cases before an *h* aspirated. And so as to the examples cited from the Bible.

¹ This difficulty with *r*, and the use of *w* instead, is far from being general in England, but pertains almost exclusively to the upper classes, and among them is found very rarely in women. I remember but one instance. Among men of this class it is not uncommon. See the following illustrations from two social sketches by Du Maurier and Charles Keene in Punch.

A young swell is talking with an elder swell who is in the army:—

"Swell Jun. (in a sketchy manner). 'Ah! 've been staying at Woolwich lately. D'lightful s'ciety there. Knew most o' th' officers. Jolly fellows. Ah, d' you?'

"Swell Sen. (stwangear to the other fellow). 'Bject to gawison town m'self; have to meet so many second-wate men.'"

The second is "at Mrs. Lyon Chacer's small and early." A belle and two cavaliers are looking at a knot of woman's-rights advocates:—

"Fair Enthusiast. 'Look! look! There stands Miss Gander Bellwether, the famous champion of woman's rights, the future founder of a new philosophy! Is n't it a pretty sight to see the rising young geniuses of the day all flocking to her side, and hanging on her lips, and feasting on the sad and earnest utterances wrung from her indignant heart by the wrongs of her wretched sex? Oh, is n't she divine, Captain Dandelion?'

"Captain Dandelion (of the 17th Waltzers). 'Haw! 'fair of taste, you know. Wather pwefer she-women myself; wather pwefer the wretched sex with all its wongs. Haw!'

"Mr. Millefleurs (of the Ess. Bouquet Club). 'Haw! Wather a gwubby, scwubby lot, the wis-ing young geniuses. Haw, aw!'"

To assume that this vewy stwange style of speaking is wholly confined to dawdlers of the Dandelion, Millefleurs, and Dundreary type, or is a passing trait of recent origin, would be erroneous. The author of Random Recollections of the House of Commons recorded nearly fifty years ago (1836) the prevalence of this *r* difficulty among members of that body. Writing of Mr. Gisborne, he says, "He is not a fine speaker. He is one of the many members in the house who labor under a defect in their organs of speech when attempting to pronounce the letter *r*." (Page 274.)

dred years ago this pronunciation was regarded as the normal pronunciation, and that it has continued to this day.

Perry, a British orthoepist of repute, published in 1788 his *Royal Standard English Dictionary*,¹ in which he gives with care and noteworthy minuteness the pronunciation regarded by him as "standard." In thoroughness and systematic treatment of the principles of orthoepy — if it has any principles — he is not to be compared with his immediate successor, Walker; but as a recorder of the best usage of his time his evidence is not to be lightly gainsaid. Now Perry gives as the *normal standard pronunciation* of all, or almost all, words beginning with the combination *wh* that which sinks the *h* into silence: for instance, instead of whale *wale*, wharf *warf*, what *wat*, wheel *weel*, when *wen*, where *were*, whiff *wiff*, while *wile*, whip *wip*, whistle, *wistle*, whist *wist*, etc. I find, on examination of the *Royal Standard English Dictionary*, that the number of *wh* words which those who consult it are instructed to pronounce without the *h* is just one hundred, although Perry's vocabulary is small when compared with the vocabularies of such lexicographers as his contemporaries Sheridan and Walker. Nor would it be safe to reply that his dictionary represents an old and exploded fashion; for about 1865² was published *The Universal Pronouncing Dictionary of the English Language* in five volumes, large octavo, edited by the well-known Thomas Wright, M. A., F. S. A., etc., and in that the same pronunciation of these words is given as correct.

Upon this point we have also the testimony of Walker, who sets forth as follows the "third fault of the Londoners:" "The aspirate *h* is often sunk, particularly in the capital, where we do not find the least distinction of sound between *while* and *wile*, *whet* and *wet*,

where and *were*," etc. Here it is to be remarked that this suppression, like the sinking of the initial *h*, is passed over both in Mr. Bell's report of the parish clerk's speech and in the *Morning Herald's* police reports, in which all other deviations from our present standard of language are set forth to ridicule with such gusto, particularly the sounding *v* for *w* and *w* for *v*. True, we have *rot* for *what*, but there the point is the *v* and *w* one; and, moreover, to say *vhat*, or rather *hwat*, is almost impossible. Walker is again in error in supposing that this *v* and *w* trouble is or was peculiar to London, and the same is true as to the suppression of the *h* in the initial *wh*. There is ample evidence (of which I must here ask my readers to accept my assurance) that both were widely distributed over England. Indeed, writers on provincial dialect have claimed them as provincialisms! — being led to do so by a tendency, prevalent among men who give themselves up to a special subject of study, not only to exaggerate its importance and to magnify their office, but to gather subjects with more greed than discrimination, and to look at all things from one point of view.

The suppression of *h* in the initial *wh* is recognized also, and briefly remarked upon, by a distinguished philologist, Mr. Henry Sweet, who is a member of the council of the Philological and Early English Text societies, and was president of the British Philological Society. In his *History of English Sounds* he refers twice, but very briefly, as I have said, to the suppression and confusion of *h*; considering it, as the subject of his book naturally led him to do, merely as an incident of the phonetic history of language. Under the head of Notes on the Consonants, in his section on the Latest Modern Period of our language, he says of the Scandinavian sounds in-

¹ This is the date of my copy. The first edition may have been published a few years earlier. Here Lowndes gives no help.

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² The book is published without date; a literary crime not uncommon with publishers of dictionaries, maps, and gazetteers.

dictated by the combinations *rh*, *lh*, *wh*, and *uh* that they are "nothing else but the breath sounds corresponding to *r*, *l*, *w*, and *u* respectively," and that "modern English preserves one of them in the simplified form of *wh*;" adding, at the close of some remarks which are not here important to me nor to the readers of *The Atlantic*, "The change from *hl* to *l* is not, therefore, to be explained as the result of apocope of the initial *h*, but rather as the leveling of the voiceless *lh* under the voiced *l*," — a change which is at the present moment being carried out with the only remaining sound of this group, the *wh*." (Page 75.) That is, the suppression of *h* in *wh* (as *wen* for *when*), which at the present moment is being carried out, is to be regarded as a leveling of the voiceless *wh* under the voiced *w*. And in his remarks on Transposition, in the section General Alphabetics, he says, "There seem also to be cases of transposition in different words or whole classes of words, such as the confusion between '*air*' = *hair* and *hair* = *air*, which seems to be often made in the London dialect." (Page 14.)

It would be well, pleasant, and it certainly might be prudent, for an amateur to accept with acquiescing deference the opinions of a philologist like Mr. Sweet; and this I should do upon any question as to theory in speech-history. But upon a point like this, which is merely one of fact and observation, I venture to express disagreement. Indeed, Mr. Sweet's last-quoted remark, that the confusion between '*air*' = *hair* and *hair* = *air* "seems to be often made in the London dialect," must have already provoked a smile from observant readers, who have had opportunities of knowing anything of the subject. They will be inclined to exclaim with Hamlet, "I know not seems!" Why, the confusion pervades all Southern England, rural and urban! And as to the suppression of *h* in the combination *wh*

being a change which "is at the present moment being carried out," it is, on the contrary, beginning slowly to pass away. For general (not universal) as it is in England, it is less prevalent than it was a century ago, when, as we have seen, an orthoepist like Perry gave it as the normal pronunciation of one hundred words beginning with *wh*!

The truth upon this subject seems to be that while the full *wh*, or rather *hw*, sound is rightly insisted upon as normal, and is conformed to by a small proportion of the best speakers in England, the weight of general usage even among such speakers was, and even yet is, so largely on the side of the suppression or sinking of the *h* that orthoepists and lexicographers, who content themselves with recording what is, and do not give themselves to insisting upon what ought to be (to which Walker had a tendency), declare in favor of *w'at* and *w'ich*, instead of *what* and *which*, and so forth.

As to the dropping of *g* in the *ng* of the final unaccented syllable of participles (*bein'*, *seein'*, *doin'*, *amusin'*, and *buyin'*, for *being*, *seeing*, *doing*, *amusing*, and *buying*), the exhibition of which by a peer has disturbed the London Spectator and other British critics, it was asserted even by Walker to be the polite, and indeed the universal, pronunciation of such words. Rebutting assertions to the contrary by some writers upon language, he says, —

"We are told, even by teachers of English, that *ing*, in the words *singing*, *bringing*, and *swinging*, must be pronounced with the ringing sound which is heard when the accent is on those letters, in *king*, *sing*, and *wing*, and not as if written without the *g*, as *sing-in*, *bringin*, *swingin*. No one can be a greater advocate than I am for the strictest adherence to orthography, as long as the public pronunciation pays the least attention to it; but when I find letters given up by the public, with respect to sound, I then consider them

as ciphers; and, if my observation does not greatly fail me, I can assert that our best speakers do not invariably pronounce the participial *ing* so as to rhyme with *sing*, *king*, and *ring*. Indeed, a very obvious exception seems to offer itself in those verbs that end in these letters, as a repetition of the ringing sound would have a very bad effect on the ear; and therefore, instead of *sing-ing*, *bring-ing*, and *fling-ing*, our best speakers are heard to pronounce *sing-in*, *bring-in*, and *fling-in*." (Dictionary, p. 52, ed. 1807.)

This, then, according to the testimony of the best English orthoepist of his time, and the one the most nearly "authoritative" that has ever written, was the pronunciation of "the best speakers" in England eighty years ago,—the pronunciation of the fathers of the mature men among the best speakers in the England of to-day. Is it not natural, is it not to be expected, that a very large proportion of those best speakers of to-day should retain the pronunciation which they heard at home in their childhood? In fact, they do retain it. Seven in ten of the superior and best bred speakers in England say *singin'* and *bringin'* and *flingin'* to-day, just as their high-bred fathers and grandfathers did in 1807.¹ It is more common with them than it is with speakers of the class just below them: the reason of which, I think, is that they, the former, depend more upon tradition and association in the formation of their habits of speech; while the latter, conscious of defect and desirous of improvement, in their endeavor after correctness study more, depend more upon books, upon dictionaries and grammars, and thus conform more strictly and consciously to the proclaimed standard of orthoepy.

¹ And as I have heretofore pointed out, Mr. Punch (good authority on such subjects) represents dukes and duchesses and "swells" as saying *goin'*, *puddin'*, and *huntin'*.

Only this last summer I had the pleasure of meeting one of them several times in New York,

As to the suppression of *r* in the first syllable of words like *pardon*, which, in the speech of an Englishman of high social position, has provoked a wondering and dissenting comment like that elicited by the suppression of *g* in *ing* of participles, Mr. Sweet recognizes this absolutely. In his Full Word Lists (in which, by the way, he concerns himself only with purely English words, in distinction from those of Latin, French, and Italian derivation), he records the disappearance of *r* in the modern pronunciation of *harvest*, *darling*, and *morn-ing*. He is right, according to my observation. Those words are generally pronounced in England, and quite commonly in the United States, *hahvest*, *dah-ling*, *mawning*. If his scheme had included all the words now in accepted English in which *r* appears in a like position, I am sure that in all he would have recorded its suppression.

Alexander J. Ellis, too, eminent as a philologist, and *facile princeps* among British phonologists, in his great work on English Pronunciation, records the following pronunciations, taken down immediately after hearing them. By Professor Jowett, master of Balliol College, Oxford: *attachin'* 'imself to 'im, for attaching himself to him; *describin'* 'im, for describing him; *lectsha* and *natska*, for lecture and nature; *ventshahd*, for ventured: by Dr. Hooker, president of the British Association: *eitha*, for either; so *neitha*; *undataken*, for undertaken: by a peer: *obse'vin'*, for observing; *brighta*, for brighter; *conve'sant*, for conversant; *directa*, for director; *pa'cels*, for parcels; my *laud*, for my lord (*r*, Mr. Ellis remarks distinctly absent); *cha'rmen*, for chairmen: by a physician: *futsha*, for future; 'ospital, for hospital:² by Professor Tyndal, and very many speakers:

and a very accomplished, charming, and admirable man he was. I had not been in his company ten minutes before he said *bein'*, *seein'*, *amusin'*, and *buyin'*.

² Here Mr. Ellis remarks, "This one speaker invariably omitted the aspirate in this word only,

stren'thened, for strengthened : by certain professional men : *boa'd*, for board ; *rema'ks*, for remarks.¹

What I have written in the foregoing pages, and elsewhere have in other ways set forth upon this subject, is not, as some have seemed to suppose, a criticism of the standard of speech in England. Such criticism would ill become me. That which is according to the recognized standard of speech in England *is English*. As to this point there can be no dispute. If the orthoepists of England and the best speakers of England unite in opinion and in practice upon *bein'* and *seein'* and *singin'* as the pronunciation of *being*, *seeing*, and *singing* ; upon *wat* and *wich* and *wip* and *wistle* as the pronunciation of *what* and *which* and *whip* and *whistle* ; upon *pahdon* and *hahvest* and *dahlin'* and *mawnin'* as the pronunciation of *pardon* and *harvest* and *darling* and *morning* ; and even, I will add, upon *'ead* and *'art* and *hair* and *'air* as the pronunciation of *head* and *heart* and *air* and *hair*, those are the English pronunciations of the day, and people who do not pronounce in that way do not speak good English. But I venture to say that this is not the case, and that the orthoepists of England and a considerable number of the best bred and best educated people there support, by opinion and by practice, a pronunciation in which the *h's* and *r's* and *g's* are enunciated. The simple fact of the case is that in England there is, even in "the best society," a frequent and often a

even to the extent of saying '*a nospital*,' for an hospital, — an archaism." Perhaps so ; certainly so as regards the declared standard of English orthoepy. But I could show Mr. Ellis a score and more of examples from British authors of repute, taken from books published within the last ten years, in which "*an hospital*" was written and is printed.

¹ See the following examples, found casually as this article was in proof : —

Scene : A railway station. Swell at the office window.

"*Railway Clerk*. 'Have you twopence, sir ?'

wide variation from the recognized standard of normal speech, — a variation which in regard to pronunciation, the sounds of letters, is much greater than any that will be found in corresponding classes of speakers in the United States. The speech of a well-bred Englishman when it conforms to the recognized standard in England is perfect and admirable ; but in case of a very considerable number of such speakers it does not so conform.

Why is it, then, that the presentation in fiction of persons who in this respect are representative provokes the British critic, if not to resentment, at least to denial, to scoffing, and to irony ? Observant orthoepists record certain phonetic facts in England, and there is evidence and testimony in their support ; yet when a concrete English gentleman of high social position is represented as speaking merely in accordance with this evidence, this testimony, this eminent professional opinion, the British critic revolts. The reasons seem plain : first, the assumption (altogether unfounded) that there is a general conformity among well-bred Englishmen to the received standard of pronunciation ; next, lack of opportunities of observation ; last, defective perception. Not I, but the leading phonetist in England, shall decide this point. Mr. Ellis says : —

"In past times we are obliged to be content with a very rough approximation to the sounds uttered. . . . But at the present day, with the language in the air around us, surely it must be easy to determine what is said ? It is not

"*Swell*. 'Deaw, no ! Nevaw had twopence in my life.'

"*Railway Clerk*. 'Then I must give you tenpence in copper, sir.'"

Young Ponsonby cuts the army, and goes to Oxford to read for the Church.

"*Tutor*. 'You are prepared to subscribe to the Thirty-Nine Articles ?'

"*Ponsonby*. 'Ah — 'th pleashah. Ah — how much ?'"

And a young swell clergyman reading service said, —

"Heah beginneth the first chaptah," etc.

at all easy. There is first required a power, not acquired without considerable training, of appreciating utterance different from one's own. It is indeed remarkable how unconscious the greater number of persons appear to be that any one in ordinary society pronounces differently from themselves. If there is something *very uncommon*, it may strike them that the speaker spoke "strangely" or "curiously," that "there was something odd about his pronunciation;" but to point to the singularity, to determine in what respects the new sound differs from their own, baffles most people, even literary men." (*Ubi supra*, page 1086.)

The truth is that the average review or newspaper critic in England who undertakes to give judgment upon this point is not to be trusted, simply because, as Mr. Ellis points out, *he does not hear* the variations in pronunciation around him. Oftenest he does not hear, does not perceive them at all; and when in some cases he does perceive, he cannot discriminate.

Speech in England, according to my observation, may be roughly divided into four grades:—

First, that of the best speakers among the nobility and gentry; men, and, above all, women, who to superior breeding and association with highly cultivated people add high education, good taste, and a sensitive organization. This body is numerically large, but comparatively small, including about three tenths of the upper classes and the best bred of the literary class. From them we hear *home*, *hotel*, *humor*, *hospital*, etc.; *what*, *which*, *whip*, etc.; *being*, *seeing*, *singing*, etc.

Second, that of the average speakers among the nobility and gentry; men well bred, many of them highly educated, and some of singular ability, but less

sensitive than the former, somewhat careless, and ready to catch and merely reproduce what they hear about them. A comparatively large body, this, including about seven tenths of the upper classes. From these we hear *'otel* always, and *'ome* when the word is preceded by a consonant, as "at *'ome*," but generally *humor* and *hospital*.¹ Excepting in the two former words, their initial *h*'s are absolutely correct, and correspond to those of the first class. But they say *w'en*, *w'ich*, and *w'ip*, for *when*, *which*, and *whip*; *sein'*, *bein'*, and *buy-in'*, etc., for *seeing*, *being*, and *buying*; and *pahdon*, *dahling*, and *mawning*, for *pardon*, *darling*, and *morning*. This large body of speakers includes a great number of what is known as the upper middle class.

Third, the inferior speakers of the middle class, whose speech is so various, not only in its degrees of correctness and incorrectness, but in the manner of its incorrectness, that to define and arrange it would require a chapter. This class includes the bulk of the reading and writing people of England: the large majority of the inhabitants of London and all the great towns, the better class of the villagers and farmers, and even some artisans. Of these a very considerable number speak with greater precision, more according to book, than many of the second class do; but the speech of the large majority is of course much inferior to that of the other, and is in itself an unmistakable indication of their rank. Throughout this class the initial *h* is dropped freely; and we have, as a rule, the pronunciation exemplified by *'ead*, *'art*, *'ouse*, and *'and*, etc., for *head*, *heart*, *house*, and *hand*, etc.; and *'oo*, *w'ich*, *w'en*, and *w'ip*, for *who*, *which*, *when*, and *whip*, etc. But the suppression of the final *g* in participles and of *r* at the end of a first accented syllable *hotel*, and refuses to enter the house." (Peers and Player, chap. ii.) In nine cases out of ten "at *houe*" sounds *atome*.

¹ Evidence of this also in the use of *an*. "A hotel" is heard with extremest rarity; "an hotel," commonly. Thus, Miss Florence Marryatt: "And then he pays his bill and walks off to *an*

is not so common (if I may trust my observation) as it is in the second class, — hardly commoner than it is in the United States; although in this class, too, it is the rule.

Fourth, the lower and lowest class of speakers, including the rough and the wretched of town and country; people in an extravagant caricature of whose peculiarities of speech not a little of the laugh-provoking power of Dickens's novels consisted. This class is so large, and is so diversified by local peculiarities pertaining to the various towns and counties, that it has indeed no bond of unity, except its common inferiority. Passing entirely over rustic and urban peculiarities and certain monstrosities common to the class, and confining ourselves to the sounds already remarked upon, we have in this grade not only the dropped *h*, but even, as a rule, the added *h*, — the transposition mentioned by Mr. Sweet. It may be safely said that, as a rule, in this class a monosyllable, or an accented syllable beginning with an *h*, is always pronounced without the breathing, and one without an *h* is always pronounced with one. We have

not only 'ead and 'art and 'ouse, and so forth, but *harm* for *arm*, *hoak* for *oak*, *highdear* for *idea*, *heddication* for *education*, and so forth. Here, too, we have *hanythink* for *anything*, and, among the least educated artisans, *mayogany* for *mahogany*. The former is remarkable, not only for the addition of the *h*, but for the strengthening of the final *g* into *k*, — the very *g* which so many elegant speakers sink entirely; and this is so strong in this class that "anything else" sounds like *hannythink gelse*. The change in the first syllable of *mahogany* (from *mă* to *may*) is due to the sinking of the *h* between the *a* and the *o*. To say *mă-ogany* is not easy; and so pressing is the tendency to suppress the *h* that the stronger and more difficult *may* is unconsciously preferred to the weaker and more easily uttered *mă*. To remark upon the fate of *wh*, *ng*, and *r* in the mouths of speakers of this grade would be to waste our time; and yet there is something in their speech, with all its faults, that is much pleasanter than a pronunciation unexceptionably correct as to the sounding of letters or syllables, but uttered in a hard, nasal monotone.

Richard Grant White.

A MARSH ISLAND.

I.

ONE August afternoon the people who drove along the east road of a pleasant Sussex County town were much interested in the appearance of a young man who was hard at work before a slender easel near the wayside. Most of the spectators felt a strong desire to linger; if any had happened to be afoot they would surely have looked over the artist's shoulder; as it was, they inspected with some contempt the bit of scenery which was honored with so much atten-

tion. This was in no way remarkable. They saw a familiar row of willows and a foreground of pasture, broken here and there by gray rocks, while beyond a tide river the marshes seemed to stretch away to the end of the world.

Almost everybody who drove along would have confidently directed the stranger to a better specimen of the natural beauties of the town, yet he seemed unsuspicious of his mistake, and painted busily. Sometimes he strolled away, apparently taking aimless steps, but always keeping his eyes fixed upon the land-

scape, while once he flung himself impatiently at full length on the soft grass, in the shade of the nearest tree. One would have said that such enthusiastic interest in his pursuit was exceptional rather than common with him; but he presently took a new view of his subject from this point, and after some reflection rose and went nearer to a slender birch-tree which stood in his left foreground. There was a touch of uncommon color on some of its leaves, which had been changed early, and he held the twig in his hand, rustled it, and looked up at the topmost branches, which seemed all a-shiver at this strange attention. The light breeze passed over; the young tree was still again. A boy might have bent it, and cut and trimmed it with his jack-knife, for an afternoon's fishing, and the artist reached out and for a moment held the stem, which had lately put on its first white dress; then he let it spring away from him. Trees that grow alone have a great deal more individuality than those which stand in companies; the young man gave another look at the charming outline of this one, and went back toward his easel. As he turned he was suddenly attracted by the beauty of the landscape which had been behind him all the afternoon. The moorland-like hills were beginning to grow purple, and a lovely light had gathered into the country which lay between him and the western sky. He condemned himself for having been so easily suited with his point of view, and felt dissatisfied and displeased for the moment with his day's work.

At his feet grew an enticing crop of mushrooms, and with a sigh at the evasiveness of Art he stooped to gather the little harvest, and filled a handkerchief with the delicate pink and white fungi; tossing away the sunburnt ones of yesterday's growth, and biting two or three of the smallest buttons with a good relish. "If I only had some salt, now!" he said to himself. "I wonder what

time it is;" he looked somewhat eagerly along the road, as if he expected a companion.

Nobody could be discovered. It was some time since any traveler had passed that way; the few wagons that had gone to market early in the morning had long since returned, and the greater part of the men and horses were busy on the marshes,—for this was the time of year for cutting the salt hay. When he looked at his sketch again it made him forget his other thoughts, and holding his brush at arm's length, and again stepping to and fro lightly, he put in some necessary touches with most delicate intention and pleasure. "Not so bad!" he said half aloud, "though my birch-tree does not look as if she could flit away if I frightened her, as the real one does."

There was a pervading flavor of idleness and of pleasure about the young man's industry. The olive-like willows and the birch-tree and the shining water seemed to lend themselves to his apparent holiday-making. Not a great distance away, the mowers wished it were still nearer sundown, as they went slowly back and forward on the marsh. This was a hot day for out-of-door work; the scythes could not be kept sharp enough, and the sun was dazzling everybody's eyes as it went down in the west. Even the good-natured jokes of some workmen could not shame away the frequent grumbling of others.

The artist could sometimes see the shine of a scythe, and hear a far-away peal of laughter or a shout, and this gave him a pleasant sense of companionship. He would have thought it was the charming weather that made him so happy and his work so prosperous if he had thought anything at all about it. He was too well used to good fortune to make any special note of this day, being endowed with a disposition which is not troubled by bad weather of any sort, and only waits, bird-like and medi-

tative, to fly forth again when the sun is out. In fact, while the serenity of his personal atmosphere possessed a certain impenetrability for its enemies, friends could share it, and were attracted by the cheerful magnet at the centre. This young man had usually found his fellow creatures wonderfully pleasant and ready to further his projects. He was called lucky, and sometimes selfish, by those who envied him, while his friends insisted that he gave them pleasure of the best and most unselfish sort. His virtues came of moral excellence, no doubt; still, the mysterious electric currents are at the root of our likes and dislikes. His nature was attractive, and everywhere admirers, and even friends, flocked to the standard of this curly-haired and cheerful knight, while one castle gate after another opened before him as he went his way through life. To be not uncomfortably young, to be boyishly hungry and enviously enthusiastic, to find the world interesting and, on the whole, faithful to its promises, were happy conditions. A respectable gift for water-color painting and an admirable ambition to excel in the use of oil colors made sufficient business responsibilities. If sometimes existence seemed to lead nowhere in particular, and his hopes and projects were directed toward results too close at hand, it was because our hero felt an impatience for the great motive power of his life to take possession of him. He had a dim sense of his best self, as if it were a sort of spiritual companionship, and had once said that he believed he was waiting orders; confessing also that he had checked himself in various indiscretions, because he should not like to carry a bad record to his noble future. The friend who listened to this, being an older man, smiled under cover of the darkness, and called Dick Dale a girlish fellow, but a good one, before he laughed aloud, and wished him good fortune in a way that implied there was really no such thing.

Since advancement and glory are the reward of one's own definite effort, young Dale was as far as ever from possessing them. He was apparently unambitious, but his life was remarkably free from reproach, while he was often proved useful and always agreeable by his next neighbors. His smallest daily duties and pleasures were considered with increasing zest and respectfulness. Society valued him and instinctively paid him deference, as if it understood how sincerely he respected himself. He had often smiled when his fellows achieved early distinction and renown; if he had been poor, some croakers said, he would have made his mark, but those persons who knew him best laughed at the idea of its already being too late.

The day's work, or play, whichever it might have been, was finished, and, his excitement having fairly burnt itself out, the painter looked along the road eagerly, and began to put his brushes and colors together for transportation. Then he went to the top of a hillock near by, hoping to get a wider view of the vacant road. Afterward, resigning himself to patience and looking hopelessly at his stopped watch, he sat down for a quarter of an hour, and diligently tried to make a whistle from a willow twig; but the autumn bark proved disobligingly dry, and would not slip nor lend itself to sweet sounds.

The scythes had all disappeared from the distant meadow. It seemed at last as if our friend were left sole tenant of the country, for the sun was almost down, and the shadows were damp and chilly as they gathered fast in the low ground. He tried wistfully once or twice to see if a friendly haymaker could not be summoned. He grew more and more angry with the boy who had left him there late in the morning, with orders to come for him again at four o'clock. It appeared like a forsaken neighborhood, and Mr. Dale desperately climbed the shattered fence, and, having

shouldered his artistic belongings as best he might, set forth with a limping gait toward the only house in sight. The road was perfectly level, and deep in white dust. The house looked a good way off; perhaps it was two thirds of a mile. The whole region seemed to be wild or reclaimed marsh land, except this farm, which covered a hill with its orchards and upland fields and pastures.

It was like a high, fruitful island in that sea of grass, the wayfarer thought; the salt inlets, indeed, surrounded it, though in some places one could leap the narrow ditches easily. The nearer he approached, the more picturesque and enticing he thought the farm. There was a great red barn well settled in the hillside, and a bluish-green company of willows, with some poplars and an elm or two, were clustered about the hospitable-looking dwelling. Pleasantest of all, at that moment, a straight plume of smoke was going up from one of the chimneys, most supper-like in its suggestion.

II.

The warm yellow glow of the sun shone out once more through the haze, and filled the orchard and all the shaded places of the Marsh Island with a flood of golden light. The apple-trees and the willows were transfigured for a few minutes, and as the young man saw a bright reflection on the window panes of the house he felt a great longing to paint the scene before him, and seized every possible detail of it with his delighted eyes. It did not seem so late, now that the sun was out again, and he turned once, a little reluctant, to look down the road; for he might have been too impatient for the coming of the boy.

The slow horse and rattling wagon were, happily, not approaching, and he assured himself that his only resource was the good-will of the farmhouse. Perhaps he could find shelter there for

the night, and make another sketch in the morning. There was not a more picturesque bit of country in America!

Mrs. Owen, the mistress of this thriving homestead, came to stand in the doorway just at that moment, being influenced by the beauty of the sunset, yet not consciously recognizing the fact. She discovered her husband, who had left the marshes earlier than the rest of the mowers, standing still, half-way across the dooryard.

"You've had a good day's work, for such an old gentleman," she said, with affectionate raillery. "What are you a-watchin' ? I declare, these trees have so overgrown we might's well live in the woods." But she noticed with considerable curiosity the pleased way in which the gray-haired farmer looked up through the topmost willow boughs to see the sunlight fade and disappear.

"'T was pretty, wasn't it?" he answered. "I think the old place never looks so well as it does in one of these yellor, fallish sundowns."

"I thought it seemed clouded over a while ago," remarked the wife, after a moment's reflection, "but the sun must have burnt it off. I guess likely you'll have another good hay-day to-morrow," and she took a shrewd look at the heavens wherever they were visible from the doorstep, and finally came forward, past the corner of the house, in order to get a fair look at the west. She was a round-faced, pleasant-looking woman, who had by no means lost all her youthful charms, though she stepped heavily, and was nearer sixty than fifty; one would have thought her much younger than her husband.

"Where's Doris?" he asked presently.

"Right up there in her room. She's been sewing on my new dress this afternoon. I thought likely it might come cool any day now, and I should need it. I told her I'd get supper, if she wanted to finish. Doris is one that does n't

like to let the ends o' work lay over, just like me. And she's promised to be off this evenin'."

The farmer was beginning to ask a question, as they walked toward the door together, when his wife turned back at the sound of approaching footsteps. "Sakes alive, there comes a peddler!" she exclaimed. "You just tend to him, Isr'el. I must put the tea on;" the men'll be here before we know it," and she hurried into the house to establish herself behind the nearest window blind, and make sure what the stranger and foreigner wished to offer before she allowed herself to be interviewed in person.

Doris also looked out of the window just above, at the sound of a strange voice. The young man carried a picture carefully in his hand, and a bundle of sticks and other paraphernalia beside. He was asking if he could be driven to the next town, or, better still, if he could have a night's lodging at the farm, and laughingly explained his forsaken condition. "I would have walked back, and thought nothing of it," he concluded, "but I was thrown from a horse not long ago, and I am a little lame yet."

"I'll speak to mother first," said the host. "She must have her say about keepin' ye;" but he was most favorably inclined toward the stranger, and called his wife, who waited a few moments before replying, and then took the farthest way, all round the kitchen, from her window to the door close beside it.

"This young man wants to know if you can keep him over night?" the farmer inquired, with a sort of appealing decisiveness, while Mrs. Owen, moved by proper wisdom, regarded the wayfarer with stern scrutiny. He was undeniably a gentleman, which was both an incentive and a shock to her housekeeping instincts. It involved the use of a spare bedroom and some difference in the supper; but after all, she might as

well take the chance of good society and earning a dollar as anybody else. The poor fellow looked anxious, and with the air of granting a favor Mrs. Owen nodded and gave her permission.

There was a word or two of hearty thanks, as the stranger put down his burden; but the decision having been given, he seemed to become one of the household at once, and looked up at his landlady with a frank friendliness which brought a tinge of girlish color into her solid cheek. "Here are some mushrooms I found in the pasture," he said, and handed her the knotted handkerchief which had been slung to one of the rods of the easel.

Mrs. Owen looked doubtful, but pleased, and proceeded to examine them at once. "Dear me, I don't want none of them," she answered. "I should expect to be p'isoned, certain sure. Perhaps you're acquainted with them where you come from, but we don't eat such about here."

"Oh, but they're too good to be thrown away," protested the hungry young fellow. "I can cook them myself, if you don't mind."

"Bless you, lad, I'll get you a good supper, and welcome," announced Mrs. Owen, with an air of confidence in her own powers. "Doris, Doris!" she called, lifting her face toward the upper window. "Won't you come down? I'll show you your room quick as I can," she added to the guest, as she disappeared within the door.

"Doris?" he repeated questioningly to the farmer, who had been listening with a pleased smile to the conversation. "What a pretty name!"

"That's my daughter, — all the girl we've got," said Mr. Owen. "'Tis a good name; 't was my mother's, and her mother's before her. . . . What might I call you?" was added presently, in a half-confidential way, though, to judge from the tone, the motive was interest instead of curiosity.

"Dale," answered the young man. "And you're Mr. Owen, I believe. I asked that young scalawag who drove me over this noon. I noticed the farm when we were crossing the marshes."

"Isr'el Owen is right. I'm owin' only in name, though;" and the guest laughed promptly at the time-honored joke, and even gave an admiring glance at the comfortable old house and its surroundings. "We'd better come in now; 't is getting damp. The women'll show you a place for your picture. Well, that's very pretty, I declare," as it was turned into view. "I'm glad I left that little white birch for ye. I was obliged to clear up the pasture some this last fall, but somehow or 'nother I did n't meddle with that. They're tender-lookin' things, them little birches, though they'll catch on to the rocks where nothing else will. The old willers, too, — you've got 'em complete. Follow it for a trade, do ye?" But the answer seemed to be taken for granted, while Dick was wondering what he had better say.

The Owens' guest had made friends with many a country household, but this episode promised to be most charming, and an unreasonable satisfaction filled his mind at every new feature of such homely life. He had been graciously invited to step into the clock-room, and he could see through the gathering twilight an assemblage of old furnishings and a general aspect of rural dignity and self-respect. He was already impatient of his countrymen's habit of following a beaten track, having learned to travel more sensibly abroad. This was evidently the home of an old-fashioned farmer of the best sort, and Dick Dale became blissfully enthusiastic as he planned a short residence in such a delightful region. It seemed a great while since he had first driven along these roads, and made up his mind that some day or other he must come back quietly by himself to make some sketches. This was like a dream's coming true. He had just

changed his plans on a sudden impulse, meaning to have only a day or two for himself before he kept a half engagement to join some acquaintances in town. Was not he his own master? And what difference would a delicious week or two here make to anybody but himself? He had a simple fondness for a summer's round of visits, and yet had persuaded himself lately that he was wasting his time. "How a fellow does tie himself hand and foot for six weeks together!" he sagely reflected. "This is like a bit of freedom," and he listened for a moment to the steady ticking of the monarch of the clock-room. It was a mere chance that he was here. The sketching of the day before had been unsuccessful, and he was blaming himself for his nonsense as he came away from the next town that very morning. He had after all taken hold of the golden string. The old farmer was a man whom one should make the most of. Once Dick had known another of exactly the same sort, in Devonshire; they might be brothers. And Doris, too, — there was Doris; the young man's heart gave an impatient bound. If she proved to be the flower of this fine old growth, his adventure would be worth having.

Somebody was stepping quickly about in the room overhead, but Mr. Dale at that moment ceased his vague anticipations, and went out, as if he were quite familiar with his position, to find Mrs. Owen in the kitchen.

"I s'pose you're getting sharp set enough by this time," said the hostess; "but you make yourself at home, and I won't keep you waiting a great while. 'T is later than we commonly set down to supper, but when the men folks are getting in the salt hay it keeps everything at odds. Isr'el's most through milkin', he says. He fetched the cows up early, but he come out, just as we saw you, to look an' see if the sun set all right. He's too fanciful for such an old creatur', I tell him," and she looked

up at the young man's face for the sympathy and intelligence she was sure to find.

"Oh, I'll make myself at home," Dale answered. "Something would happen to that boy if he came after me now. I should like very much indeed to stay a day or two here, instead of over night. It would be so near my — work."

"We shall have to think that over, I expect,—all of us," the busy woman answered, hurrying to the stove. "But you're welcome to-night, certain. There, Doris, you take Mr. Dale up and show him his bedroom, and we won't waste time on apologies, for you've got to take us as you find us."

A door had opened at the foot of a flight of stairs, and a tall young woman half withdrew in her surprise at meeting the stranger unexpectedly. It would not be proper to show him to his room except by the front staircase, and so she came down into the kitchen. "You will almost want a candle," she said, in a clear, fine voice, and led the way through the clock-room with perfect composure, and finally left him in a small chamber, whose single window was open to the faded western sky.

"Doris, Doris," the young man said to himself softly. "She is something new; it is like finding a garden flower growing in a field."

The very twilight in the house had helped to make the sight of her surprising. She walked before him, slender and stately; there was a perfection about her which made him scornfully reflect upon the ill-development, the incompleteness and rudimentariness, of most members of the human race. He could hardly wait to see her again, and an eagerness to make himself attractive to her took possession of him. The natural reverence which a truly beautiful woman can always inspire was by no means wanting, and so sweet a mystery as Doris must be solved as soon as possible.

The lower room and the entry through which they had come had been dark, so that the stranger stumbled once or twice, to his great displeasure, and might at last have gone headlong into the little bedroom if Doris had not said, "Mind the step!" with an air of gentle patience. His guide left him at the door, and as he looked about the room he thought it quiet and orderly enough to have been her own. After the darkness they had just left it seemed well lighted by the sunset, which was now all faint rose-color and gray. There was a plump-looking bed, like a well-risen loaf, and a straight-backed chair or two, and a small three-cornered washstand, toward which his paint-streaked hands led him at once. He lifted the water-jug with admiration. It held very little, but it was of an adorable shape and quality of ancient English crockery, and he reminded himself that he might find a way through old Mrs. Owen's heart to her closets; for who knew what unappreciated treasures might be hidden away? Over the narrow mantelpiece there hung a sword, and, as well as the guest could see, an army commission or discharge in a simple frame. Perhaps Doris had lost a lover, and a thrill of sympathy filled this new admirer's mind; but on second thought he concluded that it was much better for him than her having a present lover. She seemed too young to have known much of the war, and this might have been the property of an elder brother or an uncle, or even the trophy of Farmer Owen himself. There was no reason why the sword should not have been there since the days of the Revolution, for that matter; the house was certainly old enough, and looked, so far as he had seen, as if there had been few changes during the last half century. There was a state of complete surrender to fate involved by the absence of any personal property, and after taking a long look from the narrow window, which made him more in

love with the countryside than ever, Dick Dale attempted to return to the society of his new friends. A fear of lurking pitfalls of back staircases made him advance slowly, but with entire safety to himself. He thought once with great amusement that he was capable of making the most of a slight twist to his ankle in order to secure a week's stay at the farm. Art might be his excuse, at any rate, for he was quite sincere in wishing to carry away some sketches of the Sussex neighborhood. This was not a very purposeful young man: those who were growing old already among his comrades might laugh or scold at him for his apparent neglect of life's great opportunities, but nobody could accuse him of not making the most of the days as they came. His idleness might have made him wiser than their business had made them, but this was hardly proved to most people's satisfaction. If he did nothing for himself, a few had said sneeringly, everybody was the more ready to serve him. But the rest knew that he was only an idle hero, and loved him and believed in him, and had need of patience.

Downstairs in the kitchen Israel Owen and his wife had been discussing this interesting young man who had suddenly demanded their hospitality. Guests were by no means rare in summer weather, but the list of relatives and friends had been shortened in the last few years, and many of the old aunts and cousins had died who used to depend upon a visit at the farm. Doris was not one who made many acquaintances, her mother had often said, with regret. She had been sent to West-market to school, and stood well in her classes, beside having the advantage of good society at the cousin's house where she boarded; but she had seemed entirely contented to be at home ever since. Mrs. Owen possessed a most social nature, and always wished for more excitement and news than it was possi-

ble to find. She would have liked a village life best, with plenty of visiting from house to house and great authority in parish matters. She truly loved her husband, but when she married him it was with a firm determination to persuade him to sell the farm before many years, and the marsh island was but a stepping-stone for her ambition. She had stood there disappointed ever since, for the fancied stepping-stone had proved to be a pedestal. She had requested earnestly, in early life, that they might go to some centre of civilization, for the children's sake; but of late years, when Doris was found to be, as was often asserted, just such a slow-coach as her father, Martha Owen had resigned herself to her fate. Nobody knew better than she that she was looked upon with envy by all her neighbors. She had money enough and to spare, but for all that she was secretly grieved and dissatisfied because she spent her days as a farmer's wife. Her acquaintances were well used to her complaints. She was a cheerful, friendly soul, even in her fault-finding, and a listener was more apt to laugh at than to pity her smaller troubles. However, the undercurrent of dislike was sure to be felt by those who lived with her, and her family recognized a day now and then when it was best to step gently on their way, and not venture upon the discussion of even a trifling subject.

"He's no strolling fellow," she was saying of her guest. "You just look at that handkerchief with the toadstools in it. No finer linen ever came into this house. And even his initials on it, like a girl's. Most likely 't is some fancy led him here painting pictures. I don't believe he follows it for a trade, but he may. I wish I'd told him to throw these things out," she added, looking at the contents of the handkerchief with considerable awe. "I'll let him take care of 'em, any way. I don't want 'em round the kitchen."

"What's one man's meat's another man's p'ison," sagely observed one of the young haymakers, who had drenched his head well at the pump, and sat fanning himself with his frayed straw hat on the doorstep. "I used to work over to the quarries with an old Frenchman, who pretty near lived on 'em while they lasted. He give me some one day on a piece of bread, and they tasted first rate. I never saw such a chowder as he could set on to the table. Did n't know what it was when he first caught sight of it, either."

"The French is born cooks, I've always heard," said Mrs. Owen, not wishing to be instructed by this stripling, while her husband chivalrously resented so limited a view of the great nation, and said meditatively that he did n't doubt that Bonaparte could have cooked if he tried. He did everything else he undertook for a time.

"The boys used to rough that old fellow on account of eatin' frogs," Jim Fales asserted, as if he were determined to be the ally of his hostess. He was waiting impatiently for his supper at that moment.

"The young man spoke about bein' kept longer than over night, did n't he?" asked the master of the house softly, as if he favored the idea. "I declare, Marthy, he makes me think of Isr'el a little. He's got a pleasant way with him. I don't know but what I should say yes; if you feel to, that is."

"We need n't urge him quick as he gets downstairs," came the answer from the pantry. "We're noways obliged to keep boarders; and we're a-cuttin' the ma'sh hay, that always makes ex-try work; and it's inconvenient havin' Temp'rance off, though Doris and I get along well enough without her so far. I suppose he'd be willin' to pay high board; but there, we may never hear nothing more about it. I do' know but what he does favor Isr'el a little about his forehead an' eyes," she added, in a

lower tone. "Now, Jim Fales, do call in Mr. Jenks and Allen, and have your supper. You've been lookin' hungry enough at me to scare anybody, like the old cat yisterday, after she'd been shut up in the apple sullar since Wednesday. She was follerin' me the whole forenoon."

"Where's Doris?" asked the farmer again. "Why ain't she helpin' of you?"

"She's had some supper, — all she wanted," replied the mother, bustling more than ever, and retreating to the outer kitchen, where the stove had its summer residence. "They've got to git there earlier 'n common. This is the night she promised to go over to the minister's with Dan Lester. Some of the young folks" —

"That's all right," and Mr. Owen's voice had a more satisfied tone than his wife's. "But I thought 't was Thursday nights they went. I forgot about the parson's being away this week."

"'T would have been just as well for me if she'd kept at home to-night, but I ain't one to complain. Dan Lester takes a good deal for granted lately, seems to me."

"He's been working smart all day," said the farmer. "Dan's a willin' fellow, and there were others knew that I was short of help. I'd fetched him home to supper if I had remembered about to-night."

"He could n't ride over there with his haying rig on," replied the mistress, scornfully taking her place at the head of the table, and pouring a steaming cup of tea for anybody who would come to claim it. All the haymakers filed in at the door at that minute, and began to help themselves before they were fairly seated.

"I'll speak to the young man," said Mr. Owen; but just at that moment the door opened, and Mr. Richard Dale made his appearance.

The three hungry men who had taken one side of the supper table to them-

selves paused for an instant to regard the stranger ; then they all looked down again, and went on eating.

"You see we give you welcome to what we have, and make no stranger of you, my lad," said the master of the house, with fine old-fashioned courtesy ; while Dale nodded and smiled, and began to prove himself as hungry as the rest.

"I hope I shall not frighten you, Mrs. Owen," he ventured to say presently, for there was a chilling silence upon the little company. "The truth is, I have had nothing to eat since breakfast ;" at which the good woman's hospitable heart was touched, and she leaned over to see if his plate lacked anything. She had breakfasted before six o'clock, which was early enough at that time of year, when the mornings were much shorter than in June. Dale had had an advantage of three hours, or more, but the day since then seemed long ; such a good supper as this was worth waiting for, and he stated the fact most sincerely. Soon the shyest member of the party was quite at his ease again, and the stranger was making each man his friend. His small adventure was rendered more amusing than it had really seemed at the time, and an ingenious threat and argument against the delinquent small boy served to entertain the company to such a degree that there was a merry shout of laughter. Jim Fales thought he had done this delightful companion a great wrong at first, and began to admire him intensely. The haymakers presently resumed a discussion of the probable length of a snake which had been seen at the edge of the marsh that day ; but Mr. Jenks, the senior workman, continued to eat his supper, as if he considered that the most important duty of the moment. He resembled a sailor : there were small gold rings in his ears, and he had a foreign look, — acquired, it must have been, for he was unmistakably a New Englander to begin with.

Dale soon found himself influenced by the deference which the rest of the party paid to Mr. Jenks, and looked up with pleased expectancy when the old farmer said, "Jenks, give us the particulars of that big raskill. You was one of three that killed him over on the Six-Mile Ma'sh. Don't set there lookin' as innycent as a man that's drivin' a new hoss !" Whereupon silent Mr. Jenks was induced to tell his best story, though not without much precision and unnecessary delay.

It seemed very dark now, out-of-doors, and when some one drove quickly into the yard, toward the close of this unexpectedly festive occasion, the guest of the household felt a sudden dismay. He was enjoying himself with all his heart, and savagely assured himself that the boy might turn about and go back again. He would neither be driven into a ditch, nor try to find his own way over unfamiliar roads.

Nobody seemed to be concerned with the arrival, however, and our friend went on eating his hot gingerbread with its crisp crust. He observed that a shadow overspread Mrs. Owen's countenance for a moment, and presently took heart, and thought he need not have been so angry, after all. There was no sound of approaching footsteps, though he had distinctly heard some one leap to the ground ; but directly the door at the foot of the stairway, which had received more than one hopeful glance, was opened, and Doris appeared again, ready for a drive. She was plainly dressed, and the second view of her was by no means disappointing. "I don't feel right to be leaving you, mother," she said, pausing a moment, "but I finished the dress." The elder woman hardly listened as she looked at her daughter with motherly pride, and then at the young stranger, who had risen and stood ready to escort Doris a little way ; to open a door for her, perhaps, though the one which led to the yard was already

open. He was strangely envious of the cavalier outside, and came quietly back to his place at the table. Everybody listened as the two voices — the girl's and was it her lover's? — exchanged greetings, and then the wheels trundled away down the road. The horse was not one that would stand well, but an excellent beast on the road, Mr. Owen at length mentioned, with a little reluctance at being obliged to speak first; and then there was another pause, and the crickets chirped louder than ever, and a rising breeze swayed the great willows and blew their faint fragrance through the wide kitchen.

Mrs. Owen had been embarrassed and a little flustered, as she would have expressed it, by the gallantry the handsome stranger had shown her daughter; the girl herself had accepted it without surprise. There was a charming dignity and simplicity about Doris, and if there were a chance, though Dick Dale was not experienced in figure-drawing, he would try to make a sketch of her, for her father's sake, before he went away. The old man's pathetic face grew more and more attractive to him, also, and altogether he was glad to be at the farm. He had not seen anything of such life as this since he was a boy.

III.

The haymakers left their seats at the table, and strayed away one by one, and were seen no more that night. The day had been long and very hot for the season, and no doubt they were ready to seek their couches in the close, low-storied kitchen chamber. First, however, it was necessary to have a consultation upon the appearance of the stranger, and to make ingenious guesses at his past history, not omitting also his present circumstances and future plans.

"He never was this way before. Think likely he thought he'd come round and

take a look at the heathen," said Jim Fales, who was best acquainted in the neighborhood, and who, by virtue of a four months' residence in the family, could speak with great authority. His employer commonly asserted that James was young, but willing, when it became necessary to allude to him, and the haymakers themselves treated him with a cheerful forbearance which might easily have degenerated into something less. Jim had taken the place of a middle-aged man who had been Mr. Owen's mainstay for many years; but Asa had been persuaded, against the wishes and warnings of his Eastern friends, to join a brother who had long ago settled in the West. The haymakers asked Jim for news of him.

"Thought he'd grow up with the country, I expect," remarked Mr. Jenks, who was sitting at the end of the grindstone frame.

"Asa was well off," said Jim. "We think that his folks had an eye to his means, and expected, if they got him rooted up and planted out there, they could do as they were a mind to. I guess they'll have to set him out in a new spot before he'll shake down much of a crop of his dollars," the young man added smartly, much elated at his comparison.

"Asa was snug," agreed Mr. Jenks, not appearing to notice anything peculiar about the preceding statement. "I wa'n't what you would call well acquainted with him, but I guess he may make out to come back if he don't like. He never could have had no great expense here: he never had nothing special to lay his money out on, so 't was natural it accumulated."

"Some folks can't spend, and more can't save," said Allen, who was busily puffing at his pipe, which seemed to have some trouble with its draft. "They all seem to be open-handed, nice folks here to Owens'. Lord, what a supper I laid away! They live well, don't they?"

"Pretty fair," said Jim mildly, but with evident pleasure, as if he were being personally praised. His own clothes had grown very tight since he took up his residence on the Marsh Island.

It happened that Farmer Owen was also thinking of his own loss and Asa's lack of judgment. He and young Dale sat together in the side doorway, in two of the kitchen chairs, while the mistress of the house clicked and rattled the supper plates, and eclipsed the bright light of the kitchen as she went to and fro. Dick was listening to the crickets and the soft sounds that came out of the warm darkness, when Mr. Owen asked whether he had ever been much to the westward.

"Only once, a good while ago," he answered, a little surprised. But this seemed somewhat unsatisfactory.

"I've been wanting to inquire," said the farmer. "This region never was great for havin' the Western fever, but Asa Bunt, that has lived with us a good many years, — since my father's day 't is, — took a notion to seek his fortune. I guess a pack o' hungry, worthless folks o' his was seekin' theirs; they give him no peace."

Dale did not find himself deeply interested in this statement, and there was a short period of silence.

"My father's brothers and my mother's folks all followed the sea," said Israel Owen presently, "and I think my boy had it in him, for all I dwell so much upon having had him spared to be at home with me."

The listener turned his head, as if eager to know the rest of the story.

"Killed in the war, — all the boy I ever had," was the response. "Only twenty-one, he was, the April before he died in July. Shot dead, so he did n't suffer any, so far as we know. He's laying out here in the orchard, alongside the rest of the folks. I went out South and fetched him home to the old place.

I've been thinking ever since I see you that you favor him in your looks: there's something about your forehead and eyes and the way your hair grows. I'll show you a likeness of him in the morning: 't is a rough thing that was taken in camp, that he sent home to me. There are some other pictures of him that his mother keeps, taken younger, but I seem to set the most by mine."

"That was his sword in the room I am to sleep in?" asked Dale, filled with pity, and understanding the pathetic smile of this apparently prosperous man.

"Yes. The folks thought they ought to have it down in the best room, but I did n't seem to want to. That was always his bedroom, and there are some other things there that belonged to him, and I like to keep 'em together. He was first lieutenant when he was shot. There were two girls between him an' Doris, but they died very small. Doris is — I could n't get along without her nohow; but there'd been an Isr'el Owen on the farm for near two hundred years, and now there'll never be another. I ain't a sound man myself, so I was n't out in the army; but I never felt so cheap in my life as I did the forenoon I see Isr'el marchin' by, an' the rest of 'em. I never got no such news as when I heard he was shot. I've kep' the farm goin' and stood in my lot an' place the best I could, but I tell you it took the heart right out o' me."

Dale was silent; there was nothing he could say. The father had looked his sorrow in the face so long that a stranger's thought of it was not worth expression. Yet he could just remember his own father, and somehow a deep sympathy flashed quick from one man's heart to the other.

"You spoke about stopping in the neighborhood for a few days?" the host said, after a pause, in which they had both listened to the far-away strange cry of a sea-bird down on the marshes.

Dale responded with instant gratitude and hopefulness :—

"I should like it very much. I must finish the picture I began to-day, and I wish to make several other sketches. It really would be a great favor if Mrs. Owen could make room for me. I must bring my traps over from Dunster, though. Will any of your people be driving that way in the morning?"

Mrs. Owen herself was standing near, and answered this, as if she were the only one to be consulted in such important arrangements. "We never have taken folks to board," she replied, "but I don't know as we ought to refuse you, — on Bible grounds," and she laughed good-naturedly.

"I am afraid you will be disappointed if you hope for an angel this time," Dale smiled back again. He was standing in the doorway, and the light from the kitchen shone full in his handsome, boyish face. The farmer sighed, and leaned forward a little as he looked at him wistfully. But Martha Owen hastened to say that Doris was going to Dunster in the morning to have the colt shod, and as likely as not would be glad of company. The men folks would all be off about the salt hay.

Later that evening Dick Dale lay in bed listening again to the crickets, which kept up a ceaseless chirping about the house, and to the sober exclamations of a lonely bull-frog in the low land, not far away. The window was wide open, within reach of his hand, and once or twice he raised himself on his elbow to look up at the stars, which were gleaming and twinkling in a white host, whose armies seemed to cover the sky. The willows reached out their huge branches and made a small cloud of dense darkness, and the damp sea air was flavored with their fragrance and that of the newly mown marshes. There were no sounds, except those made by the faintly rustling leaves and the small chirp-

ing creatures, which seemed to have been stationed by the rural neighborhood as a kind of night watchmen to cry, All's well, and mark the time. The great frog was the minute-hand, while the crickets told the seconds with incessant diligence; as for the hours, they seemed so much longer than usual that whether a wind or a falling star announced their close it would be impossible to determine.

Since Israel Owen had made known the history of his dead son, the narrow chamber had become much more interesting. The present tenant of it was usually given to keeping late hours, but he had offered no objection when his host suggested that it was time to go to bed, feeling that it would be impossible to disregard the customs of the family that night, at least. Farmer Owen lingered a moment after he gave the young man a candle in a saucer candlestick, and looked at him as if he wished to say something. He was apparently unable to suit himself with words, however, and turned away with a cheerful "Good-night to ye, my lad;" but the short silence was not unmeaning. The candle had an unpleasant odor, and burned unevenly, letting a small torrent of its substance descend upon the well-brightened brass. Dick wondered, as he stood before it with his hands in his pockets, if Mrs. Owen would consent to part with the old candlestick; he thought it would look well in the studio which he occupied somewhat irregularly with a friend.

There was a square spot of glimmering white on the blue homespun covering of the bed, which proved to be a garment of primitive construction, and Dick inspected it with some amusement, until the thought struck him that it might have been part of the wardrobe of the young soldier. There was a mingled odor of camphor and herbs, as if it were just taken from a chest that was seldom opened. After a moment's

reflection he shook it outside the window, and waved it to and fro gently in the mild night air. Then he proceeded to make a circuit of the room, and held the candle high while he read the lieutenant's commission. Dick had been much too young to go to the war himself, though he was thwarted in a fierce ambition to march afield as drummer-boy, and he felt a curious interest in the farmer lad to whom this cheap-looking bit of paper certified a place in history. Only one name among thousands, to be sure, but a name forever kept by his country! A thrill went through the man who read. He was much older than this Israel Owen, but he felt immeasurably younger. There was a dignity and pathos about the unused bedroom, though its present occupant looked round it next to see if there were anything else which it would be possible to read for an hour. A person who was by no means used to early hours could not help feeling wide awake at a little past nine. He had given Farmer Owen his last cigar, as

they sat together in the doorway, and was thankful it was a good one; as for his cigarettes, they had failed altogether some hours before. Presently the feeble candle was out, and after the smoke of it had been blown away, and the clean, quiet place seemed only a protected corner of the wide, starlit world, he laughed a little at the unexpectedness of the situation, and then thought, with a shadow of envy, of Doris and the young man, and began to listen for the sound of returning wheels. To-morrow would be Saturday; he must make the most of it. This would be pleasant enough to look back upon; but such a thin pillow and thick bed were worse than the bare ground. The confession must be made, however, that when Dan Lester, the enviable gallant, had helped his companion to descend from the new light carriage, which had been bought chiefly with a view to her pleasure, it was only twenty minutes to ten o'clock, and Mr. Richard Dale was already sound asleep.

Sarah Orne Jewett.

THE CHRIST OF THE SNOWS.

A NORWEGIAN LEGEND.

Set wine on the table
And bread on the plate;
Cast logs on the ashes,
And reverent wait.

The wine of love's sweetness
Set out in thy breast,
And the white bread of welcome,
To comfort the Guest.

For surely He cometh,
Now midnight is near;
The wild winds, like wolf packs,
Have fled in their fear,

Or hid in far fiords,
Or died on the floes:
For surely He cometh,
Our Christ of the Snows.

Along by the portal,
Half joy and half fear,
Wait man, maid, and matron
The step none shall hear:

The babe at the doorway,
And age with eyes dim,—
They whom birth near or death near
Make closest to Him.

The clock tolleth midnight:
Cast open the door;
Shrink back ere He passeth,
Kneel all on the floor.

The stillness of terror
Possesseth the night,
From star-haunted heaven
To snow spaces white.

Lo! shaken by ghost gods
Who angrily fly,
The banners of Odin
Flame red on the sky.

The last note hath stricken:
Did He pass? Was He here?
Is it sorrow or joy that
Shall rule the new year?

The mother who watcheth
The face of the child
Saith, Ah, He was with us,—
The baby hath smiled!

The virgin who bends o'er
The cup on the board
Cries, Lo! the wine trembled,—
'T was surely the Lord!

Sing Christmas, sweet Christmas,
All good men below;
Sing Christmas that bringeth
Our Christ of the Snow.

S. Weir Mitchell.

A SALEM DAME-SCHOOL.

AN English journal recently devoted some space to a discussion of the so-called "dame-school" of the rustic district, and concluded that its virtue, if indeed it possessed any, was of the smallest. It appears from this article that, while the authorities urge the superior benefit and training to be found in the parish schools, the villagers, with the doggedness of true lower-class ignorance, persist in sending their children to the old dame, — the same, perchance, who taught them their own letters thirty or forty years before, and who depends upon the pittance earned by her labors to keep herself alive and out of the parish workhouse. Certainly all this is most ungrateful and vicious of the peasantry, and if they were a little more intelligent they would see that they have really no right to cut off the educational advantages of their children, just for the sake of a snuffy old woman, who makes her pupils sing the multiplication table through their noses, and who calls a "izzard." It is, however, a singular fact that this conservative clinging to old methods is not confined to English ploughmen, for it was not long ago that a well-known American divine spoke very warmly, at a meeting of the Round Table Club, in favor of the old methods of teaching, rather. A lady of high breeding and of rather unusual culture added her opinion, saying, —

"I want my boy to learn his letters exactly as I did, from a primer laid upon his teacher's knee; and I want the letters to be pointed out with a great brass pin, as mine were, and no other way."

Such of us as have ever been to one of these dame-schools must, I think, always hold them in kindly and loving remembrance, and particularly is this true in regard to the dame-schools of Salem. In this ancient city these schools differed

from their English counterparts in being kept by gentlewomen for the benefit of well-born children. The lower classes attended the public schools. In those days it would have been unutterably vulgar to allow one's children to go to any but a private school until they were old enough to enter the higher grades.

Perhaps the most exclusive of all these private schools was one kept by a pair of gentlewomen living in the upper and eminently respectable portion of Essex Street. Their name was not Witherspoon, but for purposes of disguise it may be well to call it thus. The Misses Witherspoon's school was not opened to whomsoever might chance to knock. Only an introduction by some person with untarnished 'scutcheon, who could vouch for one's possession of an undoubted great-grandfather, could gain admission to this small but aristocratic symposium. I have reason to believe that I was not accepted without a thorough examination of family documents, and that the scale was finally turned in my favor by the production of an ancestress who was down in the witch records as having testified against some poor old goody or other, and signed "Phœbe Chandler, her + mark." Once a pupil at the Misses Witherspoon's school, however, one's social superiority was firmly established forever. In after years one might elope with a grocer, become a spiritualistic medium, or start a woman's bank, but one could never be regarded as quite beyond the pale who could claim ever to have been admitted to the select circle at the Misses Witherspoon's.

Our way to school lay along the quieter part of Essex Street. We always stopped to sharpen our slate-pencils by rubbing them upon the granite bases of the great columns before Mechanic's Hall, and there was one little drug shop

before which we always loitered to admire the crimson and purple jars which adorned the windows. The quaint little house where the witches were tried was attached by one corner to this shop. It was a quiet and commonplace building, occupied at that time by a maker and mender of sun-umbrellas. It stood back in a green yard, and from an upper window projected, for a sign, a tri-colored parasol. There was nothing at all uncanny about the silent, weather-beaten old house, yet we eyed it askance, and once felt a thrill of genuine horror at the gaunt apparition of a black cat stealing with soft feet over the gray roof.

The Misses Witherspoon's house faced Essex Street, but not to ruin the front stair carpet we always went in by a door which opened into the little side-yard. This brought us into the kitchen, from which the back stairs ascended. In order that we might not look profanely upon the domestic priestess of the household, a long curtain of gay-colored patch was hung beside the stairway, and we were furthermore charged not to look over the top of it when we reached a height upon the stairs which made this possible. As a natural result, the space behind the curtain became a sort of Bluebeard's Chamber, and one inevitably did peep now and then, though one never saw anything more wonderful than Miss Abby Witherspoon wiping tea-cups. The stairs led directly into a little back chamber, in which we hung our outside garments, and from this chamber we entered the school-room. This was a low, square apartment in the left-hand front corner of the house, having two windows on Essex Street, and I think only one which looked upon the side-yard. The walls had a wooden dado painted white, while the paper, in brown and blue, repeated a meaningless pattern. There were two rows of single desks, with hard, slippery little yellow chairs. These were for the girls. There was one row of seats

for boys, — the female sex was the dominant one at the Misses Witherspoon's, — and that was decorously removed to the farthest possible limit. The Misses Witherspoon had no great liking for boys. They regarded them always with suspicion, as one might a Norwich torpedo, and I do not believe that they ever came wholly to consider it proper to allow them to attend the school at all.

There were three Misses Witherspoon. The oldest, Miss Emily, was rather severe in outward appearance, with an upright figure and remarkably keen dark eyes. One fancied that she might have been handsome as a young woman, but something too sharp and clever with her tongue. She taught arithmetic, and put down on a little slate marks for our misdemeanors. I can hear now the brisk tap of her pencil, and the measured and awful "Little girls, my sharp eye is on you!" Sometimes this remark was personal instead of general, and dire indeed was the shame which overwhelmed that one of us whom she named. Miss Lucy, the second sister, was not made of such stuff as Miss Emily. She was milder of face and gentler of voice, and had a kindly, caressing way with those pupils whose youth forced them to spell out their lessons from a book upon her knee. The third sister, Miss Abby, was the housekeeper, and never appeared in the school-room. All the sisters wore scant-skirted gowns, and their hair was scalloped low over their ears and turned up oddly behind to a tight fastening of shell combs.

At recess we did not go to romp rudely out-of-doors, but amused ourselves in the house with *A Ship from Canton* and *The Genteel Lady*, as became well-bred children. An exception was made in favor of the boys, who were told to go out into the yard to shout. Miss Emily seemed to think that boys must go somewhere occasionally to shout, as a whale must come up to blow. The boys

never did shout. I fancy they were too much depressed by the great gentility of everything. There were but two of them, and they generally sat on a deserted hen-coop and banged their heels and looked very dismal till the little bell tinkled for them to come in. When there had been a fall of moist snow, the boys would sometimes snowball each other in a perfunctory way, being bidden to the sport by Miss Lucy; and on such occasions we of the gentler sex were allowed to go and look upon the stirring sight from the back-chamber window.

The elder of these two boys was a tall, very pale, light-haired lad, who was called by Miss Emily "Danyell." He had a highly satisfactory disease of the eye, which often prevented him from studying for an entire day, but which was fortunately not aggravated by drawing pictures on the slate and making Jacob's ladders. On a Wednesday, when the girls all sewed, Danyell did a deed without a name by means of four pins stuck into a spool and some bits of colored worsted. We heard that he was making a lamp-mat for his aunt, but I fear it was never finished, for the other boy, one direful day, called Danyell "a sissy knitting a night-cap for his granny," and, although he was obliged to stand for some time in a corner as a punishment, I think the iron of his sneering words entered the soul of Danyell; at all events, the spool disappeared.

This same "other boy," whose name has entirely faded from my memory, was decidedly more masculine in character than Danyell. He was a short, fat lad, and he wore a bottle-green jacket, which was covered with brass buttons, and fitted as tightly as Tommy Traddles' own. His hair was remarkably thick, and he was a very sullen boy, with a revengeful disposition. It was his standing grievance that he went to a private school. He one day confided to me that his cousin, who went to the Broad

Street school, had been thrown down in a foot-ball rush, and had had three teeth knocked in. He added that a fellow could have some fun at a public school, but that Miss Witherspoon's was a baby-class. I did not like this slur on our dear little school, and I totally disagreed with the sullen boy as to what was fun. A short time after this Danyell was withdrawn from the Misses Witherspoon's to go to an academy somewhere, and the green-jacketed boy was left to sit in a row by himself, to go out to shout alone at recess, and to sit gloomily by himself on the hen-coop and swing his heels.

A certain air of gentle good-breeding prevailed at the Misses Witherspoon's school, which affected the children so far that quarrels and sharp words seem to have been practically unknown. This may have been owing partly to the fact that we were always under the eyes of our teachers, even at recess; but it is quite true that we were little gentlewomen in school, whatever we may have been out of it. There are, for example, few schools to-day where a child made conspicuous by her dress could escape unkindly jests and untimely displays of wit from her mates. It chanced to be my lot at this time to be arrayed in the cast-off raiment of a pair of venerable great-aunts, whose taste in fabrics was, to say sooth, a little antiquated. Accordingly, while other children wore soft cashmeres of lovely hues and warm-colored plaids, I was clad in gowns of dull browns and smutty purples, or, still worse, in flowered chintzes, which even in those days looked hopelessly old-fashioned, and resembled upholstery stuffs. My rubbers, too, instead of being of the shiny, blue-lined sort so dear to childish souls, were literally what Miss Lucy called "gum-shoes," being made of pure rubber spread while hot over a last. They had an impression of a clover leaf stamped on each toe. After a little wear ugly pits began to appear in the rubber, as if the shoes had

had small-pox. One side was thicker than the other, and when taken off they closed in a hateful way, and persisted in lying upon the side. I used to think I could have borne the other peculiarities with resignation, but there was something particularly aggravating in having one's rubbers shut up when taken from the feet. Other children had neat little twine school-satchels, but I used the old green baize bag in which my grandfather had carried his law papers. It was so long and I so short that it nearly touched the ground as I walked, and my book and my apple rolled about unpleasantly in the bottom. In these days, what rude sport would not be directed by school-girls against a child with such odd belongings! But so perfect was the kindly good-breeding of the little dame-school that I never remember a smile or significant glance, though I must have been indeed an odd and antiquated figure.

Beside these invaluable teachings of kindness and courtesy the lessons were few and simple. We read and spelled and wrote copies on our slates. We chanted the multiplication table to an "adapted" Yankee Doodle. We learned addition and subtraction by an abacus, which was an article like a wire broiler strung with colored wooden beads, and which had the effect of at once destroying any possibility of original effort on the part of the pupil. When we were marked for any misdemeanor we had to go to Miss Emily and ask what we should do to "make up our marks." Before doing this it was the fashion to cry — or pretend to cry — for a few moments, with one's head resting upon the desk. I do not think any of us ever really shed a tear, but it was a perfunctory way we had of showing our sense of the disgrace of having a mark. The "making up a mark" was by no means a heavy penance. It usually consisted of writing one's name ten times, or making some figures, or "doing sums" on a slate. We recited in arith-

metic to Miss Emily, but as we had all sorts of odd books each child was in a class by herself. Most of the pupils had arithmetics of the comparatively modern sort, wherein were rows of pinks and apples, and little sparrows obligingly sitting on fences in the twos and threes necessary for teaching the first two of the four simple rules. My own book, however, was of a far earlier time, rummaged out of the attic for my special use. It was a thin, brown volume, with an honest enough outside, but the contents were of a peculiarly misleading and beguiling character. It opened with an apparently artless tale of an old woman whose name was Jane, who lived "all alone by herself in a small hut upon the lea." She was further described as being very poor, — so poor that she depended for her living upon selling the few little things raised in her tiny garden patch and the eggs laid by her three speckled hens. The wind blew about her humble cot, and in winter time often drove the snow through the cracks in the old walls. Jane was, however, a good and thrifty old woman, and did her best to make an honest living. Each of her speckled hens laid her a nice white egg every day: now how many days would it take for old Jane to save a dozen eggs to carry to market? All the problems in the book were of this same deceitful sort, and the way in which the youthful attention was ensnared by the semblance to a tale, and then suddenly brought up by a point-blank demand of "how much" or "how many," was calculated to kill forever one's faith in human nature.

In addition to our book lessons, we were taught various quaint little accomplishments, such as courtesying prettily and the like, and every Wednesday Miss Lacy instructed us in needlework. A brother of the ladies had been a captain in the East India merchant service. We children were dimly aware of a never quite dissipated odor of sandal-wood and

camphor about the old house, — there was always a waft of it when the front entry door was opened, — and we believed that the guest chamber contained much treasure in the way of fans, silks, and embroidered crape shawls. We never saw anything, however, except on some afternoons, when we were judged to be especially deserving, and were rewarded by the sight of a whale's tooth curiously carved, an ivory-tinted ostrich egg, and a lump of golden amber in which a tiny hapless fly was mysteriously imprisoned. These treasures, although not at all uncommon in Salem, the seat of the old East India trade, yet had always a mystic charm for us. I recall now the delightful air of pride with which the sisters would refer to "our brother, Captain Witherspoon," and the tone, slightly tinged with incredulity, with which they described to us the manners and customs of foreign lands. I have seen much amber since that time, but none with the magic charm which surrounded that bit held on dear Miss Lucy's palm, or seriously rubbed upon Miss Lucy's silk apron and made to attract bits of paper scattered on the table.

The one holiday which was held in high favor by our teachers was New Year's Day. Miss Lucy told us that her mother used to receive many visitors upon that day, and that the sisters wished always to keep it as long as she lived. At this time it was the custom for two of the pupils to visit the homes of the others, and collect a certain small sum from each as a holiday gift to our teachers. This sum was neatly inclosed in an envelope, and handed to Miss Emily, with a wish for a happy New Year. It was always received with a well-bred air of surprise, though the gift had been collected and presented in exactly the same manner ever since the school was opened. On the other hand, our teachers had a surprise of like sort for us. After the morning devotions, we were

marshaled into an orderly line, and conducted down the back stairs and through the kitchen to the door of the sunny parlor, where old Madam Witherspoon sat. She was a tiny and rigidly dignified old lady, in a scant black satin gown and a white lace cap. Before crossing the threshold each one of us was required to draw out her dress-skirts correctly, make a courtesy, and say, —

"I wish you a happy New Year, Madam Witherspoon."

To this she replied by a stately bow. Before her, upon a small table, was ranged a collection of gifts, from which we were allowed to choose. The first year I was in the school there were knives and harmonicums for the boys, and for the girls little cabinets painted red and quite sticky with varnish, and dolls so stiff and antiquated and with such old-fashioned faces that I cannot imagine where they were discovered, unless the old ladies had conjured them out of the memory of some shop of their childhood. There clung to these gifts, though we had prettier ones at home, the same aroma of quaint delight which exhaled from everything about the charming old house. After this ceremony we were graciously dismissed, and the rest of the day was our own.

It may, perhaps, be true that there was no great wisdom to be gained at the little dame-school. Our lessons were few and simple, and the methods were undoubtedly old-fashioned. However, what we learned we learned thoroughly, and there were lessons not to be found in books to be gained from the daily example of the two fine old gentlewomen, with their rigid ideas of right and wrong and the quaintly elegant manners of an age gone by.

Many are the children, now grown and scattered, who have sat under their gentle sway, and surely not one of them can think to-day without a thrill of kindly affection of the little dame-school in the gray old house on Essex Street.

Eleanor Putnam.

A STORY OF ASSISTED FATE.

IN a general way I am not a superstitious man, but I have a few ideas, or notions, in regard to fatality and kindred subjects of which I have never been able entirely to dispossess my mind; nor can I say that I have ever tried very much to do so, for I hold that a certain amount of irrationalism in the nature of a man is a thing to be desired. By its aid he clammers over the wall which limits the action of his intellect, and if he be but sure that he can get back again no harm may come of it, while he is the better for many pleasant excursions.

My principal superstitious notion, and indeed the only one of importance, is the belief that whatever I earnestly desire and plan for will happen. This idea does not relate to things for which people fight hard, or work long, but to those events for which we sit down and wait. It is truly a pleasant belief, and one worthy to be fostered if there can be found any ground for it. I do not exercise my little superstition very often, but when I do I find things happen as I wish; and in cases where this has not yet occurred there is plenty of time to wait.

I am not a very old person, being now in my twenty-eighth year, but my two sisters, who live with me, as well as most of my acquaintances, look upon me, I think, as an older man. This is not due to my experience in the world, for I have not gone out a great deal among my fellow-men, but rather to my habits of reading and reflection, which have so matured my intellectual nature that the rest of me, so to speak, has insensibly stepped a little faster to keep pace with it. Grace Anna, indeed, is two years older than I, yet I know she looks up to me as a senior quite as much as does Bertha, who is but twenty-four.

These sisters had often laughingly assured me that the one thing I needed was a wife, and, although I never spoke much on the subject, in the course of time I began to think a good deal about it, and the matter so interested my mind that at last I did a very singular thing. I keep a diary, in which I briefly note daily events, especially those which may, in a degree, be considered as epochs. My book has a page for every day, with the date printed at the top thereof; not a very desirable form, perhaps, for those who would write much on one day and very little the next, but it suits me well enough, for I seldom enter into details. Not many months ago, as I sat alone, one evening, in my library, turning over the leaves of this diary, I looked ahead at the pages intended for the days of the year that were yet to come, and the thought entered my mind that it was a slavish thing to be able to note only what had happened, and not to dare to write one word upon the blank pages of the next month, or the next, or even of to-morrow. As I turned backward and forward these pages devoted to a record of the future the desire came to me to write something upon one of them. It was a foolish fancy, perhaps, but it pleased me. I would like a diary, not only of what had been, but of what was to be. I longed to challenge fate, and I did it. I selected a page, not too far ahead and in a good time of the year, — it was September 14th, — and on it I wrote, —

“This day came into my life
She who is to be my wife.”

When I had made this strange entry I regarded it with satisfaction. I had fully come to the conclusion that it was due to my position as the owner of a goodly estate that I should marry. I had felt that at some time I must do

something in this matter. And now a thing was done, and a time was fixed. It is true that I knew no woman who was at all likely, upon the day I had selected, or upon any other day, to exercise a matrimonial influence upon my life. But that made no difference to me. I had taken my fate into my own hands, and I would now see what would happen.

It was then early in July, and in a little more than two months the day which I had made a very momentous one to me would arrive. I cannot say that I had a positive belief that what I had written would occur on the 14th of September, but I had a very strange notion that, as there was no reason why it should not be so, it would be so. At any rate, who could say it would not be so? This sort of thing was not a belief, but to all intents and purposes it was just as good.

It was somewhat amusing even to myself, and it would probably have been very amusing to any one else acquainted with the circumstances, to observe the influence that this foundationless and utterly irrational expectation had upon me. To the great delight of my sisters, I began to attend to matters in which formerly I had taken little interest. I set two men at work upon the grounds about the house, giving my personal supervision to the removal of the patches of grass in the driveway, which led under the oaks to the door. Here and there I had a panel of fence put in better order, and a dead apple-tree, which for some time had stood on the brow of a hill in view of the house, was cut down and taken away.

"If any of our friends think of visiting us," said Bertha, "they ought to come now, while everything is looking so trim and nice.

"Would you like that?" asked Grace Anna, looking at me.

"Yes," I replied. "That is, they might begin to come now."

At this both my sisters laughed.

"Begin to come!" cried Bertha. "How hospitable you are growing!"

The summer went on, and I kept good faith with my little superstition. If either of us should desert the other, it should not be I who would do it. It pleased me to look forward to the event which I had called up out of the future, and to wait for it—if perchance it should come.

One morning my sister Bertha entered my library, with a letter in her hand and a very pleasant expression on her face. "What do you think?" she said. "We are going to have a visit!—just as the paint is dry on the back porch, so that we can have tea there in the afternoon."

"A visit!" I exclaimed, regarding her with much interest.

"Yes," continued Bertha. "Kitty Watridge is coming to stay with us. I have written and written to her, and now she is coming."

"Who is she?" I asked.

Bertha laughed. "You haven't forgotten the Watridges, have you?"

No, I had not forgotten them; at least, the only one of them I ever knew. Old Mr. Watridge had been a friend of my late father, a cheerful and rather ruddy man, although much given to books. He had been my friend, too, in the days when he used to come to us; and I remember well that it was he who started me on a journey along the third shelf from the top, on the east wall of the library, through *The World Displayed*, in many volumes, by Smart, Goldsmith, and Johnson; and thence to some *New Observations on Italy*, in French, by two Swedish gentlemen, in 1758; and so on through many other works of the kind, where I found the countries shown forth on their quaint pages so different from those of the same name described in modern books of travel that it was to me a virtual enlargement of the world. It had been a long time since I had

seen the old gentleman, and I felt sorry for it.

"Is Mr. Watridge coming?" I asked.

"Of course not," said Bertha. "That would be your affair. And besides, he never leaves home now. It is only Kitty, his youngest daughter, my friend."

I had an indistinct recollection that Mr. Watridge had some children, and that they were daughters, but that was all I remembered about them. "She is grown?" I asked.

"I should think so," answered Bertha, with a laugh. "She is at least twenty."

If my sister could have known the intense interest which suddenly sprung up within me she would have been astounded. A grown-up, marriageable young lady was coming to my house, in September! My next question was asked hurriedly: "When will she be here?"

"She is coming next Wednesday, the 16th," answered Bertha, referring to her letter.

"The 16th!" I said to myself. "That is two days after my date."

"What kind of a lady is she?" I asked Bertha.

"She is lovely, — just as lovely as she can be."

I now began to feel a little disappointed. If she were lovely, as my sister said, and twenty, with good Watridge blood, why did she not come a little sooner? It was truly an odd thing to do, but I could not forbear expressing what I thought. "I wish," I said, somewhat abstractedly, "that she were coming on Monday instead of Wednesday."

Bertha laughed heartily. "I was really afraid," she said, "that you might think there were enough girls already in the house. But here you are wanting Kitty to come before she is ready. Grace Anna!" she cried to my elder sister, who was passing the open door, "he is n't put out a bit, and he is in such a hurry to see Kitty that he thinks she should come on Monday."

It was impossible to chide my sisters for laughing at me, and I could not help smiling myself. "It is not that I am in a hurry to see her," I observed, "for I do not know the young lady at all; but I consider Monday a more suitable day than Wednesday for her arrival."

"It is odd," replied Bertha, "that you should prefer one day to another."

"Is there any reason why it does not suit you to have her come on Wednesday?" asked Grace Anna. "Her visit might be deferred a day or two."

Of course I could give no reason, and I did not wish the visit deferred.

"It's just because he's so dreadfully systematic!" cried Bertha. "He thinks everything ought to begin at the beginning of the week, and that even a visit should make a fair start on Monday, and not break in unmethodically."

My elder sister was always very considerate of my welfare and my wishes, and had it been practicable I believe that she would have endeavored in this instance to make our hospitality conform to what appeared to be my love of system and order. But she explained to me that, apart from the awkwardness of asking the young lady to change the day which she had herself fixed, without being able to give any good reason therefor, it would be extremely inconvenient for them to have their visitor before Wednesday, as an earlier arrival would materially interfere with certain household arrangements.

I said no more, but I was disappointed; and this feeling grew upon me, for the reason that during the rest of the day and the evening my sisters talked a great deal about their young friend, and I found that, unless they were indeed most prejudiced judges, — which in the case of Grace Anna, at least, I could never believe, — this young person who was coming to us must be possessed of most admirable personal qualities. She was pretty; she had excellent moral sentiments, a well-cultured intel-

lect, and a lovable disposition. These, with the good blood, — which, in my opinion, was a most important requisite, — made up a woman in every way fitted to enter my life in a matrimonial capacity. If, without any personal bias, I had been selecting a wife for a friend, I could not have expected to do better than this. That such a young person should come within the range of my cognizance on the wrong day would be, to say the least, a most annoying occurrence. Why did I not select the 16th, or she the 14th? A fate that was two days slow might as well be no fate at all. My meeting with the girl would have no meaning. I must admit that the more I thought about this girl the more I wished it should have a meaning.

During the night, or perhaps very early in the morning, a most felicitous idea came into my mind. I would assist my fate. My idea was this: On Monday I would drive to Mr. Watridge's house. It was a pleasant day's journey. I would spend Tuesday with him, and, returning on Wednesday, I could bring Miss Kitty with me. Thus all the necessary conditions would be fulfilled. She would come into my life on the 14th, and I would have opportunities of knowing her which probably would not occur to me at home. Everything would happen as it should; only, instead of the lady coming to me, I should go to her.

As I expected, my project, when I announced it at the breakfast table, was the occasion of much mirth, especially on the part of Bertha. "I never saw anything like it!" she cried. "You want to see Kitty even more than I do. I should never have thought of such a thing as going for her two days in advance."

"As it would have been impossible for you to do so," said I, "I can easily conceive that you would not have allowed the idea to enter your mind."

Grace Anna, however, looked upon my plan with much favor, and entered

into its details with interest, dwelling particularly on the pleasure Mr. Watridge would derive from my visit.

I looked forward with great pleasure to the little journey I was about to make. The distance from Eastover, my residence, to Mr. Watridge's house was some twenty-five miles, — a very suitable day's drive in fine weather. The road led through a pleasant country, with several opportunities for pretty views; and about half-way was a neat tavern, standing behind an immense cherry-tree, where a stop could be made for rest and for a midday meal. I had a comfortable, easy-cushioned buggy, well provided with protective appurtenances in case of rain or too much sunshine; and my sisters and myself were of the opinion that, under ordinary circumstances, no one would hesitate between this vehicle and the crowded stage-coach, which was the only means of communication between our part of the country and that in which the Watridge estate lay.

I made an early start on Monday morning, with my good horse, Dom Pedro; named by my sister Bertha, but whether for the Emperor of Brazil, or for a social game of cards which we generally played when we had two or three visitors, and therefore there were too many of us for whist, I do not know. I arrived at my destination towards the close of the afternoon, and old Mr. Watridge was delighted to see me. We spent a pleasant hour in his library, waiting for the return of his two daughters, who were out for a walk. It must be admitted that it was with considerable emotional perturbation that I beheld the entrance into that room of Miss Kitty Watridge. She came in alone; her sister, who was much older, being detained by some household duties, connected, probably, with my unexpected arrival. This, with the action of Mr. Watridge in presently excusing himself for a time, gave me an opportunity, more immedi-

ate than I had expected, for an uninterrupted study of this young lady, who had become to me so important a person.

I will not describe Kitty, her appearance, nor her conversation, but will merely remark that before we were joined by her father and sister I would have been quite willing, so far as I was concerned, to show her the entry in my diary.

It may be that a man heavily clad with the armor of reserve and restraint sinks more quickly and deeper than one not so encumbered, when he finds himself suddenly in a current of that sentiment which now possessed me. Be that as it may, my determination was arrived at before I slept that night: Kitty Watridge had entered into my life on the 14th of September, and I was willing to accept her as my wife.

As the son of an old comrade on the part of the father, and as the brother of two dear friends on the part of the daughters, I was treated with hearty cordiality by this family, and the next day was a most pleasing and even delightful one to me, until the evening came. Then a cloud, and a very heavy one, arose upon my emotional horizon. I had stated how I purposed to make the little journey of Miss Kitty to our house more comfortable and expeditious than it would otherwise be, and Mr. Watridge had expressed himself very much pleased with the plan; while Kitty had declared that it would be charming, especially when compared with travel by stage-coach, of which the principal features, in her idea of it, appeared to be mothers, little children, and lunch baskets. But, after dinner, Miss Maria, the elder daughter, remarked very quietly, but very positively, that she did not think it would do — that is the phrase she used — for me to drive her sister to Eastover. She gave no reasons, and I asked none, but it was quite evident that her decision was one not to be altered.

"It would be far better," she said, "not to change our original plan, and for Kitty, as well as her trunk, to go by the stage. Mrs. Karcroft is going the whole of the way, and Kitty will be well taken care of."

Miss Maria was the head of the house; she had acted for many years as the maternal director of her sister; and I saw very soon that what the other two members of the family might think upon the subject would matter very little. The father, indeed, made at first some very vigorous dissent, urging that it would be a shame to make me take that long drive home alone, when I had expected company; and although Kitty said nothing, I am sure she looked quite disappointed. But neither words nor looks availed anything. Miss Maria was placid, but very firm, and under her deft management of the conversation the subject was soon dismissed as settled.

"I am very sorry," observed the old gentleman to me, when the ladies had bidden us good-night, "that Kitty cannot take advantage of your invitation, which was a very kind one, and to which I see not the slightest objection. My daughter Maria has very peculiar ideas sometimes, but as she acts as a sort of mother here we don't like to interfere with her."

"I would not have you do so for the world," answered I.

"You are very good, very good!" exclaimed Mr. Watridge; "and I must say I think it's a confounded shame that you and Kitty cannot take that pleasant drive together. Suppose you go with her in the stage, and let me send a man to Eastover with your horse and vehicle."

"I thank you very kindly, sir," I replied, "but it will be better for me to return the way I came; and your daughter will have a companion, I understand."

"Nobody but old Mrs. Karcroft, and

she counts for nothing as company. You had better think of it."

I would not consent, however, to make any change in my arrangements; and, shortly after, I retired.

I went to bed that night a very angry man. When I prepared a plan or scheme with which no reasonable fault could be found, I was not accustomed to have it thwarted, or indeed even objected to. I was displeased with Mr. Watridge because he allowed himself to be so easily influenced, and I was even dissatisfied with Kitty's want of spirit, though of course she could not have been expected to exhibit an eagerness to accompany me. But with that horrible old maid, Miss Maria, I was truly indignant. There frequently arises in the mind an image which forcibly connects itself with the good or bad qualities of a person under our contemplation, and thus Miss Maria appeared to me in the character of a moral pepper-box. Virtue is like sugar or cream, — good in itself, and of advantage to that with which it is suitably mingled; but Miss Maria's propriety was the hottest and most violent sort of pepper, extremely disagreeable in itself, and never needed except in the case of weak moral digestion. Her objections were an insult to me. I went to sleep thinking of a little pepper-cruet which I would like to have made of silver for my table, to take the place of the owl or other conventional pattern, which should be exactly like Miss Maria, — hard and unimpressionable without, hollow within, and the top of its head perforated with little holes. At breakfast I endeavored to be coldly polite, but it must have been easy for the family to perceive that I was very much offended. I requested that my horse and buggy should be made ready as soon as possible. While I was waiting for it on the porch, where Mr. Watridge had just left me, Miss Kitty came out to me. This was the first time I had been alone with her since the pre-

ceding afternoon, when we had had a most charming walk through the orchard and over the hills to a high point, where we had stayed until we saw the sun go down.

"It seems a real pity," she observed very prettily, and in a tone which touched me, "that you should be driving off now by yourself, while in about an hour I shall start from the same place."

"Miss Kitty," said I, "would you like to go with me?"

She hesitated for a moment, looked down, and then looked up, and said, "So far as I am concerned, I think — I mean I know — that I should like very much to go with you. But you see" — and then she hesitated again.

"Say no more, I pray you!" I exclaimed. I would not place her in the unpleasant position of defending, or even explaining, the unwarrantable interference of a relative. "If you really wish to accompany me," I continued, warmly shaking her hand, for my buggy was now approaching, "I am entirely satisfied, and nothing more need be said. It is, in a measure, the same as if you were going with me. Good-by."

A moment before I was depressed and morose. Now I was exuberantly joyful. The change was sudden, but there was reason for it. Kitty wished to go with me, and had come to tell me so!

Mr. Watridge and his elder daughter now appeared in the doorway, and as I took leave of the latter I am sure she noticed a change in my manner. I said no more to her than was absolutely necessary, but the sudden cheerfulness which had taken possession of me could not be repressed even in her presence.

The old gentleman accompanied me to the carriage-block. "I don't want to bore you about it," he said, "but I really am sorry you are going away alone."

I felt quite sure, from several things Mr. Watridge had said and done during

my visit, that he would be well pleased to see his younger daughter and myself thrown very much into the company of each other, and to have us remain so, indeed, for the rest of our lives. And there was no reason why he should not desire it. In every way the conditions of such a union would be most favorable.

"Thank you very much," I returned; "but the pleasure of having your daughter at my house will make me forget this little disappointment."

He looked at me with glistening eyes. Had I boldly asked him, "Will you be my father-in-law?" no more favorable answer could have come from his lips than I now saw upon his countenance.

"Good fortune be with you!" were his last words as I drove away.

I do not suppose anything of the kind could be more delightful than my drive that morning. Miss Kitty had said that she would like to be my companion, and I determined to have her so in imagination, if not in fact. The pleasures of fancy are sometimes more satisfactory than those of reality, for we have them entirely under our control. I chose now to imagine that Miss Kitty was seated by my side, and I sat well to the right, that I might give her plenty of room. In imagination I conversed with her, and she answered me as I would have her. Our remarks were carefully graduated to the duration of our acquaintance and the seemingly progress of our intimacy. I wished to discover the intellectual status of the fair young creature who had come into my life on the 14th of September. I spoke to her of books, and found that her reading had been varied and judicious. She had read Farrar's *Life of Christ*, but did not altogether like it; and while she had much enjoyed Froude's *Cæsar*, she could have wished to believe the author as just as he endeavored to make his hero appear. With modern romance she had dealt but lightly, rather preferring works of his-

tory and travel, even when pervaded with the flavor of the eighteenth century. But we did not always speak of abstract subjects; we were both susceptible to the influences of nature, and my companion enjoyed as much as I did the bright sunshine tempered by a cooling breeze, the clear sky with fair white clouds floating along the horizon, and the occasional views of the blue and distant mountains, their tops suffused with warm autumnal mists. After a time I asked her if I might call her Kitty, and glancing downward, and then up, with the same look she had given me on the porch, she said I might. This was very pleasant, and was not, in my opinion, an undue familiarity, which feature I was very careful to eliminate from our companionship. One act, however, of what might be termed super-friendly kindness, I intended to propose, and the contemplation of its probable acceptance afforded me much pleasure. After our quiet luncheon in the shaded little dining-room of the Cherry-Tree Inn, and when she had rested as long as she chose, we would begin our afternoon journey, and the road, before very long, would lead us through a great pine wood. Here, rolling over the hard, smooth way, and breathing the gentle odor of the pines, she would naturally feel a little somnolent, and I intended to say to her that if she liked she might rest her head upon my shoulder, and doze. If I should hear the sound of approaching wheels I would gently arouse her; but as an interruption of this kind was not likely to occur, I thought with much satisfaction of the pleasure I should have in the afternoon, when this fancy would be appropriate. To look upon the little head gently resting on that shoulder, which, when our acquaintance had more fully developed, I would offer her as a permanent possession, would be to me a preconnubial satisfaction of a very high order.

When about a mile from the Cherry-

Tree Inn, and with my mind filled with these agreeable fancies, an accident happened to me. One of the irons which connected the shafts to the front axle broke, and the conditions of my progress became abruptly changed. The wheel at that end of the axle to which a shaft was yet attached went suddenly forward, and the other flew back and grated against the side of the buggy, while both wheels, instead of rolling in the general course of the vehicle, were dragged in a sidewise direction. The disconnected shaft fell upon the legs of Dom Pedro, who, startled by the unusual sensation, forsook his steady trot, and broke into a run. Thus, with the front wheels scraping the road, the horse attached but by a single shaft, I was hurried along at an alarming pace. Pull as I might, I could not check the progress of Dom Pedro; and if this state of affairs had continued for more than the few moments which it really lasted, the front wheels would have been shattered, and I do not know what sad results might have ensued. But the other shaft broke loose, the reins were rudely torn from my hands, and the horse, now free from attachment to the vehicle, went clattering along the road, the shafts bobbing at his heels; while the buggy, following the guidance of the twisted front axle, ran into a shallow ditch at the side of the road, and abruptly stopped.

Unhurt, I sprang out, and my first thought was one of joy that the Kitty who had been by my side was an imaginary one. Had the real Kitty been there, what might not have happened to her! A dozen possible accidents crowded themselves on my mind, and I have no doubt my countenance expressed my feelings.

There was nothing to be done but to take my valise and the whip from the buggy, and walk on to the inn, where I found the landlord in the act of saddling a horse, to come and see what had happened to me. Dom Pedro had arrived

with a portion of the shafts attached to him, the rest having been kicked away. The accident occasioned considerable stir at the inn; but as I never care to discuss my personal affairs any further than is necessary, it was soon arranged that after I had lunched I would borrow a saddle from the landlord, and ride Dom Pedro home, while the broken buggy would be brought to the inn, where I would send for it the next day. This plan did not please me, for I was not fond of equestrianism, and Dom Pedro was rather a hard trotter; but there was nothing better to do. Had I not taken this road, which was much more agreeable although rather longer than the high road, I might have been picked up by the stage which was conveying Miss Kitty to my house.

While I was yet at my meal there arrived at the inn a young man, who shortly afterward entered the room, and informed me that, having heard of my accident, he came to offer me a seat in the buggy in which he was traveling. He was going my way, and would be glad of a companion. This invitation, given as it was by a well-appearing young man of pleasing manners, was, after a little consideration, accepted by me. I would much prefer to ride a dozen miles in a buggy with a stranger than on horseback alone.

The drive of the afternoon was very different from what I had expected it to be, but it was not devoid of some pleasant features. My companion was sociable and not too communicative; and although he annoyed me very much by giving me the entirely uncalled-for information that if I had had short straps from the ends of the shafts to the axle, which no well-ordered buggy should be without, the accident would not have occurred. I passed this by, and our conversation became more general, and to me more acceptable. The young man was going to Harnden, a village not far from my house, where he ap-

peared to have some business, and he assured me that he would not object in the least to go a little out of his way and set me down at my door.

We reached Eastover quite late in the afternoon, and I perceived, from the group on the porch, that Miss Kitty had arrived. All three of the ladies came down to meet me, evidently very much surprised to see me in a strange vehicle. When I had alighted, and was hastily explaining to my sisters the cause of this change of conveyance, I was surprised to see Miss Kitty shaking hands with the young man, who was standing by his horse's head. My elder sister, Grace Anna, who had also noticed this meeting, now approached the pair, and was introduced to the gentleman. In a few moments she returned to me, who had been regarding the interview with silent amazement.

"It is Harvey Glade," she said, — "Kitty's cousin. We should invite him to stay here to-night."

I cannot conceive of anything which more quickly than these words would have snuffed out the light which had illumined the vision of my house with Kitty in it; but it was impossible for me to forget that I was a gentleman and the master of Eastover, and, instantly causing my perception of these facts to take precedence of my gathering emotions, I stepped up to Miss Kitty, and, asking to be introduced to her cousin, I begged him to make my house his home during his stay in the neighborhood.

This invitation was accepted, as I supposed it would be when I made it; yet I must own that I did not expect Mr. Glade to remain at my house for a week. Of course his presence prevented the execution of any of my plans regarding the promotion of my intimacy with Kitty; but although the interruption caused me much vexation, I maintained the equanimity due to my position, and hoped each day that the young

man would take his leave. Towards the end of his visit I became aware, through the medium of my sisters, to whom I had left in a great degree the entertainment of our guests, that young Glade was actually engaged to be married to Kitty. She had told them so herself. This statement, which chilled to the verge of frigidity my every sensibility, was amplified as follows: The young people had been attached to each other for some time, but the visits of Glade having been discouraged by Miss Kitty's family they had not seen each other lately, and there had been no positive declaration of amatory sentiment on the part of either; this protracted sojourn in my house had given the young man all the opportunity he could desire, and the matter was settled so definitely that there was no reason to suppose that the better judgment of her elders would cause the young woman to change her mind.

Here was a fine ending to my endeavors to assist my fate. Instead of so doing, I had assisted the fate of Mr. Harvey Glade, in whose welfare I had no interest whatever. He had not known that Miss Kitty was coming to my house; he had not even been aware, until he met her at Eastover, that I was acquainted with her family. Had it not been for my endeavors to promote my own fortune in the direction of the lady, he would have had no opportunity to make her his own; and they probably would not have seen each other again, unless he had happened to call upon her as the mistress of Eastover. Instead of aiding Miss Kitty to enter my life on the 14th of September, I had ushered her into his life on the 16th of that month.

For a week after the departure of our guests — the young man went first — I found myself in a state of mental depression from which the kindly efforts of my sisters could not arouse me. Not only was I deeply chagrined at what

had occurred, but it wounded my self-respect to think that my fate, which had been satisfactorily pursuing the course I had marked out for it, should have been thus suddenly and disastrously turned aside. I felt that I must confess myself conquered. It was an unusual and a difficult thing for me to do this, but there was no help for it. I took out my diary, and turned to the page whereon I had challenged fate. That entry must be erased. I must humble myself, and acknowledge it untrue.

At the moment that I dipped the pen in the inkstand there was a knock at the door, and Grace Anna entered.

"I have just had a letter," she said, "from dear Jane Wiltby, who married your old schoolfellow, Dr. Tom. I thought you would like to hear the news it contains. They have a little girl, and she is to be named for me."

"How old is it?" I asked, with indifferent interest.

"She was born on the 14th of September," said Grace Anna.

I sat erect, and looked at my sister, — looked at her without seeing her. Thoughts, like clouds upon the horizon brightened by the rays of dawn, piled themselves up in my mind. Dr. Tom, the companion of my youth, ever my cherished friend! Jane, woman above women! Grace Anna!

I laid down the pen, and, leaving the momentous and prognostic entry just as I had written it, I closed my diary, and placed it in my desk.

He who cannot adapt himself to the vagaries of a desired fate, who cannot place himself upon the road by which he expects it to come, and who cannot wait for it with cheerful confidence is not worthy to be assistant arbiter of his destiny.

Frank R. Stockton.

MADAME MOHL, HER SALON AND HER FRIENDS.

FIRST PAPER.

THERE are some words that have a charm about them which never fades, and an interest which never flags. To those who care for France, her literature, her history, the little word *salon* has an irresistible fascination. It conjures up everything that is clever, charming, *piquant*, most characteristic of the women of France. The salon is essentially a French institution. No other nation ever produced it; no other society contains the elements for producing it. We say "a pleasant house" when we speak of a social centre. In France they say "a pleasant salon." The different terms both express and explain the different ideas they represent. A house is a home where material hospitality is exercised;

where friends are entertained with more substantial fare than the feast of reason and the flow of soul. A pleasant house is suggestive of snug, convivial dinners and sociable, unceremonious lunches, of bread broken at various hours between the owners of the house and their friends. Another nice distinction is that it implies a master, as well as a mistress. A salon calls up a totally different order of ideas. It supposes a mistress, but by no means necessarily a master; and it suggests no more substantial fare than talk, flow of words, and liberal interchange of ideas. It is simply a centre where pleasant people are to be met and good conversation is to be had. It may have — indeed, it generally has —

its particular tone and color; it may be literary, religious, political, artistic, or philanthropic; but it remains always a place for talking, — a place where intellectual nectar replaces material beverages.

When we consider how much pleasure, amusement, even downright happiness, is to be got out of talk, the wonder is that so little is done towards cultivating it. Formerly, the French understood this, and gave as much time and care to the cultivation of talk as to that of any other fine art. Their salons were schools where the art of conversation was taught, arenas where its adepts and pupils exercised themselves in the game. To say of a woman, "*Elle cause bien*," was to pay her a far more delicate and flattering tribute than to praise her beauty, or even her dress. Paris is the birthplace and natural home of the salon. It is a growth indigenous to the soil of the lively city, and an empire which has been respected there ever since it was first founded by Madame de Rambouillet for the purification and perfecting of the French language. The throne has been left vacant at various periods, sometimes for long intervals; but there it has stood, ready for any *prétendante* who could take possession of it. The right of conquest was the only right recognized, or necessary. There was no hereditary law which transmitted the sceptre from one queen to another. There was no dynastic code to which she was compelled to conform once she had grasped it. Like Cæsar, she had only to come, to see her empire, and to conquer it. Every woman who held in her own individuality the power to do this might, under the most elastic restrictions, aspire to a sovereignty, at once elective, absolute, and democratic.

These queens have sometimes been women not born in the purple of "society," or even promoted to it by marriage. It is characteristic of the supreme position conceded by the French

to mere personal charm and *esprit* in women that even in the eighteenth century, in those relatively feudal ages before the Revolution had leveled the barriers between classes, a woman endowed with these qualities might, without being well or even decently born, throw down the high barricades of social prejudices, and reign triumphantly as queen of a salon.

There was Madame Geoffrin, for instance. Madame Geoffrin may be considered one of the earliest and most remarkable successors of Madame de Rambouillet, whose blood was so "darkly, deeply, beautifully blue." Madame Geoffrin was a *bourgeoise* by birth and by marriage; she had no roots in society, — no links, even, with it, except those that she afterwards forged herself; yet after a long interregnum the sceptre of the beautiful marquise passed to her, and she wielded it with a grace and power that have never since been surpassed, if indeed they have ever been equaled. Madame de Rambouillet, with her beauty and rank, had remained the head of a *coterie*, — a fastidious and exclusive coterie; while Madame Geoffrin, by mere force of personal charm, of wit, — or rather *esprit*, for the terms are by no means synonymous, — of sound sense and clear judgment, formed a salon to which not only men of letters, but all the aristocratic women of the day, in their powder and hoops, crowded eagerly. So supreme was the position attained by the manufacturer's wife that no distinguished person from any part of Europe visited Paris without seeking to be presented to her. Even royalty paid its court to her, and was flattered by her civility. Gustavus of Poland, one of the *habitués* of her salon, on coming to the throne, wrote to the old lady, — a very old lady then, — "Your son has become a king; you must come and see him in his kingdom." And she did go, entertained by the Emperor at Vienna, and by all the great folks on the way

from Warsaw to Paris, as if she had been a sovereign going to visit another sovereign.

Yet this venerable old lady had done nothing in any department of human enterprise to entitle her to this world-wide homage. She had, it is true, given *petits soupers* that were admitted to be excellent, and in later days she had been a kind of mother to the Encyclopædists, with whose advanced doctrines she sympathized; her salon had become a sort of tribune, where these doctrines were expounded, and the applause they awoke there was echoed beyond these tapestried walls to the city outside, and to the nations beyond that, again. But this alone could not have secured to Madame Geoffrin wide social influence, though it would have entitled her to a high place amongst the Blue Stockings of the period. The secret of her influence lay in the combination of personal charm with perfect mastery in the art of talking and receiving.

Another curious example of the ascendancy of esprit in France is the salon of Mademoiselle de Lespinasse. Poor, plain, nobly but not honorably born, tolerated in the *château* of a mother who was ashamed to own her, Mademoiselle de Lespinasse attracted the notice of Madame du Deffand, who instantly detected a kindred spirit in the neglected Cinderella, and offered her a home. It must have been like an episode in a fairy tale to the young country girl when her mother's guest said, "Come and live with me!" To live with Madame du Deffand meant to live with all that was distinguished in European society. What a dream for a young girl, with a passionate soul and a bright, ambitious mind, to be transported suddenly from a dull provincial home to this intellectual Eldorado! The dream lasted ten years, and then they quarreled violently, and parted.

The cause of the quarrel was characteristic both of the age and of its women.

Visitors, in those days, came from five to eight. Madame du Deffand, now blind and infirm, rose late, and never appeared in the drawing-room till six. Meantime, Mademoiselle de Lespinasse had been receiving all the clever people since five, skimming the cream of the talk, and lapping it up all to herself. She went on committing this systematic theft for a whole year before Madame du Deffand found it out! No wonder the old lady boiled over with rage, and ordered the unprincipled thief out of her house. If it had been money, or jewels, or any such trash, that she had pilfered, some extenuating circumstances might have been found, and the culprit recommended to mercy; but to steal the cream of the talk, to gobble up the *bons mots* and the epigrams and the anecdotes, fresh and crisp, — what mercy could be found for such wickedness as this!

Mademoiselle de Lespinasse was turned out of the house. Her accomplices, however, stood manfully by her. D'Alembert, a host in himself, was already her devoted admirer, and now became her stoutest champion, leading the force of the Encyclopædists with him. They deserted Madame du Deffand, noble, rich, and splendidly lodged, and followed Mademoiselle de Lespinasse to a small apartment, which they insisted on jointly furnishing for her, and where, thanks to a small annuity from her mother (as recently discovered documents have established), she was able to live, and form a salon which soon rivaled that of her late protectress and now her deadly enemy. It was a strange sight, — this woman, without a single social advantage, without even a pretty face (she was ugly), coolly snatching the sceptre from the hands of a legitimate sovereign, usurping a portion of her empire, and ruling it with as high a hand as any autocrat to the manner born. So omnipotent, at this period, was the ascendancy of the *femme d'esprit*, and so

essential the salon of such a one to the thinking men of the day.

None of these three women published anything on any subject. They wrote letters, — burning love-letters and brilliant gossiping letters ; but they did no work, literary, scientific, or philanthropic. They simply had salons ; they talked and received beautifully, and by doing this they achieved immortality. It is true, a salon in those days was no sinecure ; it was an important rôle, and the woman who undertook it gave her whole mind to succeeding in it, as a painter or musician strives to achieve excellence in his art. Sainte-Beuve says of Madame Geoffrin that no Roman cardinal could have exercised “ more diplomacy, more delicate and gentle cleverness,” in the management of the most difficult affairs than did this remarkable lady during the thirty years that her salon was a centre of intellectual interest and social enjoyment.

No woman creates such a centre, or exercises this kind of personal sway, unless she possesses certain requisite qualifications. Envy or ignorance may attribute her popularity to luck, to a series of happy circumstances, to the blind tendency of the crowd to follow the crowd ; but this does not suffice to account for it. There is always a primary, intrinsic reason which explains this attraction. Some periods have been especially favorable to the development of these personal influences. The latter part of the eighteenth century was preëminently so. It saw the apotheosis of the salon. Its salons were laboratories, where the Revolution was being prepared. Here new ideas were discussed, new doctrines enunciated, new theories put into form, and in a certain measure into practice ; in fact, all the elements that were soon to culminate in the explosion that shook France to her centre were here analyzed and experimentalized with in *dilettante* fashion. The members never dreamed that they were

manufacturing the dynamite that was to blow up themselves and society ; they did not foresee what all this playing with fire was to lead to ; but, though unconsciously, they were none the less certainly getting ready the Revolution. When it came, they and their laboratories vanished. The social throne fell with the national one, swallowed up in that terrific convulsion. The very foundations on which every throne had rested seemed shattered beyond the possibility of ever rebuilding them ; and yet as soon as the throes subsided, and despotism had crushed anarchy and restored order, society began to cast about for queens to come and rule over it. It had tired of conquests, as it had tired of revolution ; it had had enough of slaughter, of the rumbling of the *tombereau* bearing “ batches ” to the guillotine, and of the roll of drums announcing “ famous victories. It wanted to be soothed and amused, just as an audience longs for a good farce after it has been harrowed and excited by some tremendous tragedy. The salon could never again be what it had been before the close of the century ; the same *raison d'être* for it no longer existed. Those who had opinions to proclaim, or views to expound, now found ready opportunities in public life. They did not look about for a salon to get a hearing ; there was one to be had every day in the press, in parliament, in public life generally. But if its old rôle was played, there was already a new one prepared for it. Politics and war were at a discount ; society was sick of them, so it turned to art. Artists came and took the vacant thrones, and society went to court and did homage to them. With the exception of some few political ones, whose tone was strictly defined, the most brilliant salons of the Restoration were chiefly artistic. The beautiful Madame Lebrun, who had narrowly escaped paying with her head for the honor of painting the portrait of Marie Antoinette, had come

back. She had queened it in all the capitals of Europe during her exile, and now reigned in Paris. Diderot, D'Alembert, Marmontel, La Harpe, and all the now aged Encyclopædists, all the great ladies and the *grands seigneurs*, crowded round her, and for thirty years met every Saturday evening in her salon, saying, "Do you remember?" — talking over old times and the gay court where she had been the honored guest of their king and queen. The little courtly court was broken up in 1830; but the salon lived on till 1842, when Madame Lebrun died, at the age of ninety, charming, and even beautiful, to the last.

Mademoiselle Contat's salon was another illustration of the change that society had undergone. The beautiful actress, with her stream of song, drew all the world to her salon, where, besides herself, people heard such song-birds as Malibran and Sontag, and the music of Rossini and Donizetti before it was given to the world outside. Society was intoxicated with music, and frantic about art; a not unnatural reaction towards melody and beauty after the hideous din of revolution and war. But it was, at the same time, something more than this. Art was not only a fashion; it was a harbor of refuge, towards which many were making in the event of a storm overtaking them again. The *noblesse* had been impoverished, in innumerable cases beggared, by the Revolution, and many of these sufferers, who had learned at home in the atrocities of '93, or abroad in the miseries of emigration, the need of possessing an inheritance that no political catastrophe could take from them, determined to secure some such provision for their children. Thus, the daughters of the Faubourg St. Germain were frequently to be met in the studios of the great painters and sculptors, working with the steadiness of professional students. Others studied music with the same ardor. The result was a generation

which counted numbers of highly accomplished women, whose competition raised artists in the social scale. Society, after being ruthlessly invaded by democracy, was now making a generous peace with it, and voluntarily opening its ranks to the principle of equality which the Revolution had vainly tried to force upon it. The reign of the old noblesse, as a political power, was now virtually at an end. A whole era had come and gone since Napoleon had asked, after the battle of Austerlitz, "What does the Faubourg St. Germain think?" It mattered little now to the head of the state what that once powerful section thought! Except as a clan, a distinction, a fine historic legend, it had practically passed away. Those who had profited by its decay, and supplanted it, were, nevertheless, uneasy. They could not rest with full content in their new possessions, in the titles and domains conferred on them by the empire; they lived in daily terror of being dispossessed by a decree of parliament, or some political enactment. The Charte eventually reassured them, and proved that the monarchy had both the will and the power to maintain the concessions and grants of the empire. But though the king might sanction irregular coats-of-arms and dubious territorial titles, he could not confer on their holders the distinction born of inherited instincts and long ancestral traditions, nor the chivalrous sentiments and courteous manners that are a part of these things; neither could he legislate against vulgarity and bad grammar, nor prevent society from laughing when the ladies of these new lords proclaimed their triumph and its origin by declaring, like their successors of '48, "*C'est nous qui sont les vraies princesses!*"

But society had to look the fact in the face that its old structure was hopelessly destroyed, and that it had now to build itself up out of new materials. It was a grand opportunity for science,

art, and intellect to take the lead, and to a certain extent they availed themselves of it. The *Canapé Doctrinaire* on which the king sat, surrounded by Cuvier, Guizot, Villemain, Arnaud, De Jouy, Royer-Collard, etc., may have been hard and stiff enough to justify the remark of a wit who was never offered a seat on it: "One may go to sleep on the *canapé*, but one is certain to have only bad dreams there." All the same, the *canapé* was a power in its way. It left its mark on the times. It made talent the fashion, and created a brilliant intellectual society; it lifted men of science to the highest places in the synagogue, and while it lasted the reign of plutocracy was kept at bay. Never, perhaps, did that reign seem farther off than under the Restoration, when it was *bien porté* to be poor, and when every gentleman was proud to boast of being "ruined by the Revolution."

There is a tide in the affairs of woman, which, taken at the flood, floats her up to social eminence and power. These tides occur oftenest at the close of those political convulsions that recur periodically in France. When society is recovering from the pangs of a revolution, or the shock of a *coup d'état*, then comes the opportunity of a clever woman. While the waters are still heaving after the storm, then is the moment for her to launch her boat, and rise with it on the mounting wave.

A great deal of Madame Récamier's unrivaled social success was undoubtedly due to the chance which placed one of these opportunities at her disposal, and to her rare tact in taking advantage of it. When Paris had got rid of the guillotine and washed itself clean of blood, and had begun to breathe and to thirst for pleasure after tasting pain in its most hideous and terrifying forms, Napoleon arrived, a hero and a demigod, to rejoice the cowed and suffering people, and Madame Récamier rose like a

vision of grace and sweetness to gladden and enchant them. To see this lovely woman dance the shawl dance with the voluptuous grace of a Greek beauty intoxicated them like new wine. Wherever she went, the crowd rushed and pushed to see her. Even in church they stood up on chairs to get a glimpse of her. The hero, who was being fêted and worshiped by the whole nation, came to pay his court to this reigning beauty, and the beauty snubbed him. This snub increased considerably the splendor of her position; but she paid dearly for it. Napoleon never forgave it. When he was master of Europe Madame Récamier's rebuff rankled in his wounded vanity, and he pursued her with a malignant spite which is in itself a striking testimony to the influence of women in France. Madame Récamier had nothing to do with parties or politics; she never meddled with them, and she never wrote a line; but she was beautiful and fascinating, and she had a salon, and so Cæsar in all his glory reckoned with her. He had tried to win her, but had failed, and he treated her ever after with the bitterest rancor. He turned her out of Paris, and then out of France. His pitiless hate hunted her farther still, to the countries where she took refuge, so that it was no small act of courage for other sovereigns to befriend, or even tolerate, her in their dominions; any act of kindness to the disgraced exile being liable to be visited on the offender by some swift and formidable vengeance. All this petty persecution of the great Emperor mightily increased Madame Récamier's importance; and when, after his fall, the lovely, unoffending victim came back to Paris, she was received like an exiled queen, returning with a little martyr's crown set on her beautiful head.

The Restoration offered her a new opportunity. After the gorgeous vulgarities of the empire, simplicity and good manners again came into fashion.

Madame Récamier inaugurated a new reign, totally different from her former one. Time, suffering, and solitude had matured her mind, and softened, rather than dimmed, the radiance of her beauty. The loss of her fortune, mainly due to that snub that cost her so dear in every way, made it impossible for her to resume her old manner of life, with its splendid hospitalities and receptions; so she retired to the Abbaye-aux-Bois, and settled herself down there in an almost conventual simplicity. Her salon, in the true sense of the word, dates from this period. It was no longer her wealth and beauty that drew the world around her; it was her esprit, her sympathetic charm and personal influence. All that was distinguished in society now came to Madame Récamier, in her small drawing-room, with its tiled floor and plain furniture, and felt proud of being admitted to her circle. Men of all parties and shades of opinion laid aside their animosities in that sweet presence, and smiled on one another for her sake. In the dim, religious light of her drawing-room, there was something of the atmosphere of a sick-room. People spoke in subdued voices, as if they were considering the nerves of an invalid, as in fact they were. Châteaubriand was the sick god who sat enthroned there, tended by the loving hands of the suave beauty, whose mission for the future was to soothe and amuse him. The business of her life, henceforth, was to *désennuyer* the selfish, petulant, *blasé* man of genius. He had been fighting against *ennui* all his life, and now that the weariness of age clogged his sated and still insatiable vanity he gave up the battle, and expected others to carry it on for him. Any one who could assist Madame Récamier in this irksome warfare conferred on her the highest obligation. Her devotion to Châteaubriand was entire. Her whole day was given up to him. He wrote to her in the morning, and she wrote back an answer. In the afternoon, he came

and talked an hour with her alone, before any other visitors were admitted. For many years he also spent several hours with her in the evening. A certain number of elect friends, all chosen with a view to his pleasure, were also regular and assiduous in their daily visits at the Abbaye.

What most strikes us busy people of the nineteenth century, in this kind of intercourse, is the leisure, not to say pure, unadulterated idleness, that it suggests, as well as the inexhaustible capacity for talk. What could these clever folk, who had no *work* in common, have had to say to one another and Madame Récamier every day and all day long? Lovers are the only class of persons who are supposed to have always something new and important to say to each other, while the oftener they say it the newer and more important it is; though even these happy maniacs, after a more or less lengthened phase of madness, come to their right minds, and having said their say possess their tongues in peace; but these habits of Madame Récamier's salon seem never to have reached that point. Long after her ardent adorers had calmed down into devoted friends, they still came and talked, day after day, for hours. It is clear that they could have had nothing else to do, and that Madame Récamier had nothing else to do but sit at home and receive them and listen to them.

This power of sitting at home was more common then than it is at the present day. The incapacity for sitting at home is, no doubt, one cause, amongst others, why there are no salons now. Madame Benoiton could no more have a salon than a sieve could carry water; but fifty years ago Madame Benoiton was not such a universal type as she has since become. Frivolous the women of that period may have been, — “uncultured,” too, in the modern sense of the word; but whatever their shortcomings, they had one virtue which the women

of to-day lack, — they stayed at home. The habitués who, day after day, rang at their door did not fear to be met with the inevitable formula, “*Madame est sortie !*”

Madame Récamier not only selected her company, but took pains to direct their conversation with a view to amusing M. de Châteaubriand; and yet, in spite of that perfect art, which M. de Tocqueville says “*elle portait jusqu'à l'infini,*” her efforts sometimes failed to lift the cloud from the brow of the tired god. No one, therefore, could do her a greater service than to coax the worried poet to smile, while to rouse his fastidious languor to the vulgar relief of a laugh was to call out her deepest gratitude. This feat was one day performed with signal success by an English girl, Mary Clarke, afterward Madame Mohl, whose position as a favorite with the hostess and a welcome recruit to her brilliant circle was forthwith definitively established. After her first triumph at the Abbaye, Miss Mary Clarke's arrival was looked for by all with more or less eagerness, according to the degree of ennui visible in M. de Châteaubriand. When he came to the dangerous point of stroking Madame Récamier's cat, eyes were turned anxiously to the door; but when he reached the psychological crisis of playing with the bell-rope, impatience increased to nervousness, and the entrance of “*la jeune Anglaise*” was greeted with a general gasp of satisfaction.

Mrs. Clarke, the mother of this young lady, was of Scotch family. She was the daughter of a Captain Hay, of the Royal Navy; her mother, Mrs. Hay, had been a woman of strong character and cultivated mind, and had associated with that intellectual circle of which Hume was long the centre in Edinburgh. Mrs. Clarke was left a widow when very

young, and came to France with her two little girls — Eleanor, aged ten, and Mary, aged three — in the memorable year '93.¹ She was in delicate health, and resided for many years in the south, — a circumstance which led to Mary's being sent to a convent school in Toulouse. She got on very well with the nuns, apparently, and always retained the kindest recollection of them. Until she was three years old she never spoke. Her mother grew uneasy, and although Mary's hearing was perfect she began to fear that, owing to some local defect, the child was dumb. Suddenly, one day, the little creature held out her hand to Mrs. Clarke, and said very distinctly, “Give me some money to buy a cake !” Mary, when an old woman, used to tell this story of herself with a keen relish of the irony of it. She never heard any explanation given of the prolonged delay in the use of her tongue, but would remark humorously, “I have made up for it since !”

She used also to relate that, when a “very little girl,” she had been perched on the back of a trooper's horse to see the Allies enter Paris. It was rather like her to have occupied this unconventional position, and as she said she remembered it, it was undoubtedly true; but the assertion that she was a “very little girl” at the time is open to doubt, seeing that she was born in 1790, and consequently was a very mature little girl in 1815. This point of her age was the single one on which her veracity was not to be trusted.

She was a singularly lively child, and grew up to girlhood with a sort of mercurial activity of mind and body that kept every one about her in perpetual motion. She had great taste for music, and still more for drawing, and both these gifts were carefully cultivated. She had a remarkable facility for taking portraits: she took one of herself, which was said

¹ This seemingly improbable date is fixed by Mary, who in a letter to M. Ampère, given later

on, says that she came to France when she was three years old. The year of her birth was 1790.

to be an admirable likeness in her young days ; indeed, the likeness remained distinctly visible after a lapse of nearly three quarters of a century. She studied pastels, which were then the rage, with Mademoiselle Clothilde Gérard, and copied very assiduously at the Louvre. She used to go there in the morning, and work away without intermission till the gallery closed. She went a good deal into society at the same time, and in order to avoid having to go home to dress she invented an apron, as more convenient than a basket, with two large pockets, in one of which she carried her lunch, and in the other a wreath of flowers. When the gallery was cleared out, she would start off to a dinner party, — in those days people kept early hours, — and perform her toilet in the anteroom. Sometimes it was a hall, with fine flunkies in attendance ; but their presence made not the slightest difference to Mary Clarke. She tangled out her locks, and planted her wreath on the top of them, rolled up her apron, and made her entry. We can readily believe those who declare that it was always a triumphal one. A few still remember the effect la jeune Anglaise produced in the drawing-room of the Princess Belgiojoso, where she was a constant guest, and where this wonderful head-gear was always greeted with delight.

Eleanor Clarke, Mary's elder sister, married in 1808 Mr. Frewen Turner, of Cold Overton, Leicestershire. Mary used to pay her visits occasionally. During one of these visits she had an adventure that she often related with great satisfaction. Madame de Staël was in London, and Mary, who had heard a great deal of the celebrated authoress, grew enthusiastic about her, and was dying with curiosity to see her. It came to her knowledge that Madame de Staël was looking for a governess for her little son ; so she determined to go and offer herself for the situation. She found out Ma-

dame de Staël's address, stole out one morning, unbeknown to the household, invested her whole stock of ready money in a "coach," and drove off to the hotel. Madame de Staël received her very graciously, but declined her services on the ground that she looked too young. Mary was very proud of this exploit, which she kept a profound secret for a long time.

Mrs. Clarke, on coming first to Paris, took up her residence in the Rue Bonaparte. She had been there many years, when she had a quarrel with her landlord, — "They were always a pestilent set, the Paris landlords," was Mary's comment, half a century later, — and Mrs. Clarke determined to leave. It happened just at this time that Madame Récamier was anxious to get rid of her large apartment at the Abbaye-aux-Bois, and take a smaller and quieter one looking on the garden. M. Fauriel and J. J. Ampère, who were intimate friends of the Clarkes, had frequently spoken of them to Madame Récamier, and now suggested that her rooms might suit them. Mrs. Clarke and her daughter came to see the rooms, and were introduced to Madame Récamier. They at once agreed to take the apartment. The drawing-room in Madame Récamier's new suite was too small for her numerous visitors, and it was agreed that she should have the use of her old one, now Mrs. Clarke's, for her evening receptions. This arrangement quickly drew the ladies into an intimacy which soon warmed into friendship, — a friendship that was never clouded.

Mary conquered Madame Récamier's good graces from the very first, by her power of amusing M. de Châteaubriand ; but a genuine personal liking soon followed on this impersonal sense of gratitude. The young English girl became enthusiastically attached to her beautiful friend ; for, though past fifty at the time, Madame Récamier was still quite beautiful enough to fulfill the expecta-

tions raised by her extraordinary fame, while her grace and charm were as fascinating as ever. "She was the most entertaining person I ever knew," was Mary's testimony to a friend fifty years afterwards. "I never knew anybody who could tell a story as she did, — *des histoires de société*; she had a great sense of humor, and her own humor was exceedingly delicate; but she never said an unkind thing of any one. *I loved Madame Récamier.*"

Mary Clarke evidently looked much younger than she was, for every one called her "*la jeune Anglaise*," and spoke of her as quite a young girl. She must have been thirty at this time; but there is wisdom as well as wit in the French proverb, "A woman is the age she looks," and it is clear that Mary had in her face and manner what constitutes the essential character of youth, — its freshness and its charm. Her childlike naturalness, her mercurial gayety, and her sparkling wit must have been in Madame Récamier's circle like fresh air let into an overheated, heavily scented room. Her audacious fun, combined with an originality amounting, even at this early date, to eccentricity, must have been a most refreshing element in a *milieu* where high-strung sentiment was liable now and then to that inevitable recoil which follows overstrain in any direction. Mary's presence was death to ennui. One could not be dull where she was; she might displease or exasperate, — she very often did both, — but she was incapable of boring any one. Many of the distinguished men who frequented Madame Récamier's salon were already friends of the Clarkes, more especially, as has been shown, Fauriel and Ampère. Describing these pleasant days at the Abbaye, Ampère says of Mary Clarke, "She is a charming combination of French sprightliness and English originality; but I think the French element predominates. She was the delight of the *grand ennuyé* her

expressions were entirely her own, and he more than once made use of them in his writings. Her French was as original as the turn of her mind, exquisite in quality, but savoring more of the last century than of our own time."

The personal appearance of *la jeune Anglaise* completed with singular fitness the effect of her bright, bold, and humorous talk. Without being positively pretty, she produced the effect of being so. She had a pink-and-white complexion; a small turned-up nose, full of spirit and impudence; round, big, exceedingly bright and saucy blue eyes; a small head, well set on her shoulders, crowned with short curls that, even in these young days, had a trick of getting tangled into a fuzz on her white forehead, escaping very early in the morning from the bondage of combs and pins. Her figure was slight, and full of a spirited grace peculiar to itself. Some persons spoke of her as very pretty; others denied her all claim to the compliment. But whatever difference of opinion may have existed as to her beauty, there was none as to her charm. Even those who disliked her — and such a minority always existed — agreed that she was fascinating. A good deal of this fascination lay in her entire naturalness; she said everything that came into her head, and just as bluntly to a prince or a poet as to a school-boy or an apple-woman. If that saucy head had been examined by a phrenologist, it would assuredly have been found wholly wanting in the organ of veneration. It bowed down to nothing but intellectual greatness. Châteaubriand was to her the highest living representative of this sovereignty, and to him she yielded ungrudging homage. He accepted it most graciously, and seems to have been really fond of the bright young English girl.

M. Lenormant, who was a good reader, read the *Mémoires d'Outre-Tombe* aloud once a week at the Abbaye from four till six, when dinner interrupted

the reading, which was resumed again from eight till eleven. No one was admitted but those who were certain to admire and applaud up to the desired point. No one fulfilled these conditions more satisfactorily than Mary Clarke, who was sometimes so moved by the glowing, high-flown narrative that the tears would steal down her cheeks,—a tribute which, undoubtedly, helped to warm the author's heart towards her.

Mrs. Clarke's residence at the Abbaye was altogether delightful. Everything that was interesting in literature was known and enjoyed there before it was given to the world outside. Young authors took their manuscripts there for judgment, as to a power behind the throne; celebrities, already known to the world, were glad to taste the fame of a new work in the delicate praise of that fastidious audience. When Rachel was about to appear in a new rôle, she would test her success by declaiming it in Madame Récamier's salon before challenging public judgment on the stage.

All these influences contributed in their degree to form Mary's taste and cultivate her intelligence. During this time she also contracted a friendship which absorbed her very much while it lasted, and left its impress on her mind and character. Louise S—— was several years younger than Mary Clarke, and in every respect as different from her as one clever girl can be from another. She was so extraordinarily beautiful that one who knew her in that fresh blossoming time describes his first sight of her as "seeing a vision." To this personal loveliness she added an indescribable charm of modesty and womanly grace, a mind of masculine solidity, and a highly poetic imagination. Mary Clarke, bewitched by this combination of endowments, became passionately attached to their possessor, who returned her affection with equal sincerity, but without the jealous warmth that was peculiar to Mary's feelings. Louise

S——'s influence was in all ways beneficial; her calm judgment and strong sense steadied, and in a measure directed, the wayward and excitable character of her friend. The friendship prospered admirably until there appeared on the scene another young lady, Adelaide de Montgolfier, a young French girl, who was deformed, but whom nature had endowed with every other grace and charm to make up for this one unkindness. She and Louise formed a friendship which Mary Clarke shared at first, and then grew jealous of, declaring finally that her friend must choose between her and Adelaide. Louise was much too strong a character to bend to this tyranny, and the result was a violent quarrel and estrangement. In course of time Louise married, and was known to the world of letters by some delicate and charming works for the young, which bore the stamp of her own artistic grace and refined purity of taste. Her life drifted away from that of her more worldly and ambitious friend. They retained, however, a deep-rooted regard for each other, and when both were old women Mary sought out Madame —, and proved, as we shall see, that time and separation had left the old affection unchanged. This fidelity to her friends was one of the salient and admirable points in her character.

After a stay of seven years at the Abbaye, the Clarkes removed to the apartment 120 Rue du Bac, which both mother and daughter were destined to occupy for the rest of their lives. They made a striking contrast, these two. Mrs. Clarke was handsome, dignified, quiet, by no means wanting in intelligence, but entirely eclipsed by her brilliant daughter. Not that Mary intentionally assumed any superiority over her mother; it fell to her lot naturally. They were tenderly attached to each other. Mary was devoted to her mother, and used to say of her, in after years, that she had the sweetest temper she had ever known,

and that she had never said a harsh word, or caused her to shed a tear in her childhood.

Mary's taste for society had developed considerably during her long and close companionship with Madame Récamier. Society had, in fact, now become her one absorbing interest, her vocation; she adopted it as one adopts art, politics, philanthropy, or any other calling. She determined to have a salon, and henceforth this salon became the business of her life.

If the question here suggests itself, "Was this a worthy business to devote a life to?" we must beg those who ask the question to answer it according to their respective lights. However, before dismissing Mary Clarke's pursuit as utterly vain and foolish, we may charitably remember that in her time the salon was a sort of benevolent institution, a refuge for homeless literary men, who, as a rule, are bachelors, and generally poor, especially the noblest of them, those who devote themselves to the service of science and humanity. These studious men, after a long day's brain-work, have no bright hearth to turn to for relaxation and companionship. Clubs, so numerous now, and so seductive to the majority, do not attract this class of cultivated, thoughtful men, addicted to high thinking and plain living; but sixty years ago they had not even the option of this resource. Clubs, which are accused of being one of the chief causes of the ruin of salon life, help, in a degree, to explain and justify the importance attached to it at this period.

Mary Clarke opened her benevolent asylum under peculiarly favorable conditions. In the first place, the external situation was well chosen. The Rue du Bac was, for her and her principal habitués, the men of the Institute, central; and though the apartment was rather high perched, it was roomy and bright, looking over a vast stretch of gardens

at the back, and quiet even on the front then. Of late years "that rascally Bon Marché," as its tenant would say, had made the street very noisy, but half a century ago it was tranquil enough.

The social elements were of the best, being drawn for the most part from the circle of the Abbaye. Mrs. Clarke's fortune, though by no means large, admitted of her exercising the more substantial form of hospitality of giving dinners to her friends; or, rather, of sharing her dinner with them, for she never gave "dinner parties." Fauriel, Roulain, and Julius Mohl were in the habit of dining with her several times a week, as well as spending nearly every evening with her.

Mary had, no doubt, profited intellectually by her training at the Abbaye, and had become highly accomplished in conversation; but its refined manners and stately courtesies had not proved contagious, or corrected her waywardness and natural inclination to Bohemianism. She had no manners to speak of, and it evidently no more occurred to placid, dignified Mrs. Clarke to try to give her any, or to check her wild ways, than to control the vagaries of her quick-silvery brain.

It was the habit, for instance, when those three *amis de la maison*, Fauriel, Mohl, and Roulain, dined at the Rue du Bac for everybody to take forty winks after dinner. To facilitate this, the lamp was taken into an adjoining room, the gentlemen made themselves comfortable in armchairs, Mary slipped off her shoes and curled herself up on the sofa, and by and by they all woke up refreshed, and ready to talk till midnight. Usually other visitors did not arrive till the forty winks were over; but one evening it chanced that some one came earlier than usual, and was ushered into the drawing-room while the party was fast asleep. The tableau may be imagined. The gentlemen started up and rubbed their eyes; Mrs. Clarke fetched the lamp;

Mary fumbled for her shoes, but could not find them, and, afraid of catching cold by walking on the oak floor, hopped from chair to chair looking for them.

This *sans gêne* did not, however, prevail at all times. The afternoon receptions, though perfectly simple and unceremonious, were conducted quite decorously. Very pleasant and interesting they must have been. Sometimes Madame Récamier came in, in her favorite visiting dress of dark blue velvet, close fitting like a pelisse, according to the fashion of the day, and a white satin bonnet—or hat, we should now call it—with long white marabou feathers, curling to her shoulder. Another picturesque figure was the Princess Belgiojoso, look-

ing like some Leonora of the Renaissance, with her clinging draperies, and great dark eyes, and wonderful pallor. A story is told of the princess arriving late one evening when music was going on. Not to interrupt the singer, she stood in the doorway, quite motionless, her arms hanging by her side. She was dressed in white silk, and wore jet ornaments,—an attire which, with her immobility and her extraordinary marble-like pallor, made more intense by her lustrous black eyes and hair, gave her the appearance of a beautiful ghost. Some one whispered, “How lovely she is!” “Yes,” replied some one else, “she must have been very beautiful when she was alive.”

Kathleen O'Meara.

WINTER DAYS.

EXTRACTS FROM THE JOURNAL OF HENRY D. THOREAU.

JANUARY 1, 1841. All, men and women, woo one. There is a fragrance in their breath.

“Nosque — equis oriens afflavit anhelis.”

And if now they hate, I muse as in sombre, cloudy weather, not despairing of the absent ray.

“Illic sera rubens accendit lumina vesper.”

January 1, 1842. . . . The virtuous soul possesses a fortitude and hardihood which not the grenadier nor pioneer can match. It never shrinks. It goes singing to its work. Effort is its relaxation. The rude pioneer work of the world has been done by the most devoted worshippers of beauty. . . . In winter is their campaign. They never go into quarters. They are elastic under the heaviest burden, under the extremest physical suffering.

January 1, 1852. . . . I have observed that one mood is the natural critic of another. When possessed with

a strong feeling on any subject foreign to the one I may be writing on, I know very well what of good and what of bad I have written on the latter. It looks to me now as it will ten years hence. My life is then earnest, and will tolerate no makeshifts nor nonsense. What is tinsel, or euphuism, or irrelevant is revealed to such a touchstone. In the light of a strong feeling all things take their places, and truth of every kind is seen as such. Now let me read my verses, and I will tell you if the god has had a hand in them. I wish to survey my composition for a moment from the least favorable point of view. I wish to be translated to the future, and look at my work as it were at a structure on the plain, to observe what portions have crumbled under the influence of the elements.

9½ P. M. To Fair Haven. Moon little more than half full. Not a cloud in

the sky. It is a remarkably warm night for the season, the ground almost entirely bare. The stars are dazzlingly bright. The fault may be in my own barrenness, but methinks there is a certain poverty about the winter night's sky. The stars of higher magnitude are more bright and dazzling, and therefore appear more near and numerable; while those that appear indistinct and infinitely remote in the summer, giving the impression of unfathomableness in the sky, are scarcely seen at all. The front halls of heaven are so brilliantly lighted that they quite eclipse the more remote. The sky has fallen many degrees.

The worst kind of chico (?) or tick to get under your skin is yourself in an irritable mood.

... These are some of the differences between this and the autumn or summer night: the stiffened glebe under my feet, the dazzle and seeming nearness of the stars, the duller gleam from ice on rivers and ponds, the white spots in the fields and streaks by the wall sides where are the remains of drifts yet unmelted. Perhaps the only thing that spoke to me in this walk was the bare, lichen-covered, gray rock at the cliff, in the moonlight, naked and almost warm as in summer.

I have so much faith in the power of truth to communicate itself that I should not believe a friend, if he should tell me that he had given credit to an unjust rumor concerning me. Suspect! Ah, yes, you may suspect a thousand things, but I well know that what you suspect most confidently of all is just the truth. Your other doubts but flavor this your main suspicion. They are the condiments which, taken alone, do simply bite the tongue.

January 1, 1853. This morning we have something between ice and frost on the trees, etc. The rocks cased in ice look like alum rocks. This, not frozen mist or frost, but frozen drizzle, collected around the slightest cores, gives promi-

nence to the least withered herbs and grasses. Where yesterday was a plain, smooth field appears now a teeming crop of fat, icy herbage. The stems of the herbs on the north side are enlarged from ten to one hundred times. The addition is so universally on the north side that a traveler could not lose the points of the compass to-day, though it should be never so dark; for every blade of grass would serve to guide him, telling from which side the storm came yesterday. These straight stems of grasses stand up like white batons, or sceptres, and make a conspicuous foreground to the landscape, from six inches to three feet high. C. thought that these fat, icy branches on the withered grass and herbs had no nucleus, but looking closer I showed him the fine, black, wiry threads on which they impinged, which made him laugh with surprise. ... The clover and sorrel send up a dull, green gleam through this icy coat, like strange plants. ... Some weeds bear the ice in masses; some, like the trumpet weed and tansy, in balls for each dried flower. What a crash of jewels as you walk! The most careless walker, who never deigned to look at these humble weeds before, cannot help observing them now. This is why the herbage is left to stand dry in the fields all winter. Upon a solid foundation of ice stand out, pointing in all directions between N. W. and N. E., or within the limits of 90°, little spicula, or crystallized points, half an inch, or more, in length. Upon the dark, glazed, ploughed ground, where a mere wiry stem rises, its north side is thickly clad with these snow-white spears, like some Indian head-dress, as if it had attracted all the frost. I saw a *Prinos* bush full of large berries by the wall in Hubbard's field. Standing on the west side, the contrast of the red berries with their white incrustation or prolongation on the north was admirable. I thought I had never seen the berries so dazzlingly bright. The whole north side of the bush, ber-

ries and stock, was beautifully incrustated, and when I went round to the north side the redness of the berries came softened through, and tinging the allied snow-white bush, like an evening sky beyond. These adjoined snow or ice berries, being beset within the limits of 90° on the N. with those icy particles or spicula, between which the red glow, and sometimes the clear red itself, was sometimes visible, produced the appearance of a raspberry bush full of over-ripe fruit.

Standing on the north side of a bush or tree, looking against the sky, you see only the white ghost of a tree, without a mote of earthiness; but as you go round it, the dark core comes into view. It makes all the odds imaginable whether you are traveling N. or S. The drooping birches along the edges of woods are the most feathery, fairy-like ostrich plumes, and the color of their trunks increases the delusion. The weight of the ice gives to the pines the forms which northern trees, like the firs, constantly wear, bending and twisting the branches; for the twigs and plumes of the pines, being frozen, remain as the wind held them, and new portions of the trunk are exposed. Seen from the N. there is no greenness in the pines, and the character of the tree is changed. The willows along the edge of the river look like sedge in the meadows. The sky is overcast, and a fine snowy hail and rain is falling, and these ghost-like trees make a scenery which reminds you of Spitzbergen. I see now the beauty of the causeway by the bridge, alders below swelling into the road, overtopped by willows and maples. The fine grasses and shrubs in the meadow rise to meet and mingle with the drooping willows, and the whole makes an indistinct impression like a mist. Through all this, the road runs toward those white, ice-clad, ghostly or fairy trees in the distance, toward spirit-land. The pines are as white as a counterpane,

with raised embroidery and white tassels and fringes. Each fascicle of leaves or needles is held apart by an icy club surmounted by a little snowy or icy ball. Finer than the Saxon arch is this path running under the pines, roofed not with crossing boughs, but drooping, ice-covered, irregular twigs. In the midst of this stately pine, towering like the solemn ghost of a tree, I see the white, ice-clad boughs of other trees appearing, of a different character; sometimes oaks with leaves incrustated, or fine-sprayed maples or walnuts. But finer than all, this red oak, its leaves incrustated like shields a quarter of an inch thick, and a thousand fine spicula like long serrations at right angles with their planes upon the edges. It produces an indescribably rich effect, the color of the leaf coming softened through the ice, a delicate fawn of many shades. Where the plumes of the pitch pine are short and spreading close to the trunk, sometimes perfect cups or rays are formed. Pitch pines present rough, massy grenadier plumes, each having a darker spot or cavity in the end where you look in to the bud. I listen to the booming of the pond as if it were a reasonable creature. I return at last in the rain, and am coated with a glaze, like the fields.

After talking with uncle Charles, the other night, about the worthies of this country, Webster and the rest, as usual, considering who were geniuses and who not, I showed him up to bed; and when I had got into bed myself I heard the chamber door opened, after eleven o'clock, and he called out in an earnest, stentorian voice, loud enough to wake the whole house, "Henry! was John Quincy Adams a genius?" "No, I think not," was my reply. "Well, I did n't think he was," answered he.

January 1, 1854. Le Jeune, referring to the death of a young Frenchwoman who had devoted her life to the savages of Canada, uses this expression: "Final-

ly this beautiful soul detached itself from its body the 15th of March," etc.

The drifts mark the standstill or equilibrium between the currents of air or particular winds. In our greatest snowstorms, the wind being northerly, the greatest drifts are on the south side of houses and fences. . . . I notice that in the angle made by our house and shed, a S. W. exposure, the snow-drift does not lie close about the pump, but is a foot off, forming a circular bowl, showing that there was an eddy about it. The snow is like a mould, showing the form of the eddying currents of air which have been impressed on it, while the drift and all the rest is that which fell between the currents or where they counterbalanced each other. These boundary lines are mountain barriers.

The white-in-tails, or grass finches, linger pretty late, flitting in flocks. They come only so near winter as the white in their tails indicates. . . .

The snow buntings and the tree sparrows are the true spirits of the snow-storm. They are the animated beings that ride upon it and have their life in it.

The snow is the great betrayer. It not only shows the track of mice, otters, etc., etc., which else we should rarely, if ever, see, but the tree sparrows are more plainly seen against its white ground, and they in turn are attracted by the dark weeds it reveals. It also drives the crows and other birds out of the woods to the villages for food. We might expect to find in the snow the footprint of a life superior to our own, of which no zoölogy takes cognizance. Is there no trace of a nobler life than that of an otter or an escaped convict to be looked for in it? Shall we suppose that is the only life that has been abroad in the night? It is only the savage that can see the track of no higher life than an otter's. Why do the vast snow plains give us pleasure, the twilight of the bent and half-buried woods? Is not all there

consonant with virtue, justice, purity, courage, magnanimity; and does not all this amount to the track of a higher life than the otter's, — a life which has not gone by and left a footprint merely, but is there with its beauty, its music, its perfume, its sweetness, to exhilarate and recreate us? All that we perceive is the impress of its spirit. If there is a perfect government of the world according to the highest laws, do we find no trace of intelligence there, whether in the snow, or the earth, or in ourselves, — no other trail but such as a dog can scent? Is there none which an angel can detect and follow, — none to guide a man in his pilgrimage, which water will not conceal? Is there no odor of sanctity to be perceived? Is its trail too old? Have mortals lost the scent? . . . Are there not hunters who seek for something higher than foxes, with judgment more discriminating than the senses of fox-hounds, who rally to a nobler music than that of the hunting-horn? As there is contention among the fishermen who shall be the first to reach the pond as soon as the ice will bear, in spite of the cold; as the hunters are forward to take the field as soon as the first snow has fallen, so he who would make the most of his life for discipline must be abroad early and late, in spite of cold and wet, in pursuit of nobler game, whose traces are there most distinct, — a life which we seek not to destroy, but to make our own; which when pursued does not earth itself, does not burrow downward, but upward, takes not to the trees, but to the heavens, as its home; which the hunter pursues with winged thoughts and aspirations (these the dogs that tree it), rallying his pack with the bugle notes of undying faith. . . . Do the Indian and hunter only need snow-shoes, while the saint sits indoors in embroidered slippers?

January 1, 1856. . . . P. M. To Walden. . . . On the ice at Walden are very beautiful large leaf crystals in

great profusion. The ice is frequently thickly covered with them for many rods. They seem to be connected with the rosettes, a running together of them, look like a loose bunch of small white feathers springing from a tuft of down, for their shafts are lost in a tuft of fine snow, like the down about the shaft of a feather, as if a feather bed had been shaken over the ice. They are, on a close examination, surprisingly perfect leaves, like ferns, only very broad for their length, and commonly more on one side the midrib than the other. They are from an inch to an inch and a half long, and three fourths of an inch wide, and slanted, where I look from the S. W. They have first a very distinct midrib, though so thin that they cannot be taken up; then distinct ribs branching from this, commonly opposite; and minute ribs springing again from these last, as in many ferns, the last running to each crenation in the border. How much farther they are subdivided the naked eye cannot discern. They are so thin and fragile that they melt under your breath while you are looking closely at them. A fisherman says they were much finer in the morning. In other places the ice is strewn with a different kind of frost-work, in little patches, as if oats had been spilled, like fibres of asbestos rolled one half or three fourths of an inch long and one eighth or more wide. Here and there patches of them a foot or two over, like some boreal grain spilled.

January 1, 1858. . . . I have lately been surveying the Walden woods so extensively and minutely that I can see it rapped in my mind's eye as so many men's woodlots, and am aware when I walk there that I am at a given moment passing from such a one's woodlot to such another's. I fear this particular dry knowledge may affect my imagination and fancy, that it will not be easy to see so much wildness and native vigor there as formerly. No thicket will

seem so unexplored now that I know a stake and stones may be found in it.

In these respects those Maine woods differ essentially from ours. There you are never reminded that the wilderness you are treading is after all some villager's familiar woodlot, from which his ancestors have sledded their fuel for a generation or two, or some widow's thirds, minutely described in some old deed which is recorded, of which the owner has got a plan too, and of which the old boundmarks may be found every forty rods, if you will search.

What a history this Concord wilderness which I affect so much may have had! How many old deeds describe it, some particular wild spot, how it passed from Cole to Robinson, and Robinson to Jones, and from Jones finally to Smith in course of years. Some had cut it over three times during their lives, built walls and made a pasture of it perchance, and some burned it and sowed it with rye.

In the Maine woods you are not reminded of these things. 'T is true the map informs you that you stand on land granted by the State to such an academy, or on Bingham's purchase; but these names do not impose on you, for you see nothing to remind you of the academy or of Bingham.

January 2, 1841. . . . Every needle of the white pine trembles distinctly in the breeze, which on the sunny side gives the whole tree a shimmering, seething aspect.

I stopped short in the path to-day to admire how the trees grow up without forethought, regardless of the time and circumstances. They do not wait, as men do. Now is the golden age of the sapling; earth, air, sun, and rain are occasion enough.

They were no better in primeval centuries. "The winter of" their "discontent" never comes. Witness the buds of the native poplar, standing gayly out

to the frost, on the sides of its bare switches. They express a naked confidence.

With cheerful heart I could be a sojourner in the wilderness. I should be sure to find there the catkins of the alder. When I read of them in the accounts of northern adventurers by Baffin's Bay or Mackenzie's River, I see how even there too I could dwell. They are my little vegetable redeemers. Methinks my virtue will not flag ere they come again. They are worthy to have had a greater than Neptune or Ceres for their donor. Who was the benignant goddess that bestowed them on mankind?

I saw a fox run across the pond today with the carelessness of freedom. As at intervals I traced his course in the sunshine, as he trotted along the ridge of a hill on the crust, it seemed as if the sun never shone so proudly, sheer down on the hillside, and the winds and woods were hushed in sympathy. I gave up to him sun and earth as to their true proprietor. He did not go in the sunshine, but the sunshine seemed to follow him. There was a visible sympathy between him and it.

January 2, 1842. The ringing of the church bell is a much more melodious sound than any that is heard within the church. All great values are thus public, and undulate like sound through the atmosphere. Wealth cannot purchase any great private solace or convenience. Riches are only the means of sociality. I will depend on the extravagance of my neighbors for my luxuries; they will take care to pamper me, if I will be overfed. The poor man, who sacrificed nothing for the gratification, seems to derive a safer and more natural enjoyment from his neighbor's extravagance than he does himself. It is a new natural product, from the contemplation of which he derives new vigor and solace as from a natural phenomenon.

In moments of quiet and leisure my

thoughts are more apt to revert to some natural than to any human relation.

Chaucer's sincere sorrow in his latter days for the grossness of his earlier works, and that he "cannot recall and annul" what he had "written of the base and filthy love of men towards women, but alas, they are now continued from man to man," says he, "and I cannot do what I desire," is all very creditable to his character.

January 2, 1853. 9 A. M. Down R. R. to Cliffs. A clear day, a pure sky with cirri. In this clear air and bright sunlight, the ice-covered trees have a new beauty, especially the birches along under the edge of Warren's wood on each side of the R. R., bent quite to the ground in every kind of curve. At a distance, as you are approaching them endwise, they look like the white tents of Indians under the edge of the wood. The birch is thus remarkable, perhaps, from the feathery form of the tree, whose numerous small branches sustain so great weight, bending it to the ground; and, moreover, because, from the color of the bark, the core is less observable. The oaks not only are less pliant in the trunk, but have fewer and stiffer twigs and branches. The birches droop over in all directions, like ostrich feathers. Most wood paths are impassable now to a carriage, almost to a foot traveler, from the number of saplings and boughs bent over even to the ground in them. Both sides of the deep cut shine in the sun as if silver-plated, and the fine spray of a myriad bushes on the edge of the bank sparkle like silver. The telegraph wire is coated to ten times its size, and looks like a slight fence scalloping along at a distance. . . . When we climb the bank at Stow's woodlot and come upon the piles of freshly split white pine wood (for he is ruthlessly laying it waste), the transparent ice, like a thick varnish, beautifully exhibits the color of the clear, tender, yellowish wood, pumpkin pine (?), and its grain. We pick our

way over a bed of pine boughs a foot or two deep, covering the ground, each twig and needle thickly incrusting with ice, one vast gelid mass, which our feet crunch, as if we were walking through the cellar of some confectioner to the gods. The invigorating scent of the recently cut pines refreshes us, if that is any atonement for this devastation. . . . Especially now do I notice the hips, barberries, and winter-berries for their red. The red or purplish catkins of the alders are interesting as a winter fruit, and also of the birch. But few birds about. Apparently their granaries are locked up in ice, with which the grasses and buds are coated. Even far in the horizon the pine tops are turned to fir or spruce by the weight of the ice bending them down, so that they look like a spruce swamp. No two trees wear the ice alike. The short plumes and needles of the spruce make a very pretty and peculiar figure. I see some oaks in the distance, which, from their branches being curved and arched downward and massed, are turned into perfect elms, which suggests that this is the peculiarity of the elm. Few, if any, other trees are thus wisp-like, the branches gracefully drooping. I mean some slender red and white oaks which have been recently left in a clearing. Just apply a weight to the end of the boughs which will cause them to droop, and to each particular twig which will mass them together, and you have perfect elms. Seen at the right angle, each ice-incrusting blade of stubble shines like a prism with some color of the rainbow, intense blue, or violet, and red. The smooth field, clad the other day with a low wiry grass, is now converted into rough stubble land, where you walk with crunching feet. It is remarkable that the trees can ever recover from the burden which bends them to the ground. I should like to weigh a limb of this pitch pine. The character of the tree is changed. I have now passed the bars, and am ap-

proaching the Cliffs. The forms and variety of the ice are particularly rich here, there are so many low bushes and weeds before me as I ascend toward the sun, especially very small white pines almost merged in the ice-incrusting ground. All objects are to the eye polished silver. It is a perfect land of faery. Le Jeune describes the same in Canada in 1636: "Nos grands bois ne paroissent qu'une forest de cristal." . . . The bells are particularly sweet this morning. I hear more, methinks, than ever before. . . . Men obey their call and go to the stove-warmed church, though God exhibits himself to the walker in a frosted bush to-day as much as he did in a burning one to Moses of old. We build a fire on the Cliffs. When kicking to pieces a pine stump for the fat knots which alone would burn this icy day, at the risk of spoiling my boots, having looked in vain for a stone, I thought how convenient would be an Indian stone axe to batter it with. The bark of white birch, though covered with ice, burned well. We soon had a roaring fire of fat pine on a shelf of rock from which we overlooked the icy landscape. The sun, too, was melting the ice on the rocks, and the water was purling downwards in dark bubbles exactly like pollywogs. What a good word is flame, expressing the form and soul of fire, lambent, with forked tongue! We lit a fire to see it, rather than to feel it, it is so rare a sight these days. It seems good to have our eyes ache once more with smoke. What a peculiar, indescribable color has this flame! — a reddish or lurid yellow, not so splendid or full of light as of life and heat. These fat roots made much flame and a very black smoke, commencing where the flame left off, which cast fine flickering shadows on the rocks. There was some bluish-white smoke from the rotten part of the wood. Then there was the fine white ashes which farmers' wives sometimes use for pearlash.

January 2, 1854. . . . The tints of the sunset sky are never purer and more ethereal than in the coldest winter days. This evening, though the colors are not brilliant, the sky is crystalline, and the pale fawn-tinged clouds are very beautiful. I wish to get on to a hill to look down on the winter landscape. We go about these days as if we were in fetters; we walk in the stocks, stepping into the holes made by our predecessors. . . . The team and driver have long since gone by, but I see the marks of his whiplash on the snow, its recoil; but, alas! these are not a complete tally of the strokes which fell upon the oxen's back. The unmerciful driver thought, perhaps, that no one saw him, but unwittingly he recorded each blow on the unspotted snow behind his back as in a book of life. To more searching eyes the marks of his lash are in the air. I paced partly through the pitch-pine wood, and partly, the open field from the turnpike by the Lee place to the R. R. from N. to S., more than one fourth of a mile, measuring at every ten paces. The average of sixty-five measurements up hill and down was nineteen inches. This, after increasing those in the woods by one inch (little enough), on account of the snow on the pines. . . . I think one would have to pace a mile on a N. and S. line, up and down hill, through woods and fields, to get a quite reliable result. The snow will drift sometimes the whole width of a field, and fill a road or valley beyond, so that it would be well your measuring included several such driftings. Very little reliance is to be put on the usual estimates of the depth of snow. I have heard different men set this snow at six, fifteen, eighteen, twenty-four, thirty-six, and forty-eight inches. My snow-shoes sank about four inches into the snow this morning, but more than twice as much the 29th.

On the N. side of the R. R., above the Red House crossing, the train has cut through a drift about one fourth of

a mile long, and two to nine feet high, straight up and down. It reminds me of the Highlands, the Pictured Rocks, the side of an iceberg, etc. Now that the sun has just sunk below the horizon, it is wonderful what an amount of soft light it appears to be absorbing. There appears to be more day just here by its side than anywhere else. I can almost see to a depth of six inches into it. It is made translucent, it is so saturated with light.

I have heard of one precious stone found in Concord, the cinnamon stone. A geologist has spoken of it as found in this town, and a farmer described to me one he once found, perhaps the same referred to by the other. He said it was as large as a brick, and as thick, and yet you could distinguish a pin through it, it was so transparent.

January 2, 1855. . . . Yesterday [skating] we saw the pink light on the snow within a rod of us. The shadows of the bridges, etc., on the snow were a dark indigo blue.

January 2, 1859. . . . Going up the hill through Stow's young oak woodland, I listen to the sharp, dry rustle of the withered oak leaves. This is the voice of the wood now. It would be comparatively still and more dreary here in other respects, if it were not for these leaves that hold on. It sounds like the roar of the sea, and is inspiring like that, suggesting how all the land is sea-coast to the aerial ocean. It is the sound of the surf, the rut, of an unseen ocean, — billows of air breaking on the forest, like water on itself or on sand and rocks. It rises and falls, swells and dies away, with agreeable alternation, as the sea surf does. Perhaps the landsman can foretell a storm by it. It is remarkable how universal these grand murmurs are, these backgrounds of sound, — the surf, the wind in the forest, waterfalls, etc., — which yet to the ear and in their origin are essentially one voice, the earth voice, the breathing or

snoring of the creature. The earth is our ship, and this is the sound of the wind in her rigging as we sail. Just as the inhabitant of Cape Cod hears the surf ever breaking on its shores, so we countrymen hear this kindred surf on the leaves of the forest. Regarded as a voice, though it is not articulate, as our articulate sounds are divided into vowels (though this is nearer a consonant sound), labials, dentals, palatals, sibilants, mutes, aspirates, etc., so this may be called folial or frondal, produced by air driven against the leaves, and comes nearest to our sibilants or aspirates.

Michaux said that white oaks might be distinguished by retaining their leaves in the winter, but as far as my observation goes they cannot be so distinguished. All our large oaks may retain a few leaves at the base of the lower limbs and about the trunk, though only a few, and the white oak scarcely more than the others; while the same trees, when young, are all alike thickly clothed in the winter, but the leaves of the white oak are the most withered and shriveled of them all.

There being some snow on the ground, I can easily distinguish the forest on the mountains (the Peterboro Hills, etc.), and tell which are forested, those parts and those mountains being dark, like a shadow. I cannot distinguish the forest thus far in summer.

When I hear the hypercritical quarreling about grammar and style, the position of the particles, etc., etc., stretching or contracting every speaker to certain rules, — Mr. Webster, perhaps, not having spoken according to Mr. Kirkham's rule, — I see they forget that the first requisite and rule is that expression shall be vital and natural, as much as the voice of a brute, or an interjection: first of all, mother tongue; and last of all, artificial or father tongue. Essentially, your truest poetic sentence is as free and lawless as a lamb's bleat. The grammarian is often one who can neither

cry nor laugh, yet thinks he can express human emotions. So the posture-masters tell you how you shall walk, turning your toes out excessively, perhaps; but so the beautiful walkers are not made.

Minott says that a fox will lead a dog on to the ice in order that he may get in. Tells of Jake Lakin losing a hound so, which went under the ice and was drowned below the Holt. . . . They used to cross the river there on the ice, going to market formerly.

January 3, 1842. It is pleasant when one can relieve the grossness of the kitchen and the table by the simple beauty of his repast, so that there may be anything in it to attract the eye of the artist, even. I have been popping corn to-night, which is only a more rapid blossoming of the seed under a greater than July heat. The popped corn is a perfect winter flower, hinting of anemones and houstonias. . . . Here has bloomed for my repast such a delicate flower as will soon spring by the wall sides, and this is as it should be. Why should not Nature revel sometimes, and genially relax, and make herself familiar at my board? I would have my house a bower fit to entertain her. It is a feast of such innocence as might have snowed down; on my warm hearth sprang these cereal blossoms; here was the bank where they grew. Methinks some such visible token of approval would always accompany the simple and healthy repast, — some such smiling or blessing upon it. Our appetite should always be so related to our taste, and our board be an epitome of the primeval table which Nature sets by hill and wood and stream for her dumb pensioners.

January 3, 1852. . . . A spirit sweeps the string of the telegraph harp, and strains of music are drawn out suddenly, like the wire itself. . . . What becomes of the story of a tortoise shell on the

seashore now? The world is young, and music is its infant voice. I do not despair of a world where you have only to stretch an ordinary wire from tree to tree to hear such strains drawn from it by New England breezes as make Greece and all antiquity seem poor in melody. Why was man so made as to be thrilled to his inmost being by the vibrating of a wire? Are not inspiration and ecstasy a more rapid vibration of the nerves swept by the intruding excited spirit, whether zephyral or boreal in its character?

January 3, 1853. . . . I love Nature partly because she is not man, but a retreat from him. None of his institutions control or pervade her. Here a different kind of right prevails. In her midst I can be glad with an entire gladness. If this world were all man, I could not stretch myself. I should lose all hope. He is constraint; she is freedom to me. He makes me wish for another world; she makes me content with this. None of the joys she supplies is subject to his rules and definitions. What he touches

he taints. In thought he moralizes. One would think that no free, joyful labor was possible to him. How infinite and pure the least pleasure of which nature is basis compared with the congratulation of mankind! The joy which nature yields is like that afforded by the frank words of one we love.

Man, man is the devil,
The source of all evil.

Methinks these prosers, with their saws and their laws, do not know how glad a man can be. What wisdom, what warning, can prevail against gladness? There is no law so strong which a little gladness may not transgress. I have a room all to myself. It is nature. It is a place beyond the jurisdiction of human governments. Pile up your books, the records of sadness, your saws and your laws, Nature is glad outside, and her many worms within will ere long topple them down. . . . Nature is a prairie for outlaws. There are two worlds, — the post-office and nature. I know them both. I continually forget mankind and their institutions, as I do a bank.

A COUNTRY GENTLEMAN.

I.

THEODORE WARRENDER was still at Oxford when his father died. He was a youth who had come up from his school with the highest hopes of what he was to do at the university. It had indeed been laid out for him by an admiring tutor with anticipations which were almost certainties: "If you will only work as well as you have done these last two years!" These years had been spent in the dignified ranks of Sixth Form, where he had done almost everything that boy can do. It was expected that the School would have had a hol-

iday when he and Brunson went up for the scholarships in their chosen college, and everybody calculated on the "double event." Brunson got the scholarship in question, but Warrender failed, which at first astonished everybody, but was afterwards more than accounted for by the fact that his fine and fastidious mind had been carried away by the Eschylus paper, which he made into an exhaustive analysis of the famous trilogy, to the neglect of other less inviting subjects. His tutor was thus almost more proud of him for having failed than if he had succeeded, and Sixth Form in general accepted Brunson's success apologetically

as that of an "all round" man, whose triumph did not mean so much. But if there is any place where the finer scholarship ought to tell, it should be in Oxford, and his school tutor, as has been said, laid out for him a sort of little map of what he was to do. There were the Hertford and the Ireland scholarships, almost as a matter of course; a first in moderations, but that went without saying; at least one of the Vice Chancellor's prizes, — probably the Newdigate, or some other unconsidered trifle of the kind; another first class in Greats; a fellowship. "If you don't do more than this I will be disappointed in you," the school tutor said.

The college tutors received Warrender with suppressed enthusiasm, with that excitement which the acquisition of a man who is likely to distinguish himself (and his college) naturally calls forth. It was not long before they took his measure and decided that his school tutor was right. He had it in him to bring glory and honor to their doors. They surrounded him with that genial warmth of incubation which brings a future first class tenderly to the top of the lists. Young Warrender was flattered, his heart was touched. He thought, with the credulity of youth, that the dons loved him for himself; that it was because of the attractions of his own noble nature that they vied with each other in breakfasting and dining him, in making him the companion of their refined and elevated pleasures. He thought, even, that the Rector, that name of fear, had at last found in himself the ideal which he had vainly sought in so many examples of lettered youth. He became vain, perhaps, but certainly a little self-willed, as was his nature, feeling himself to be on the top of the wave, and above those precautions for keeping himself there which had once seemed necessary. He did not, indeed, turn to any harm, for that was not in his nature; but feeling himself no longer a schoolboy,

but a man, and the chosen friend of half the dons of his college, he turned aside with a fine contempt from the ordinary ways of fame-making, and betook himself to the pursuit of his own predilections in the way of learning. He had a fancy for out-of-the-way studies, for authors who don't pay, for eccentricities in literature; in short, for having his own way and reading what he chose. Signals of danger became gradually visible upon his path, and troubled consultations were held over him in the common room. "He is paying no attention to his books," remarked one; "he is reading at large whatever pleases him." Much was to be said for this principle, but still, alas, these gentlemen were all agreed that it does not pay.

"If he does not mind, he will get nothing but a pass," the Rector said, bending his brows. The learned society shrank, as if a sentence of death had been pronounced.

"Oh, no, not so bad as that!" they cried, with one voice.

"What do you call so bad as that? Is not a third worse than that? Is not a second quite as bad?" said the majestic presiding voice. "In the gulf there are no names mentioned. We are not credited with a mistake. It will be better, if he does not stick to his books, that he should drop."

Young Warrender's special tutor made frantic efforts to arrest this doom. He pointed out to the young man the evil of his ways. "In one sense all my sympathies are with you," he said; "but, my dear fellow, if you don't read your books you may be as learned as — and as clear sighted as —" (the historian, being unlearned, does not know what names were here inserted), "but you will never get to the head of the lists, where we have hoped to see you."

"What does it matter?" said Warrender, in boyish splendor. "The lists are merely symbols. You know one's capabilities without that; and as for the

opinion of the common mass, of what consequence is it to me?"

A cold perspiration came out on the tutor's brow. "It is of great consequence to — the college," he asserted, "My dear fellow, so long as we are merely mortal we can't despise symbols; and the Rector has set his heart on having so many first classes. He does n't like to be disappointed. Come, after it's all over you will have plenty of time to read as you like."

"But why should n't I read as I like now?" Warrender said. He was very self-willed. He was apt to start off at a tangent if anybody interfered with him, — a youth full of fads and ways of his own, scorning the common path, caring nothing for results. And by what except by results is a college to be known and assert itself? The tutor whose hopes had been so high was greatly depressed for some time after. He even made an appeal to the school tutor, the enthusiast who had sent up this troublesome original with so many fine prognostications: who replied to the appeal, and descended one day upon the youth in his room, quite unexpectedly.

"Well, Theo, my fine fellow, how are you getting on? I hope you are keeping your eyes on the examination, and not neglecting your books."

"I am delighted to see you, sir," said the lad. "I was just thinking I should like to consult you upon" — and here he entered into a fine question of scholarship, — a most delicate question, which probably would be beyond the majority of readers, as it is of the writer. The face of the public-school man was a wonder to see. It was lighted up with pleasure, for he was an excellent scholar, yet clouded with alarm, for he knew the penalties of such behavior in a "man" with an examination before him.

"My dear boy," he said, "in which of your books do you find any reference to that?"

"In none of them, I suppose," said

the young scholar. "But you don't think there is any sanctity in a set of prescribed books?"

"Oh, no, no sanctity: but use," said the alarmed master. "Come, Theo, there's a good fellow, don't despise the tools we all must work with. It's your duty to the old place, you know, which all these newspaper fellows are throwing stones at whenever they have a chance, and it's your duty to your college. I know what you are worth, of course: but how can work be tested to the public eye except by the lists?"

"Why should I care for the public eye?" said the magnanimous young man. "We know that the lists don't mean everything. A headache might make the best scholar that ever was lose his place. A fellow that knows nothing might carry the day by a fluke. Don't you remember, sir, that time when Daws got the Lincoln because of that old examiner, who gave us all his own old fads in the papers? Every fellow that was any good was out of it, and Daws got the scholarship. I am sure you can't have forgotten that."

"Oh, no, I have not forgotten it," said the master ruefully. "But that was only once in a way. Come, Theo, be reasonable. As long as you are in training, you know, you must keep in the beaten way. Think, my boy, of your school — and of me, if you care for my credit as a tutor."

"You know, sir, I care for you, and to please you," said Warrender, with feeling. "But as for your credit as a tutor, who can touch that? And even I am not unknown here," he added, with a little boyish pride. "Everybody that is of any importance knows that the Rector himself has always treated me quite as a friend. I don't think" — this with the ineffable simple self-assurance of youth, so happy in the discrimination of those who approve of it that the gratification scarcely feels like vanity — "that I shall be misunderstood here."

"Oh, the young ass!" said the master to himself, as he went away. "Oh, the young idiot! Poor dear Theo, what will be his feelings when he finds out that all they care for is the credit of the college?" But he was not so barbarous as to say this, and Warrender was left to find out by himself, by the lessening number of the breakfasts, by the absence of his name on the lists of the Rector's dinner parties, by the gradual cooling of the incubating warmth, what had been the foundation of all the affection shown him. It was not for some time that he perceived the change which made itself slowly apparent, the gradual loss of interest in him who had been the object of so much interest. The nest was, so to speak, left cold, no father bird lending his aid to the development; his books were no longer forced on his consideration; his tutor no longer made anxious remarks. Like other silly younglings, the lad for a while rejoiced in his freedom, and believed that he had succeeded in making his pastors and teachers aware of a better way. And it was not till there flashed upon him the awful revelation that *they were taking up Brunson* that he began to see the real state of affairs. Brunson was the all round man whom Sixth Form despised, — a fellow who had little or no taste for the higher scholarship, but who always knew his books by heart, mastering everything that would "pay" with a determined practical faculty fertile of results. There is no one for whom the dilettante mind has a greater contempt; and when Warrender saw that Brunson figured at the Rector's dinner parties as he himself had once done, that it was Brunson who went on the river with parties of young dons and walked out of college arm in arm with his tutor, the whole meaning of his own brief advancement burst upon him. Not for himself, as he had supposed in the youthful simplicity which he called vanity now, and characterized by strong adjectives; not in the

least for him, Theo Warrender, scholar and gentleman, but for what he might bring to the college, — the honors, the scholarships, the credit to everybody concerned in producing a successful student. That he became angry, scornful, and Byronic on the spot need surprise nobody. Brunson! who never had come within a hundred miles of him or of his set at school; did not even understand the fine problems which the initiated love to discuss; was nothing more than a plodding fellow, who stuck to his work, and cared no more for the real soul of Greek literature or philosophy than the scout did. Warrender laughed aloud, — that hollow laugh, which was once so grand an exponent of feeling, and which, though the Byronic mood has gone out of fashion, will never go out of fashion so long as there is youthful pride to be wounded, and patient merit has to accept the spurns of the unworthy. No, perhaps the adjective is mistaken, if Shakespeare ever was mistaken; not patient, but exasperated merit, conscious to the very finger points of its own deserts.

Warrender was well enough aware that he could, if he chose, make up the lost way and leave Brunson "nowhere" in the race for honors; but it was his first disenchantment, and he felt it deeply. Letters are dear and honors sweet, but our own beloved personality is dearer still; and there is no one who does not feel humbled and wounded when he finds out that he is esteemed, not for himself, but for what he can do, — and poor Theo was only twenty, and had been made much of all his life. He began to ask himself, too, whether his past popularity, the pleasant things that had been always said of him, the pleasant way in which his friendship had been sought, were perhaps all inspired by the same motive, — because he was likely to do credit to his belongings and friends. It is a fine thing to do credit to your belongings, to be the pride of your com-

munity, to be quoted to future generations as the hero of the past. This was what had occurred to him at school, and he had liked it immensely. Warrender had been a word to conjure withal, named by lower boys with awe, fondly cherished in the records of Sixth Form. But the glimmer in the Head Master's eye as he said good-by, the little falter in his tutor's voice, — did these mean no more than an appreciation of his progress, and an anticipation of the honor and glory he was to bring them at the university, a name to fling in the teeth of the newspaper fellows next time they demanded what were the results of the famous public-school system? This thought had a sort of maddening effect upon the fastidious, hot-headed, impatient young man. He flung his books into a corner of the room, and covered them over with a yellow cairn of railway novels. If that was all, there let them lie. He resolved that nothing would induce him to touch them more.

The result was — but why should we dwell upon the result? It sent a shiver through the college, where there were some faithful souls who still believed that Warrender could pick up even at the last moment, if he liked. It produced such a sensation in his old school as relaxed discipline entirely, and confounded masters and scholars in one dark discouragement. "Warrender has only got a — in Mods." We decline to place any number where that blank is; it filled every division (except the lowest) with consternation and dismay. Warrender! who was as sure of a first as — why, there was nobody who was so sure as Warrender! The masters who were Cambridge men recovered their courage after a little, and said, "I told you so! That was a boy who ought to have gone to Cambridge, where individual characteristics are taken into consideration." Warrender's tutor took to his bed, and was not visible for a week, after which only the most unsympathetic, not to say

brutal, of his colleagues would have mentioned before him Warrender's name. However, time reconciles all things, and after a while the catastrophe was forgotten and everything was as before.

But not to Warrender himself. He smiled, poor boy, a Byronic smile, with a curl of the upper lip such as suited the part, and saw himself abandoned by the authorities with what he felt to be a lofty disdain; and he relapsed into such studies as pleased him most, and set prescribed books and lectures at defiance. What was worst to bear was that other classes of "men" made up to him after the men of distinction, those whom the dons considered the best men, had withdrawn and left him to pursue his own way. The men who loafed considered him their natural prey; the æsthetic men who wrote bad verses opened their arms, and were ready to welcome him as their own. And perhaps among these classes he might have found disinterested friendship, for nobody any longer sought Warrender on account of what he could do. But he did not make the trial, wrapping himself up in a Childe-Harold-like superiority to all those who would consort with him, now that he had lost his hold of those with whom only he desired to consort. His mother and sisters felt a little surprised, when they came up to Commemoration, to find that they were not overwhelmed by invitations from Theo's friends. Other ladies had not a spare moment: they were lost in a turmoil of breakfasts, luncheons, water parties, concerts, flower shows, and knew the interior of half the rooms in half the colleges. But with the Miss Warrenders this was not so. They were asked to luncheon by Brunson, indeed, and had tea in the rooms of a young Cavendish, who had been at school with Theo: he was a freshman, and did not count. But that was all, and it mortified the girls, who were not prepared to find themselves so much at a disadvantage. This was the only no-

tice that was taken of his downfall at home, where there was no academical ambition, and where everybody was quite satisfied so long as he kept his health and did not get into any scrape. Perhaps this made him feel it all the more, that his disappointment and disenchantment were entirely shut up in his own bosom, and that he could not confide to any one the terrible disillusionment that had befallen him on the very threshold of his life. That the Rector should pass him with the slightest possible nod, and his tutor say *How d' ye do, Warrender?* without even a smile when they met, was nothing to anybody except himself. Arm in arm with Brunson, the don would give him that salutation. Brunson, who had got his first in Mods, was going on placidly, admired of all, to another first in the final schools.

But if there was any one who understood Warrender's feelings it was this same Brunson, who was in his way an honest fellow, and understood the situation. "It is all pot-hunting, you know," this youth said. "They don't care for me any more than they care for Jenkinson. It's all for what I bring to the college, just as it was for what they expected you were going to bring to the college; only I understood it, and you did n't. I don't care for them any more than they do for me. Why, they might see, if they had any sense, that to work at you, who care for that sort of thing, would be far better than to bother me, who only care for what it will bring. If they had stuck to you they might have done a deal with you, Warrender, whereas I should have done just the same whether they took any notice of me or not."

"You mean to say I'm an empty-headed fool that could be cajoled into anything!" cried the other angrily.

"I mean nothing of the sort. I mean that I'm going to be a schoolmaster, and that first classes, etc., are my stock in trade. You don't suppose I work to

please the Rector? And I know, and he knows, and you know, that I don't know a tenth part so much as you do. If they had held on at you, Theo, they might have got a great scholar out of you. But that's not what they want. They want so many firsts, and the Hertford, and the Ireland, and all the rest of it. It's all pot-hunting," Mr. Brunson said. But this did not lessen the effect of the disenchantment, the first disappointment of life. He became prone to suspect everybody after that first proof that no one was above suspicion, — not even the greatly respected head of one of the first colleges in the world.

After that dreadful fiasco in the schools, Warrender continued to keep his terms very quietly; seeing very few people, making very few friends, reading after his own fashion with an obstinate indifference to all systems of study, and shutting his eyes persistently to the near approach of the final ordeal. Things were in this condition when he received a sudden telegram calling him home. "Come at once, or you will be too late," was the message. The Rector, to whom he rushed at once, looked at it coldly. He was not fond of giving an undergraduate leave in the middle of the term. "The college could have wished for a more definite message," he said. "Too late for what, Mr. Warrender?" "Too late to see my father alive, sir!" cried the young man; and as this had all the definiteness that the college required he was allowed to go. This was how his studies were broken up just as they approached the close, although, as he had been so capricious and self-willed, nobody expected that in any circumstances it could have been a very satisfactory close.

II. .

The elder Mr. Warrender was a country gentleman of an undistinguished kind.

The county gentry of England is a very comprehensive class. It includes the very best and most delightful of English men and English women, the truest nobility, the finest gentlemen; but it also includes a number of beings the most limited, dull, and commonplace that human experience knows. In some cases they are people who do well to be proud of the generation of gentlefolk through whom they trace their line, and who have transmitted to them not only the habit of command, but the habit of protection, and that easy grace of living which is not to be acquired at first hand; and there are some whose forefathers have handed down nothing but so many farms and fields, and various traditions, in which father and son follow each other, each smaller and more petty of soul than he that went before. The family at the Warren were of this class. They were acknowledged gentry, beyond all question, but their estates and means were small and their souls smaller. Their income never reached a higher level than about fifteen hundred a year. Their paternal home was a house of rather mean appearance, rebuilt on the ruins of the old one in the end of last century, and consequently as ugly as four square walls could be. The woods had grown up about it, and hid it almost entirely from sight, which was an advantage, perhaps, to the landscape, but not to those who were condemned to dwell in the house, which was without light and air and everything that was cheering. The name of the Warren was very well adapted to the place, which, except one corner of the old house which had stood fast when the rest was pulled down, might almost have been a burrow in the soft green earth, damp and warm and full of the mould of ages, though it was a mere new-comer in the world. Its furniture was almost entirely of the same date as the house, which means dingy carpets, curtains of harsh and unpliant stuff, and immense

catafalques of mahogany in the shape of sideboards, arm-chairs, and beds. A four-poster of mahogany, with hangings of red moreen, as stiff as a board and much less soft, — that was the kind of furnishing; to be sure, it was full of feather-beds and pillows, warm blankets and fresh linen, which some people thought made amends.

The family consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Warrender, two daughters, and the son, with whom the reader has already made acquaintance. How he had found his way into such a nest was one of those problems which the prudent evolutionist scarcely cares to tackle. The others were in their natural place: the father a Warrender like the last dozen Warrenders who had gone before him, and the girls cast exactly in the mould of all the previous Minnies and Chattys of the family. They were all dull, blameless, and good — to a certain extent; perfectly satisfied to live in the Warren all the year long, to spend every evening of their lives round the same hearth, to do the same thing to-day as they had done yesterday and should do to-morrow. To be so easily contented, to accommodate one's self with such philosophy to one's circumstances, — what an advantage that is! But it required no philosophy on the part of the girls, who had not imagination enough to think of anything different, and who devoutly believed that nothing on earth was so virtuous, so dignified, so praiseworthy, as to keep the linen in order, and make your own underclothing, and sit round the fire at home. When any one would read aloud to them they wanted no better paradise; but they were not very exacting even in the matter of reading aloud. However exciting the book might be, they were quite willing that it should be put away at a quarter to ten, with a book-marker in it to keep the place. Once Chatty had been known to take it up clandestinely after prayers, to see whether the true mur-

derer was found out; but Minnie waited quite decorously till eight o'clock next evening, which was the right hour for resuming the reading. Happy girls! They thus had in their limited little world quite a happy life, expecting nothing, growing no older from year to year. Minnie was twenty-five, Chatty twenty-three: they were good-looking enough in their quiet way, very neat and tidy, with brown hair so well brushed that it reflected the lights. Theodore was the youngest, and he had been very welcome when he came; for otherwise the property would have gone to a distant heir of entail, which would not have been pleasant for any of the family. He had been a very quiet boy so long as he was at home, though not perhaps in the same manner of quietness as that of the girls; but since he was thirteen he had been away for the greater part of the years, appearing only in the holidays, when he was always reading for something or other, — so that nobody was aware how great was the difference between the fastidious young scholar and the rest of his belongings.

Mr. Warrender himself was not a scholar. He had got through life very well without ever being at the university. In his day it was not considered such a necessity as now. And he was not at all critical of his son. So long as the boy got into no scrapes he asked no more of him. He was quite complacent when Theo brought home his school prizes, and used to point them out to visitors. "This is for his Latin verses," he would say. "I don't know where the boy got a turn for poetry. I am sure it was not from me." The beautiful smooth binding and the school arms on the side gave him great gratification. He had a faint notion that as Theo brought home no prizes from Oxford he was not perhaps getting on so well; but naturally he knew nothing of his son's experiences with the Rector and the dons. And by that time he was ill

and feverish, and far more taken up about his beef tea than about anything else in the world. They did not make it half strong enough. If they only would make it strong he felt sure he would soon regain his strength. But how could a man pick up, who was allowed nothing but slops, when his beef tea was like water? This was the matter that occupied him most, while his son was going through the ordeal above described, — there never was any taste in the beef tea. Mr. Warrender thought the cook must make away with the meat; or else send the best of the infusion to some of her people in the village, and give it to him watered. When it was made over the fire in his room he said his wife had no skill; she let all the goodness evaporate. He never could be satisfied with his beef tea; and so, grumbling and indignant, finding no savor in anything, but thoroughly convinced that this was "their" fault, and that they could make it better if they were to try, he dwinded and faded away.

It was a long illness; a family gets used to a long illness, and after a while accepts it as the natural course of events. And the doctor had assured them all that no sudden "change" was to be looked for. Nevertheless, there was a sudden change. It had become the routine of the house that each of the ladies should spend so many hours with papa. Mrs. Warrender was with him, of course, the greater part of the day, and went out and in to see if he was comfortable every hour or two during the night; but one of the girls always sat with him in the evening, bringing her needlework upstairs, and feeling that she was doing her duty in giving up the reading just when the book was at its most interesting point. It was after Chatty had fulfilled this duty, and everybody was serenely preparing to go to bed, that the change came. "How is he?" Mrs. Warrender had said, as they got out the

Prayer-Book which was used at family prayers. "Just as usual, mamma: quite quiet and comfortable. I think he was asleep, for he took no notice when I bade him good-night," Chatty said; and then the servants came in, and the little rites were accomplished. Mrs. Warrender then went upstairs, and received the same report from her maid, who sat with the patient in the intervals when the ladies were at prayers. "Quite comfortable, ma'am, and I think he is asleep." Mrs. Warrender went to the bedside and drew back the curtain softly, — the red moreen curtain which was like a board suspended by the head of the bed, — and lo, while they all had been so calm, the change had come.

The girls thought their mother made a great deal more fuss than was necessary; for what could be done? It might be right to send for the doctor, who is an official whose presence is essential at the last act of life; but what was the good of sending a man on horseback into Highcombe, on the chance of the telegraph office being still open? Of course it was not open; and if it had been Theo could not possibly leave Oxford till next morning. But then it was a well-known fact that mamma was excitable, and often did things without thought. He lingered all night, "just alive, and that is all," the doctor said. It was Chatty who sent for the rector, who came and read the prayers for the sick at the bedside, but agreed with Dr. Durant that it was of no use attempting to rouse the departing soul from the lethargy in which he lay. And before Theodore arrived all was over. He knew it before he entered the house by the sight of the drawn blinds, which received him with a blank whiteness of woe as soon as he caught sight of the windows. They had not sent to meet him at the station, thinking he would not come till the later train.

"Try and get mamma to lie down," Minnie said as she kissed her brother.

"She is going on exciting herself for nothing. I am sure everything was done that could be done, and we can do him no good by making ourselves more miserable now."

Minnie had cried in the early morning as much as was right and natural, — her eyes were still a little red; but she did not think it necessary to begin over again, as Chatty did, who had a tendency to overdo everything, like mamma. As for Theodore, he did not cry at all, but grew very pale, and did not say a word when he was taken into the chamber of death. The sight of that marble, or rather waxen, figure lying there had a greater effect upon his imagination than upon that of either of the girls, who perhaps had not got any imagination to be affected. He was overawed and silenced by that presence, which he had never met before so near. When his mother threw herself into his arms, with that excess of emotion which was peculiar to her, he held her close to him with a throb of answering feeling. The sensation of standing beside that which was not, although it was, his father went through and through the being of the sensitive young man. Death is always most impressive in the case of a commonplace person, with whom we have no associations but the most ordinary ones of life. What had come to him? — to the mind which had been so much occupied with the quality of his beef tea? Was it possible that he could have leaped all at once into the contemplation of the highest subjects, or must there not be something intermediate between the beef tea and the *Gloria in Excelsis*? This was the thought, inappropriate, unnatural, as he felt it, which came into his mind as he stood by the bed upon which lay that which had been the master of the Warren yesterday, and now was "the body;" a solemn, inanimate thing arranged with dreadful neatness, presently to be taken away and hid out of sight of the living. Tears

did not come even when he took his mother into his arms, but only a dumb awe not unmixed with horror, and even that sense of repulsion with which some minds regard the dead.

It was the height of summer, the time at which the Warren looked its best. The sunshine, which scarcely got near it in the darker part of the year, now penetrated the trees on every side, and rushed in as if for a wager, every ray trying how far it could reach into the depths of the shade. It poured full into the drawing-room by one window, so that Minnie was mindful at all times to draw down that blind, that the carpet might not be spoiled; and of course all the blinds were down now. It touched the front of the house in the afternoon, and blazed upon the lawn, making all the flowers wink. Inside, to people who had come out of the heat and scorching of other places more open to the influences of the skies, the coolness of the Warren in July was delightful. The windows stood open, the hum of bees came in, the birds made an unceasing chorus in the trees. Neither birds nor bees took the least notice of the fact that there was death in the house. They carried on their jubilation, their hum of business, their love-making and nursery talk, all the same, and made the house sound not like a house of mourning, but a house of rejoicing; all this harmonious noise being doubly audible in the increased stillness of the place, where Minnie thought it right to speak in a whisper, and Chatty was afraid to go beyond the example of her sister. Mrs. Warrender kept her room, except in the evening, when she would go out with Theo for a little air. Only in the grounds! no further,—through the woods, which the moonlight pierced with arrows of silver, as far as the pond, which shone like a white mirror with all the great leaves of the water-lilies black upon its surface. But the girls thought this was too much. They could not think how

she could feel able for it before the funeral. They sat with one shaded lamp and the shutters all closed, “reading a book,” which was their severest estimate of gravity. That is to say, each had a book: one a volume of sermons, the other *Paradise Lost*, which had always been considered Sunday reading by the Warrenders, and came in very conveniently at this moment. They had been busy all day with the maid and the dress-maker from the village, getting their mourning ready. There were serious doubts in their minds how high the crape ought to come on their skirts, and whether a cuff of that material would be enough without other trimmings on the sleeves; but as it was very trying to the eyes to work at black in candlelight, they had laid it all aside out of sight, and so far as was possible out of thought, and composed themselves to read as a suitable occupation for the evening, less cheerful than colored or white needlework, and more appropriate. It was very difficult, especially for Minnie, upon whom the chief responsibility would rest, to put that question of the crape out of her thoughts; but she read on in a very determined manner, and it is to be hoped that she succeeded. She felt very deeply the impropriety of her mother’s proceedings. She had never herself stirred out-of-doors since her father’s death, and would not till after the funeral, should the interests of nations hang on it. She, at least, knew what her duty was, and would do it. Chatty was not so sure on this subject, but she had been more used to follow Minnie than to follow mamma, and she was loyal to her traditions. One window was open a little behind the half-closed shutters, and let in something of the sounds and odors of the night. Chatty was aware that the moon was at the full, and would have liked to stretch her young limbs with a run; but she dared not even think of such a thing in sight of Minnie’s face.

"I wonder how long mamma means to stay. One would think she was *enjoying* it," Minnie said, with a little emphasis on the word. As she used it, it seemed the most reprehensible verb in the world.

"She likes to be with Theo," said Chatty; "and she is always such a one for the air."

"Likes!" said her sister. "Is this a time to think of what one likes, with poor dear papa in his coffin?"

"She never left him as long as he wanted her," said the apologetic sister.

"No, indeed, I should hope not; that would have been criminal. Poor dear mamma would never do anything really bad; but she does not mind if she does a thing that is unusual. It is *very* unusual to go out before the funeral; it is a thing that is never done, especially by the ladies of the house."

"Shall we be able to go out on Friday, Minnie?" Friday was the funeral day.

"It would be very bad taste, I think. Of course, if it does not prove too much for us, we ought to go to church to meet the procession. Often it is thought to be too much for the ladies of a family."

"I am sure it would not be too much for me. Oh, I shall go as far as we can go with him — to the grave, Minnie."

"You had better wait till you see whether it will not be too much for you," said the elder sister, while Chatty dried her eyes. Minnie's eyes had no need of drying. She had cried at the right time, but it was little more than levity to be always crying. It was nearly as bad as enjoying anything. She did not like extravagance of any kind.

And then they turned to their reading again, and felt that, whatever mamma might think herself at liberty to do, they, at least, were paying that respect to their father's memory which young women in a well-regulated household should always be the first to pay.

III.

Meanwhile the mother and son took their walk. It was a very silent walk, without much outward trace of that enjoyment which Minnie had felt so cruelly out of place, but no doubt to both there was a certain pleasure in it. Mr. Warrender had now been lying in that silent state which the most insignificant person holds immediately after death, for three days, and there was still another to come before he could be laid away in the dark and noisome bed in the family vault, where all the Warrenders made their last assertion of superiority to common clay. This long and awful pause in the affairs of life was intolerable to the two people now walking softly through the paths of the little wood, where the moonbeams shone through the trees; the son, because he was of an impatient nature, and could not endure the artificial gloom which was thus forced upon him. He had felt keenly all those natural sensations which the loss of a father calls forth: the breaking of an old tie, the oldest in the world; the breach of all the habits of his life; the absence of the familiar greeting, which had always been kind enough, if never enthusiastic; the general overturn and loss of the usual equilibrium in his little world. It was no blame to Theo if his feelings went little further than this. His father had been no active influence in his life. His love had been passive, expressing itself in few words, without sympathy in any of the young man's pursuits, or knowledge of them, or desire to know, — a dull affection because the boy belonged to him, and satisfaction in that he had never got into any scrapes or given any trouble. And the return which the son made was in the same kind. Theo had felt the natural pang of disruption very warmly at the moment; he had felt a great awe and wonder at sight of the mystery of

that pale and solemn thing which had lately been so unmysterious and unsolemn. But even these pangs of natural sensation had fallen into a little ache and weariness of custom, and his fastidious soul grew tired of the bonds that kept him, or would have kept him, precisely at the same point of feeling for so many hours and days. This is not possible for any one, above all for a being of his temper, and he was restless beyond measure, and eager to get over this enforced pause, and emerge into the common life and daylight beyond. The drawn blinds somehow created a stifling atmosphere in his very soul.

Mrs. Warrender felt it was indecorous to begin to speak of plans and what was to be done afterwards, so long as her dead husband was still master of the oppressed and melancholy house; but her mind, as may be supposed, was occupied by them in the intervals of other thoughts. She was not of the Warrender breed, but a woman of lively feelings; and as soon as the partner of her life was out of her reach she had begun to torment herself with fears that she had not been so good to him as she ought. There was no truth, at least no fact, in this, for there could have been no better wife or more careful nurse. But yet, as every individual knows more of his or her self than all the rest of the world knows, Mrs. Warrender was aware that there were many things lacking in her conjugal devotion. She had not been the wife she knew how to be; in her heart she had never given herself credit for fulfilling her duty. Oh, yes, she had fulfilled all her duties. She had been everything to him that he wanted, that he expected, that he was capable of understanding. But she knew very well that when all is said, that is not everything that can be said; and now that he was dead, and could no longer look in her face with lacklustre eyes, wondering what the deuce the woman meant, she threw herself

back upon her own standard, and knew that she had not come up to it. Even now she could not come up to it. Her heart ought to be desolate; life ought to hold nothing for her but perhaps resignation, perhaps despair. She ought to be beyond all feeling for what was to come. Yet she was not so. On the contrary, new ideas, new plans, had welled up into her mind,—how many, how few hours after she had laid down the charge, in which outwardly she had been so faithful, but inwardly so full of shortcomings? These plans filled her mind now as she went by her son's side through the mossy paths where, even in the height of summer, it was always a little cold. She could not speak of them, feeling a horror of herself, an ashamed sense that to betray the revulsion of her thoughts to her boy would be to put her down from her position in his respect forever. Between these mutual reluctances to betray what was really in them the two went along very silently, as if they were counting their steps, their heads a little bowed down, the sound of their feet making far more commotion than was necessary in the stillness of the place. To be out-of-doors was something for both of them. They could breathe more freely, and if they could not talk could at least think, without the sense that they were impairing the natural homage of all things to the recently dead.

"Take care, Theo," she said, after a long interval of silence. "It is very damp here."

"Yes, there is a good deal of timber that ought to go." He caught his breath when he had said this, and she gave a slight shiver. They would both have spoken quite freely had the father been alive. "The house is damp, too," said he, taking courage.

"In winter, perhaps, a little, when there is much rain."

And then there was a long pause. When they came within sight of the

pond, which glistened under the moonlight, reflecting all the trees in irregular masses, and showing here and there a big white water-lily bud couched upon a dark bank of leaves, he spoke again: "I don't think it can be very healthy, either, to have the pond so near the house."

"You have always had your health, all of you," she said.

"That is true; but not very much of it. We are a subdued sort of family, mother."

"That is because the Warrenders" — She stopped here, feeling the inappropriateness of what she was about to say. It very often happens that a wife has but little opinion of the race to which her husband belongs. She attributes the defects of her own children to that side instinctively. "It is character," she said, "not health."

"But all the same, if we had a little more air and a little less shade" —

He was becoming bolder as he went on.

"Theo," she said tremulously, "it is a little too soon to begin to talk of that."

And then there was a pause again. When they came to the edge of the pond, and stopped to look at the water-lilies, and at the white flood of the moonlight, and all the clustering masses of the trees that hung round as if to keep it hidden and sheltered, it was she who spoke: "Your father was very fond of this view. Almost the last time he was out we brought him here. He sat down for a long time, and was quite pleased. He cared for beautiful things much more than he ever said."

The thought that passed through Theo's mind was very rapid, that it might well be so, seeing nothing was ever said on the subject; but his remark was, "Very likely, mother," in a soft and soothing voice.

"I should be very sorry to see any — I mean I hope you will not make much alteration here."

"It is too soon," he said hastily, "to speak of that."

"Much too soon," she replied, with a quick sense of shame, taking her son's arm as they turned back. Even to turn back made the burden heavier, and dispelled the little advantage which they had got by the walk.

"There will be, I suppose, a great number of people — on Friday."

"Yes, I think a great number; everybody about."

"What a nuisance! People might have sense enough to know that at such a moment we don't want a lot of strange faces peering at us, finding out how we bear up."

"My dear, it would have pleased him to know everybody would be there."

"I suppose so," said Theo, in a tone which was half angry and half resigned.

"We will have to take a little thought how they are to go. Lord Markland must come first, after the relations."

"Why? They never took much notice of us, and my father never liked him. I don't see why he should come at all."

"Oh, yes, he will come, and your dear father would have liked it. The Warrenders have always thought a great deal of such things."

"I am a Warrender, I hope, and I don't."

"Ah, Theo, you! But you are much more like my family," she said, with a little pressure of his arm.

This did not give him so much pleasure as it did her; for, after all, however near a man may be to his mother's family, he generally prefers his own, and the name which it is his to bear. They got back under the thick shadow of the trees when the conversation came to this point, and once more it was impressed upon both that the path was very damp, and that even in July it was difficult to get through without wet feet; but Mrs. Warrender had felt herself checked by her son's reply about the al-

terations, and Theo felt that to betray how much he was thinking of them would be horrifying to his mother: so they both stepped into the marshy part without a word.

"You are still decided to go on Friday, — you and the girls?"

"Surely, Theo: we are all in good health, Heaven be praised! I should not feel that I had done everything if I did not go."

"You are sure it will not be too much for you, mother?"

This question went to her heart. She knew that it ought to be too much for her. Had she been the wife she ought to have been, the widow with a broken heart, then, perhaps, there might have been a doubt. But she knew also that it would not be too much for her. Her heart ached for the ideal anguish, which nobody looked for, nor would have understood. "He would have liked it," she said, in a subdued voice. That, at least, was quite true: and to carry out all his wishes thus faithfully was something, although she could not pay him the homage which was his due, — the supreme compliment of a broken heart.

At last Friday came. It was a dull day, of the color most congenial to such a ceremony. A gentle shower fell upon the wreaths and crosses that covered the coffin. There was a large assembly from all the country round, for Mr. Warrender had been a man who never harmed anybody, which is perhaps a greater title to respect than those possess who have taken more trouble. When you try to do good, especially in a rural place, you are sure to stir up animosities; but Mr. Warrender had never stirred up anybody. He was greatly respected. Lord Markland was what the farmers called "a wild young sprig," with little regard to the proprieties; but he was there, and half the clergymen of the diocese, and every country gentleman on the west side of the county. The girls from behind their crape veils watched the

procession filing into church, and were deeply gratified; and Mrs. Warrender felt that he would have liked it, and that everything was being done according to his wishes. She said to herself that this was what he would have done for her if she had died first; and immediately there rose before her eyes (also behind her crape veil) a picture of what might have been, had the coffin in the middle of the church been hers: how he would have stepped and looked, and the way in which he would have held out his hand silently to each of the company, and the secret pleasure in the fulfillment of all that was just and right which would have been in his mind. It was instantaneous, it was involuntary, it made her smile against her will; but the smile recalled her to herself, and overwhelmed her with compunction and misery. Smile — when it was he who lay there in the coffin, under that black pall, expecting from her the last observances, and that homage which ought to come from a breaking heart!

The blinds were drawn up when they returned home, the sunshine pouring in, the table spread. Minnie, leading Chatty with her, not without a slight struggle on that young lady's part, retired to her room, and lay down a little, which was the right thing to do. She had a tray brought upstairs, and was not disinclined for her luncheon. Mercifully, their presence at the funeral had not been too much for them, and all the mourning was complete and everything in order, even so far as to the jet necklaces which the girls put on when they went down to tea. Mrs. Warrender had been quite overcome on reëntering the house, feeling, though she had so suffered from the long interval before the funeral, that to come back to a place from which he had now been solemnly shut out forever was more miserable than all that had gone before; for it will be perceived that she was not of the steady mettle of the others, but a fantastic wo-

man, who changed her mind very often, and whose feelings were always betraying her. The funeral had been early, and the distant visitors had been able to leave in good time, so that there was no need for a large luncheon party; and the lawyer and a cousin of Mr. Warrender's were the only strangers who shared that meal with the mother and son. Then, as a proper period had now been arrived at, and as solicitors rush in where heirs fear to tread, open questions were asked about the plans of the family and what Theo meant to do. He said at once, "I see no need for plans. Why should there be any discussion of plans? So far as outward circumstances go, what change is there? My mother and the girls will just go on as usual, and I, of course, will go back to Oxford. It will be more than a year before I can take my degree."

He thought — but no doubt he must have been mistaken — that a blank look came over his mother's face; but it was so impossible that she could have thought of anything else that he dismissed the idea from his mind. She said nothing, but Mr. Longstaffe replied, —

"At present that is no doubt the wisest way; but I think it is always well that people should understand each other at once and provide for all emergencies, so that there may be no wounded feeling, or that sort of thing, hereafter. You know, Mrs. Warrender, that the house in Highcombe has always been the jointure house?"

"Yes," she said, with a certain liveliness in her answer, almost eagerness. "My husband has often told me so."

"We are authorized to put it in perfect repair, and you are authorized to choose whatever you please out of the furniture at the Warren to make it according to your taste. Perhaps we had better do that at once, and put it into your hands. If you don't live there, you can let it, or lend it, or make some use of it."

"It might be convenient," Mrs. Warrender said, with a slight hesitation, "if Theodore means, as I suppose he does, to carry out improvements here."

And yet she had implored him yesterday not to make many alterations! Theo felt a touch of offense with his mother. He began to think there was something in the things the girls used to say, that you never knew when you had mamma, or whether she might not turn upon you in a moment. She grew much more energetic, all at once, and even her figure lost the slight stoop of languor that was in it. "If you are going to cut any trees, or do any drainage, Theo, we could all live there while the works went on."

He gave a slight start in person, and a much greater in spirit, and a fastidious curve came to his forehead. "I don't know that I shall cut any trees now. You know you said the other day, We can talk of that after."

"Oh, yes, it is early days," said the lawyer. "Of course it is not as if there were other heirs coming in, or any compulsory division were to be made. You can take your time. But I have always observed that things went smoother when it was understood from the first, in case of a certain emergency arising, or new conditions of any kind, so and so should follow. You understand what I mean."

"It is always wisest," said the Warrender cousin, "to have it all put down hard and fast, so that nobody may be disappointed, whatever should happen. Of course Theo will marry."

"I hope so," said his mother, permitting herself to smile.

"Of course he will marry," said the lawyer.

"But he had better take his degree first," the cousin added, feeling that he had distinguished himself; "and in the mean time the girls and you will have time to look about you. Highcombe is rather a dull place. And then the house

is large. You could not get on in it with less than four or five servants."

"Four would do," said Mr. Longstaffe.

"And supposing my cousin kept a pony chaise, or something? She could not get on without a pony chaise. That means another."

Theodore pushed back his chair from the table with a harsh peremptoriness, startling them all. "I am sure my mother does n't want to go into these calculations," he said; "neither do I. Leave us alone to settle what we find to be best."

"Dear me," said cousin Warrender,

"I hope you don't imagine me to have any wish to interfere." Theo did not make any reply, but gave his mother his arm, and led her upstairs.

"I did not wish you to be troubled with business at all; certainly not to-day," he said to her, half apologetically. But there was something in her face which he did not quite understand, as she thanked him and smiled, with an inclination to cry. Was it possible that she was a little disappointed to have the discussion stopped, and that she took much interest in it, and contemplated not at all with displeasure the prospect of an entire change in her life?

M. O. W. Oliphant.

THE STAR IN THE EAST.

FROM hoary kingdoms of all ancientness,
Led by a Star they came, —
A Star that dimmed the lustre of the heavens,
Shaking their fleece of flame!

A splendid caravan, from desert depths
They flashed their royal way;
Gold wrought, in all strange charactery and gems
Their housings caught the ray.

The shining stallions arched their necks and rang
Their jeweled bridle-reins;
The stately camels stretched like monoliths
Their shadows on the plains.

Treasure of perfumes and of precious stones
Weighed them, and wondrous web
Of scarlet cloths, woven at the wane of moon
And at the great sea's ebb;

And oils, and gums the ooze of sacred trees
In sun-imprisoning flecks,
And in their lamps the fire not once relit
Since priest Melchizedek's.

There little Melchior, King of Nubia, came
With gold to signify

Possession of the empire of the earth
And kingship's prophecy.

And Chaldæa's monarch, the old Balthuzar,
Brought incense, for a sign
That prayer and praise should find divinity
In manger or in shrine.

But Jasper, black, and of a mighty make,
And of rich Tarshish king,
Brought neither gold nor incense, but brought myrrh,
For human suffering.

And with them, and before them, the great Star,
That up the eastern coasts,
Outstripping comets and white-bearded orbs,
Came leading heaven's hosts.

While all black art of dark astrology,
With incantations gray
That signs and zodiacs trembled to regard,
Showed where the young child lay, —

The young child, who, not yet a fortnight old,
Among the oxen slept,
Where angels hung upon a drooping wing,
And all the sweet watch kept.

Chiefs of old heathenry, how long, how far,
They journeyed on their quest!
What tribute and what treasure did they bring
To greet the holy guest!

What costly travel and what toilsome march
Were theirs, too, — that great press
Which followed on the way the Magi led
Up from the wilderness!

But we, on whom for twice a thousand years
The Star in the East has shone, —
What hard road do we tread with tender feet
To make the truth our own?

Up from what deserts do we hotly spur
To consecrate our King?
To God, in Christ or in Humanity,
What tribute do we bring?

We look on the immensity of space,
And count all creeds a song;

We let the dungeoned prisoner write in blood
The story of his wrong.

So we but lose no bubble of the wine,
In the rose crush no sting,
We care not for the pierced divinity, —
We crown the senses King!

Brief empery, that with the bubble breaks,
With the rose falls! whose slaves
Shall revel then but with the loathly worm
And the dark fruit of graves!

Dart forth your white and awful light, O Star,
Wither this King to dross!
Lead us a path like that once trod the feet
Were nailed upon a cross!

Harriet Prescott Spofford.

THE NEW PORTFOLIO.

“AND why *the* New Portfolio, I would ask?”

Pray, do you remember, when there was an accession to the nursery in which you have a special interest, whether the new-comer was commonly spoken of as *a* baby? Was it not, on the contrary, invariably, under all conditions, in all companies, by the whole household, spoken of as *the* baby? And was the small receptacle provided for it commonly spoken of as *a* cradle; or was it not always called *the* cradle, as if there were no other in existence?

Now this New Portfolio is the cradle in which I am to rock my new-born thoughts, and from which I am to lift them carefully from time to time and show them to callers, namely, to the whole family which this monthly visitor reckons on its list of intimates, and such others as may drop in by accident. And so it shall have the definite article, and not be lost in the mob of its fellows as *a* portfolio.

What can be more natural than that

a reader who has found some little pleasure in the contents of the old worn-out portfolio should take up the new one with the feeling that it can never be to him or her what the earlier one has been? No, my dear friend, it cannot be. You and I were younger when that was opened. It is a very small affair to be illustrated from the Scripture record, and yet you remember the beetle and the giant, — alike in one point, though so far apart in many. I am thinking of the old and the new Jewish temple, and the story Ezra tells of them: —

But many . . . who were ancient men, that had seen the first house, when the foundation of this house was laid before their eyes, wept with a loud voice.

It is much more likely that you will smile, dear reader, but I do not think you will laugh. You could hardly be one of my willing readers unless you were capable of feeling instinctively that there is something in this confidence on which I venture, lying deeper than the superficial layer which belongs

to the ridiculous. So much has changed since the older, not the oldest, portfolio was opened for the first number of this magazine! I cannot go back to the feelings with which I wrote, nor you to the feelings with which you read. No matter; we have a good deal left in common yet: air is still sweet to breathe, and ginger is hot in the mouth just as it used to be. Only deal kindly with the New Portfolio at its first opening. It takes a slight effort to open it, and it seems as if it creaked a little. Have patience with it; do not brutalize it with a cynical welcome.

I got a lesson when a young man, which has lasted me a long time. One of my most intimate college friends was married very early, and by and by a cradle appeared in the room christened the nursery, and in the cradle a male infant, of which the young parents were very proud, as a matter of course. Some weeks had passed over its little head, when I, as a friend of the family, was admitted to a view of the young phenomenon. What more natural than to take it from the mother's arms and bear it about the room in triumph? But one must have a good look at one's friend's baby, — not smothered up in all sorts of little bed-clothes, or hugged out of sight in the arms of the nurse or the mother, or even in one's own arms. Let us set it down on the floor, and step back and get a good perspective view of the small miracle. Down I plumped the baby in the sitting posture, and over the baby went backward, with such a thump of its poor little head on the floor as if a cannon ball had dropped. Father and mother and baby have been dead many and many a long year, but I can hear that thump and the maternal cry and the infant ululation, and see the rush of the parental pair, and recall the feeling which came over me, — more like the condition of Truth in Mr. Bryant's often-quoted verse than anything else I can think of just now. But though

"crushed to earth" I managed to "rise again," and to take with me a lesson which has made me gentle in the handling of all tender offspring of human parentage, whether found in cradles or portfolios.

I am not at this particular time beginning a serial story. What I may find in my portfolio by and by is another matter; if there should be a certain thread of connection between the papers that come from it I do not know that it will render them less interesting. There are, however, a few personal and incidental matters I wish to say something of before getting deep into the real contents of the portfolio.

As I have reminded you, I have had other portfolios before this, — two more especially, and the first thing I wish to say relates to these.

Do not throw this number of the magazine down, or turn to another page, when I tell you that I opened my first portfolio more than fifty years ago. This is a very dangerous confession, for fifty years are just enough to make everything hopelessly old-fashioned, and not enough to give anything the charm of real antiquity. If I could say a hundred years, now, my readers would accept all I had to tell them with a curious interest; but fifty years ago, — there are too many talkative old people that know all about that time, and at best half a century is a half-baked bit of ware. A coin-fancier would say that your fifty-year-old facts have just enough of antiquity to spot them with rust, and not enough to give them the delicate and durable *patina* which is time's exquisite enamel.

When the first portfolio was opened the coin of the realm bore for its legend, — or might have borne if the more devout hero-worshippers could have had their way, — *Andreas Jackson, Populi Gratia, Imp. Cæsar. Aug. Div. Max.*, etc., etc. I never happened to see any gold or silver with that legend, but the

truth is I was not very familiarly acquainted with the precious metals at that period of my career, and there might have been a good deal of such coin in circulation without my handling it, or knowing much about it.

What do you say to a few reminiscences of that far-off time?

In those days the Athenæum Picture Gallery was a principal centre of attraction to young Boston people and their visitors. Many of us got our first ideas of art, to say nothing of our first lessons in the comparatively innocent flirtations of our city's primitive period, in that agreeable resort of amateurs and artists.

How the pictures on those walls in Pearl Street do keep their places in the mind's gallery! Trumbull's *Sortie of Gibraltar*, with red enough in it for one of our sunset after-glows; and Neagle's full-length portrait of the blacksmith in his shirt-sleeves; and Copley's long-waistcoated gentlemen and satin-clad ladies,—they looked like gentlemen and ladies, too; and Stuart's florid merchants and high-waisted matrons; and Allston's lovely Italian scenery and dreamy, unimpassioned women, not forgetting *Florimel* in full flight on her interminable rocking-horse,—you may still see her at the Art Museum; and the rival landscapes of Doughty and Fisher, much talked of and largely praised in those days; and the *Murillo*,—not from Marshal Soult's collection; and the portrait of *Annibale Caracci* by himself, which cost the Athenæum a hundred dollars; and Cole's allegorical pictures, and his immense and dreary canvas, in which the prostrate shepherds and the angel in Joseph's coat of many colors look as if they must have been thrown in for nothing; and West's brawny Lear tearing his clothes to pieces. But why go on with the catalogue, when most of these pictures can be seen either at the Athenæum building in Beacon Street or at the Art Gal-

lery, and admired or criticised perhaps more justly, certainly not more generously, than in those earlier years when we looked at them through the jappanned fish-horns.

If one happened to pass through Atkinson Street on his way to the Athenæum, he would notice a large, square, painted, brick house, in which lived a leading representative of old-fashioned coleopterous Calvinism, and from which emerged one of the liveliest of literary butterflies. The father was editor of the *Boston Recorder*, a very respectable, but very far from amusing paper, most largely patronized by that class of the community which spoke habitually of the first day of the week as "*the Sabboth*." The son was the editor of several different periodicals in succession, none of them over severe or serious, and of many pleasant books, filled with lively descriptions of society, which he studied on the outside with a quick eye for form and color, and with a certain amount of sentiment, not very deep, but real, though somewhat frothed over by his worldly experiences.

Nathaniel Parker Willis was in full bloom when I opened my first portfolio. He had made himself known by his religious poetry, published in his father's paper, I think, and signed "*Roy*." He had started the "*American Magazine*," afterwards merged in the "*New York Mirror*." He had then left off writing scripture pieces, and taken to lighter forms of verse. He had just written

"I'm twenty-two, I'm twenty-two,—
They idly give me joy,
As if I should be glad to know
That I was less a boy."

He was young, therefore, and already famous. He came very near being very handsome. He was tall; his hair, of light brown color, waved in luxurious abundance; his cheek was as rosy as if it had been painted to show behind the footlights; he dressed with artistic elegance. He was something between a

remembrance of Count D'Orsay and an anticipation of Oscar Wilde. There used to be in the gallery of the Luxembourg a picture of Hippolytus and Phædra, in which the beautiful young man, who had kindled a passion in the heart of his wicked step-mother, always reminded me of Willis, in spite of the shortcomings of the living face as compared with the ideal. The painted youth is still blooming on the canvas, but the fresh-cheeked, jaunty young author of the year 1830 has long faded out of human sight. I took the flower which lies before me at this moment, as I write, from his coffin, as it lay just outside the door of Saint Paul's Church, on a sad, overclouded winter's day, in the year 1867. At that earlier time, Willis was by far the most prominent young American author. Cooper, Irving, Bryant, Halleck, Drake, had all done their best work. Longfellow was not yet conspicuous. Lowell was a school-boy. Emerson was unheard of. Whittier was beginning to make his way against the writers with better educational advantages whom he was destined to outdo and to outlive. Not one of the great histories, which have done honor to our literature, had appeared. Our school-books depended, so far as American authors were concerned, on extracts from the orations and speeches of Webster and Everett; on Bryant's *Thanatopsis* and the *Death of the Flowers*, Halleck's *Marco Bozzaris*, *Red-Jacket*, and *Burns*; on Drake's *American Flag*, and Percival's *Coral Grove*, and his *Genius Sleeping and Genius Waking*, — and not getting very wide awake, either. These could be depended on. A few other copies of verses might be found, but Dwight's "*Columbia, Columbia*" and Pierpont's *Airs of Palestine*, were already effaced, as many of the favorites of our own day and generation must soon be, by the great wave which the near future will pour over the sands in which they have been or still are legible.

About this time, in the year 1832, came out a small volume entitled *Truth, a Gift for Scribblers*, which made some talk for a while, and is now chiefly valuable as a kind of literary tombstone on which may be read the names of many whose renown has been buried with their bones. The London *Athenæum* spoke of it as having been described as a "tomahawk sort of satire." As the author had been a trapper in Missouri, he was familiarly acquainted with that weapon and the warfare of its owners. Born in Boston, in 1804, the son of an army officer, educated at West Point, he came back to his native city about the year 1830. He wrote an article on Bryant's *Poems* for the *North American Review* and another on the famous Indian chief, *Black Hawk*. In this last-mentioned article he tells this story as the great warrior told it himself. It was an incident of a fight with the *Osages*.

"Standing by my father's side, I saw him kill his antagonist and tear the scalp from his head. Fired with valor and ambition, I rushed furiously upon another, smote him to the earth with my tomahawk, ran my lance through his body, took off his scalp, and returned in triumph to my father. He said nothing, but looked pleased."

This little red story describes very well Snelling's style of literary warfare. His handling of his most conspicuous victim, Willis, was very much like *Black Hawk's* way of dealing with the *Osage*. He tomahawked him in heroics, ran him through in prose, and scalped him in barbarous epigrams. Bryant and Halleck were abundantly praised; hardly any one else escaped.

If one wishes to see the bubbles of reputation that were floating, some of them gay with prismatic colors, half a century ago, he will find a long catalogue of celebrities he never heard of in the pages of *Truth*. I recognize only three names among the living of

all who are mentioned in the little book; but as I have not read the obituaries of all the others, some of them may be still flourishing in spite of Mr. Snelling's exterminating onslaught. Time dealt as hardly with poor Snelling, who was not without talent and instruction, as he had dealt with our authors. I think he found shelter at last under a roof which held numerous inmates, some of whom had seen better and many of whom had known worse days than those they were passing within its friendly and not exclusive precincts. Such, at least, was the story I heard after he disappeared from general observation.

That was the day of Souvenirs, Tokens, Forget-me-nots, Bijous, and all that class of showy annuals. Short stories, slender poems, steel engravings, on a level with the common fashion-plates of advertising establishments, gilt edges, resplendent binding, — to manifestations of this sort our lighter literature had very largely run for some years. The *Scarlet Letter* was an unhinted possibility. The *Voices of the Night* had not stirred the brooding silence; the *Concord seer* was still in the lonely desert; most of the contributors to those yearly volumes, which took up such pretentious positions on the centre table, have shrunk into entire oblivion, or, at best, hold their place in literature by a scrap or two in some omnivorous collection.

What dreadful work Snelling made among those slight reputations, floating in swollen tenuity on the surface of the stream, and mirroring each other in reciprocal reflections! Violent, abusive as he was, unjust to any against whom he happened to have a prejudice, his castigation of the small *littérateurs* of that day was not harmful, but rather of use. His attack on Willis very probably did him good; he needed a little discipline, and though he got it too unsparingly, some cautions came with it which were

worth the stripes he had to smart under. One noble writer Snelling treated with rudeness, probably from some accidental pique, or equally insignificant reason. I myself, one of the three survivors before referred to, escaped with a love-pat, as the youngest son of the Muse. Longfellow gets a brief nod of acknowledgment. Bailey, "who made long since a happy snatch at fame," which must have been snatched away from him by envious time, for I cannot identify him; Thatcher, who died early, leaving one poem, *The Last Request*, not wholly unremembered; Miss Hannah F. Gould, a very bright and agreeable writer of light verse, — all these are commended to the keeping of that venerable public carrier, who finds his scythe and hour-glass such a load that he generally drops the burdens committed to his charge, after making a show of paying every possible attention to them so long as he is kept in sight.

It was a good time to open a new portfolio. But mine had boyhood written on every page. A single passionate outcry when the old war-ship I had read about in the broadsides that were a part of our kitchen literature, and in the Naval Monument, was threatened with demolition; a few verses suggested by the sight of old Major Melville in his cocked hat and breeches, were the best scraps that came out of that first portfolio, which was soon closed that it should not interfere with the duties of a profession authorized to claim all the time and thought which would have been otherwise expended in filling it.

During a quarter of a century the first portfolio remained closed for the greater part of the time. Only now and then it would be taken up and opened, and something drawn from it for a special occasion, more particularly for the annual reunions of a certain class of which I was a member.

In the year 1857, towards its close, this magazine, which I had the honor of

naming, was started by the enterprising firm of Phillips & Sampson, under the editorship of Mr. James Russell Lowell. He thought there might be something in my old portfolio which would be not unacceptable in the new magazine. I looked at the poor old receptacle, which, partly from use and partly from neglect, had lost its freshness, and seemed hardly presentable to the new company expected to welcome the new-comer in the literary world of Boston, the least provincial of American centres of learning and letters. The gilded covering where the emblems of hope and aspiration had looked so bright had faded; not wholly, perhaps, but how was the gold become dim! — how was the most fine gold changed! Long devotion to other pursuits had left little time for literature, and the waifs and strays gathered from the old portfolio had done little more than keep alive the memory that such a source of supply was still in existence. I looked at the old portfolio, and said to myself, “Too late! too late. This tarnished gold will never brighten, these battered covers will stand no more wear and tear; close them, and leave them to the spider and the book-worm.”

In the mean time the nebula of the first quarter of the century had condensed into the constellation of the middle of the same period. When, a little while after the establishment of this magazine, the “Saturday Club” gathered about the long table at “Parker’s,” such a representation of all that was best in American literature had never been collected within so small a compass. Most of the Americans whom foreigners cared to see — leaving out of consideration official dignitaries, whose temporary importance makes them objects of curiosity — were seated at that board. But the club did not yet exist, and the magazine was an experiment. There had already been several monthly periodicals, more or less successful

and permanent, among which Putnam’s Magazine was conspicuous, owing its success largely to the contributions of that very accomplished and delightful writer, Mr. George William Curtis. That magazine, after a somewhat prolonged and very honorable existence, had gone where all periodicals go when they die, into the archives of the deaf, dumb, and blind recording angel whose name is Oblivion. It had so well deserved to live that its death was a surprise and a source of regret. Could another monthly take its place and keep it when that, with all its attractions and excellencies, had died out, and left a blank in our periodical literature which it would be very hard to fill as well as that had filled it?

This was the experiment which the enterprising publishers ventured upon, and I, who felt myself outside of the charmed circle drawn around the scholars and poets of Cambridge and Concord, having given myself to other studies and duties, wondered somewhat when Mr. Lowell urged me with such earnestness to become a contributor. And so, yielding to a pressure which I could not understand, and yet found myself unable to resist, I promised to take a part in the new venture, as an occasional writer in the columns of the magazine.

That was the way in which the Second Portfolio found its way to my table, and was there opened in the autumn of the year 1857. I was already at least

Nel mezzo del cammin di mia vita,

when I risked myself, with many misgivings, in little-tried paths of what looked at first like a wilderness, a *selva oscura*, where, if I did not meet the lion or the wolf, I should be sure to find the critic, the most dangerous of the carnivora, waiting to welcome me after his own fashion.

The Second Portfolio is closed and laid away. Perhaps it was hardly worth while to provide and open a new one;

but here it lies before me, and I hope I may find something in it which will justify me in coming once more before my old friends in the pages where my name has been so long in stereotype.

If I can find a paper for every month my readers shall have it, and at any rate they may depend on having set before them whatever may be contained in the New Portfolio.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

VEDDER'S DRAWINGS FOR OMAR KHAYYÁM'S RUBÁIYÁT.

It is an experience probably common to all that passages in literature which have been perfectly familiar become suddenly illumined with new meaning when one or more of the senses is brought forward to assist in the interpretation. Every one has felt this stimulation of thought by sense in the new vitality given to Shakespeare's lines by the impersonation of a great actor; in the infinite loveliness which music lends to one of Heine's simplest stanzas. Even the cloudy second part of Goethe's *Faust* has, under the light of a magnificent presentation in the Weimar theatre, blazed out with a clearness which revealed coherence and unity to those who had regarded the work as an insoluble enigma. It is like wine acting upon the dull mind. It may be that in Omar Khayyám's philosophy the praise of the wine-cup is thus to be taken in the larger sense of symbolizing the aid which the use and enjoyment of all our sensuous gifts may afford in bringing us to a truer understanding of the great problems of life and being.

This interpretation has been insisted upon by many students of Omar, a fact which Mr. Vedder seems to have had in mind; for in conceiving the series of remarkable drawings which form his "accompaniment" to Omar's Song he so placed his thought as to leave the solution of this question still at the reader's option.

Mr. Vedder's work is a rare instance of the perfect sympathy that may exist

between poet and painter, and find in art adequate expression, even after many years. The present century has given us at least four great artist individualities preëminent in imaginative power: William Blake, the Englishman; Arnold Böcklin, the Swiss; William Rimmer and Elihu Vedder, the Americans. Persons fond of tracing resemblances, and also of denying originality wherever they fancy resemblance, will perhaps ascribe certain peculiarities of the latter two to the influence of the first mentioned, and may possibly charge them with imitation. But nothing could be further from the truth. These four men have kindred traits, but all have powerful personalities, and each has worked out his problems in his own way. Any seeming evidence of influence comes from the fact that all are peculiarly children of this century, and in dealing with its questions their minds naturally trend in the same direction, just as do those of great inventors dealing with physical facts. Of the four, Blake shows himself to be more exclusively literary in quality; his expression was inadequate to his conception; there is something in his work repellent to many minds, and it will always remain of more interest to scholars than to lovers of art. Böcklin and Vedder have gained much of their largest inspiration in the atmosphere of Italy, have absorbed the spirit of its Renaissance, have learned the lessons of its abounding beauty and strengthened their souls with its passionate power. It

was Rimmer's fate, on the other hand, to work in solitude, with very little sympathetic fellowship or appreciation, amid the prosaic surroundings of the western world.

A lack of earnestness has rightfully been charged to the great body of our artists. They have acquired a most difficult language, but they have no thoughts to express in it. In former days artists treated what affected them most thoroughly; the figures and events of religion and mythology were their themes. To-day the love of nature has been keenly developed, and we have great landscape painters. We have called upon our poets to treat the great features of nineteenth-century life. We likewise see our artists of the highest imaginative resources dealing with modern interpretations of the problems of existence. William Rimmer and Elihu Vedder, like Hawthorne with his mystic genius, are true growths of our soil; and although their country lacks an historic background and its physical environment is most prosaic, after all, it is the land of freedom and untrammelled thought. Like them, why should not others lift themselves above the barren plain of their physical surroundings, and give their thoughts free wing in the realms of ideality?

The mind has its bounds, as the sea has, and the command, Thus far shalt thou reason, and no farther, has been set up against it. That the flood-mark was reached ages ago appears to be demonstrated by Omar Khayyám, whose universality of intellect is evinced by a singular freedom from the limitations and prejudices of contemporary creeds and philosophies. When Edward Fitzgerald translated the *Rubáiyát*, he gave a new classic to the English literature. We feel that while other translations may be more literal they cannot so completely represent the spirit of the poet. Fitzgerald was fortunate in preserving the form of the verse, which appears

peculiarly adapted for the conveyance of such thoughts. This reiterated Oriental rhyme has been successfully employed by various German poets. Platen, a master of form, expresses the spirit of it well when he introduces his *Gaselen* with the lines, —

“Im wasser wogt die Lilie, die blanke, hin und her,
Doch irrst du, Freund, so bald du sagst, sie
schwanke hin und her!
Es wurzelt ja so fest ihr Fuss im tiefen Meeres-
grund,
Ihr Haupt nur wiegt ein lieblicher Gedanke hin
und her!”

The water-lily on the wave is playing to and fro,
But, friend, thou errest when thou dost say she's
straying to and fro!
Her feet are rooted firm and fast in ground
beneath the lake;
A lovely thought her beauteous head is swaying
to and fro.

The group of leading thoughts in the *Rubáiyát*, floating aerially and ever recurrent, are given appropriate form in the rhyme which, after the break in the third line, is ever brought back in the fourth, like the lily's swaying head secured by its anchored stem.

Mr. Vedder, as an artist interpreter of Omar Khayyám, is the peer of Mr. Fitzgerald. He has revealed new depths of meaning in the words of the great Persian poet-astronomer. He calls his work “an accompaniment of drawings,” a music-suggestive term of the broadest significance. The conventional accompaniment is but a support to the song, a dull groundwork of which the hearer is hardly aware. But in the hands of a master-composer the accompaniment threads and pervades the song: giving new meaning to its melody; grasping, perhaps, the whole scheme; and reaching, through the tone-sense, depths of the heart and soul to which words alone could not appeal. Something analogous Mr. Vedder has accomplished here. His drawings rise from the rank of mere comments to embodiments of the poet's meaning; and frequently they carry the imagination beyond the poet to the real

problem which gave him inspiration. The scope of the poem affords him the adequate range and compass for seizing upon and imprisoning in art thoughts accustomed to soar to the thither side of space. Weirdness is a word which occurs to all who know Mr. Vedder's work, and yet it is but vaguely indicative of the mystic spirituality of its character, allied to which is a striking demonic element. With all the magnitude of their conception and the power of their imagery, these drawings possess an infinite tenderness, a grace and loveliness, which mark a close human sympathy as well as the utterances of a stern and inexorable fate.

The work is full of symbolic touches: some are evident at a glance, some will be found upon a short acquaintance, a few are explained in the notes, while others will reveal themselves only to the careful student. Upon the cover appears one of the most significant conceits. This pervades the work: the mysterious swirl of life, gradually gathering its forces from infinity; then a halting and a reverse of the movement, as in the eddy of a stream, denoting the brief moment of existence; followed by the dissipation of the forces as gradually as they gathered.

Possibly as many meanings may yet be read out of Omar's clear, crystalline verses as out of Shakespeare or Goethe's Faust. In Mr. Vedder's drawings there is a wealth of subtle suggestions which indicate how thoroughly the artist has absorbed and assimilated the work. It has been aptly compared to a symphony, with its leading themes, its divisions, and its variations in treatment; running the gamut of human thought and passion, from the sparkling present to the vastness of eternity, from the heights of aspiration to the depths of despair.

In the three symphonic movements, as we might call them, into which the work is divided by Mr. Vedder, marked first by the bitter cup of life with a

chaplet of prickly leaves, and second by the pardon giving and imploring hands entangled in the broken threads of life as they are stretched up to heaven, it may be easy to fancy the treatment of the same themes from the standpoint of life's morning, afternoon, and evening: the stormy passions of youth, the quiet acceptance of fate by maturity, and the philosophic contemplation of age which now and then reverts to the half-solved problems of earlier days. Youth is not all joy or heedlessness. Amid the gaiety, the recklessness, the exuberance, of vitality occur the great problems of life. But they are received with stormy unrest; iron-handed fate is met with futile scorn, with rebellious bitterness. So we see in this part the facts and the problems of life stated in their various phases, from the keynote of the work, —

"Waste not your hours, nor in the vain pursuit
Of This and That endeavor and dispute;
Better be jocund with the fruitful Grape
Than sadden after none, or bitter Fruit," —

where, in the frontispiece, Omar is shown in the midst of his joyous companions looking down upon the conquering warrior, the miser, the scientist, and the priest, to the mighty conclusion of this part, with the Sphinx crouching amid the desolation of the wrecked world, her enigma, —

"A moment guess'd — then back behind the Fold
Immers'd of Darkness round the Drama roll'd
Which, for the pastime of Eternity,
He does Himself contrive, enact, behold."

There are charming scenes of youth and loveliness, idyllic, gay, and elegiac as well. Opposed to life in its fullest vigor are glimpses of desolation and death in its most awful sublimity. The mysteries of the universe and of eternity are presented. The scene where "the phantom caravan has reached the Nothing it set out from," with the stream of earth's millions face to face with eternity, some with averted, indignant eyes, others unmoved, is a picture of tremendous power. This, the

last of four grand pictures of death, precedes the Sphinx and the dead world, whose hopelessness is relieved by a flash of lightning in the sky, which tells of a greater power than Fate.

The problems stated in the first part are discussed in the second. The inevitable is accepted, and the judgments of Fate are calmly examined by one who has struck from the calendar "unborn To-morrow and dead Yesterday." The pleasures of life are enjoyed as they come. The wine-cup confutes the "two and seventy jarring sects," and the mighty Mahmúd, a powerful figure of great beauty, — Bacchus, — scatters with his whirlwind sword "the misbelieving and black horde of fears and sorrows that infest the soul." A voluptuous dark-eyed maid appears beneath a vine with the question, —

"Why, be this juice the growth of God, who dare
Blasphe me the twisted tendril as a snare?
A Blessing, we should use it, should we not?
And if a Curse — why then, who set it there?"

In this mood we behold the Present listening to the voices of the Past, in the guise of a graceful boy holding to his ear a sea-shell. In the same calm spirit we are shown a mighty conception of the three Fates, whose coiled-up thread of life, distaff, and shears laid aside show that they have finished with this world and are dealing with the universe; casting out their cloud-nets into space, and seizing the planets, which are laid by at their feet, to be dealt with by the controlling powers. With this we read, —

"We are no other than a moving row
Of magic Shadow-shapes that come and go
Round with this sun-illumin'd Lantern held
In Midnight by the Master of the Show.

"Impotent pieces of the Game He plays
Upon this Checker-board of Nights and Days:
Hither and thither moves, and checks, and
slays,
And one by one back in the Closet lays.

"The Ball no question makes of Ayes and Noes,
But Right or Left as strikes the Player goes;
And He that toss'd you down into the Field,

He knows about it all — *He* knows — *He* knows!"

Then there is the mighty conception of the Recording Angel unheeding the hands uplifted in agony from below; later we are shown the Last Man with Love dead at his feet, but Evil, in the form of the serpent, still alive to whisper in his ear. Love affrighted at the sight of Hell, the Magdalen and Eve follow, accompanying the quatrain, —

"Oh, Thou, who Man of baser Earth didst make
And ev'n with Paradise devise the Snake:
For all the sin wherewith the Face of Man
Is blacken'd — Man's Forgiveness give — and
take!"

This makes the culmination of the second division, which is closed by the picture of the uplifted and imploring hands.

In the third "movement," as Mr. Vedder has treated the problem, the poet has concluded that he is neither altogether responsible nor irresponsible, but in a large measure self-dependent, under restrictions. The simile of the Potter "thumping his wet clay" is introduced much like a prefatory *motif*. The series of pictures which continue through this passage, recalling the scriptural "Hath not the potter power over the clay?" are exceedingly interesting in their interdependent relationship. It is the pot's discussion of the maker's intent, and the artist's fancy has invested the plastic shapes with characteristics of usefulness or simply ornamentation, but so delicately expressed as not to be in the least obtrusive. It is in this division of the poem that the oft-returning half-confidence in the prevalence of good over evil in the world asserts itself, as in the stanza, —

"'Why,' said another, 'some there are who tell
Of one who threatens he will toss to Hell
The luckless Pots he marr'd in making. —
Pish!
He is a Good Fellow, and 't will all be well.'"

In these drawings of the Potter Mr. Vedder has given his figures and accessories a decided Oriental character, — a feature which he has heretofore consid-

ered sufficiently emphasized by demonstrative hints. From the close of this simile to the last quatrain the poet seems to be considering life through the experience and with the enlightened mind of age; and here are some of Mr. Vedder's most masterly efforts. Omar's grave, with its "snare of vintage," marked by a slab, upon which are cut a lute with broken strings, an inverted cup, and behind all the mysterious "swirl," is followed by a drawing which brings back in full force the temptations of youth; then comes the regret, "Yet ah, that Spring should vanish with the Rose," and in the next two drawings the end. That the conclusion is announced by drawings which are worthy of their position is a triumph for the artist, for he has steadily accelerated the interest from page to page, and made his climax fitting. The two drawings accompany the stanzas, —

"Ah Love! could you and I with him conspire
To grasp this sorry Scheme of Things entire,
Would not we shatter it to bits — and then
Remould it nearer to the Heart's Desire.

"And when like her, O Sáki, you shall pass
Among the Guests star-scatter'd on the Grass,
And in your blissful errand reach the spot
Where I made one — turn down an empty glass."

The former, in resentment of the inevitable order, is accompanied by a magnificent drawing representing Age uplifting youthful Love, who, cast down by the presence of evil, looks with horror at the ill-omened bird of prey, which has been driven from its victim. The drawing for the last stanza depicts the blissful errand of Sáki. Then follow the notes in ornamental borders. Mr. Vedder's explanation of the initial with which he has signed all his drawings is most ingenious and characteristic. At the end of the volume this signature is enlarged to the size of a full-page illustration, and with this added dignity we perceive for the first time that the simple initial has a meaning all its own. The broken ends of a reed, torn up by the wind, have been lashed together and

shaped into a double pipe, upon which some accompaniment is possible. The gnarled roots on the one side and the flag tops on the other form the upper extremities of the unique initial, while the Persian wine-cup that marks the full stop recalls the poet again; for Omar sang, —

"Ah, with the Grape my fading Life provide,
And wash the body whence the Life has died,
And lay me shrouded in the living Leaf
By some not unfrequented Garden-side,

"That ev'n my buried ashes such a snare
Of Vintage shall fling up into the air
As not a true believer passing by
But shall be overtaken unaware."

The poet's wish was not in vain. The vine that sprang from his ashes is spreading over the world. Tales of its beauty are heard in all lands, and many are the believers who rest in its shade and gratefully share the bounty of its fruit.

The fact that one so readily falls into considering the drawings from a literary point of view is in itself, we think, exceeding high praise of Mr. Vedder's work. Seldom it is, alas! that an artist enriches his picture with enough inspiration to arouse his friends to that state of sympathy which is absolutely necessary to those who would express a truly valuable opinion on the work, as well as to those who would more thoroughly enjoy meditation and recollection of it. That picture is of little actual worth to the world which, having no trace of inspiration whereon to place a recognized value, demands position simply as a drawing. Is it not true of all great artists that their pictures appeal so directly to the soul of the observer that the mind accepts drawing for what it really is, — a means to the end? We think it will be found that Mr. Vedder's pictures make their appeal in the same way.

The mechanical execution of the book is worthy of a word. The plates seem to reproduce the drawings with little or no loss, and in one or two cases with

some trifling gain, which now and then follows reduction and translation into one color. This adaptation of an improved gelatine-printing method, made directly from original drawings, is a new feature in American illustrated book-

making, and has been tried here for the first time in large and difficult plates. If the promise made by this addition to our illustrative methods is kept, we may hope to see other magnificent pictures contribute intimately to literary enjoyment.

CULTURE OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

THE Gentleman's Magazine, — both the name and the thing belong to a by-gone time. A hundred and more years ago the magazine was the property of cultivated persons, just as later on it was the reviewers', and now is the people's. *Quanto mutatus*, one involuntarily falls into saying, not with regret, but because in consequence of this change there is in these opening volumes¹ of the series that is to preserve the salvage of the wealthiest periodical in English a peculiar quality, not perhaps to be called classical, but analogous thereto, — a unique mark, the seal and the brand that suggest age and arouse whatever instincts of literary epicurism linger among us. The best, the characteristic, portions of this serial are nearer the Queen Anne than the Victorian style, both in literature and in social traits. In many a passage one feels that Addison is not far off, and that Macaulay, who was the first true heir of his high and mighty seat on the throne of the British middle class, is as yet unthought of. Something of the variety that is essential to a complete impression of the tastes of our reading great-grandsires is lost by the method of grouping the extracts by topics; the virtuoso's collection thus provided misses the charm of being random and helter-skelter, as in the crowded rooms of Walpole's wonderful treasury

of bricabrac at Strawberry Hill, but the modern editor of a scientific age must classify his specimens and sort each to its own case, just as he adds an index at the end. To us, however, these volumes will be less books of reference than sources of amusement and information, not about things as they are, but about the light in which the old masters of the liberal arts once saw them; if we can only get a fair look into their wainscoted studies, that will be enough for one day.

The old *magistri liberalium artium*, indeed, they were; though, as standards now run, they were an unscholarly lot. Yet with what an air they wore their patches of Roman learning! With what a natural ease and the amiable vanity of an antiquary, as they looked on at the rural sports and traditionary customs of the yeomanry, would they warm their memories with reminiscences of the festal days and rites they had read of in Ovid! The mythology of antiquity was their "open sesame" to the curiosities of May-day and weddings and harvest homes. The modern investigator smiles at their apt quotations from the classics, and from the Welsh or Scottish scene described his thoughts fly farther and wider to the old Erse laws, the hill-country of primitive India, and the raids of Australian aborigines in the obscure Manners and Customs. Vol. II., Dialect, Proverbs, and World-Lore. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

¹ *The Gentleman's Magazine Library*. Being a classified collection of the chief contents of the Gentleman's Magazine from 1731 to 1868. Edited by GEORGE LAURENCE GOMME, F. S. A. Vol. I.,

region of the lowest savagery. Learning with us is a pursuit instead of a pastime; the men of the last century were nearer the facts (for the ancient English customs are now fallen into disuse, and shun our eyes), but we are much nearer the theories, and so the student will fancy that he now attends only to what the old scholars observed, and may skip what they thought. There is truly a mine of observations in these books with regard to country manners that were then to be seen as periodically as the seasons themselves. Many of the contributors would seem to have lived in the country, — clergymen, one thinks, for the most part; and they had an eye for the old and the picturesque in the people's life, and were as much interested in such finds as some of us are in unearthing Indian relics. No inconsiderable part of the charm of these pages lies in their passing but vivid disclosure of some old English sight. One passage, in particular, is so fine a bit in the old manner, is given in such bright words and in the familiar yet well-bred style of the letters of that period, that we cannot forbear quoting it at length. *Tempus, Anno Domini 1793.*

"Passing along that delightful range of valleys between Bradford in Yorkshire to Kendal, we saw a number of country people rush out of a church founded upon a pleasant hill, and immediately the bells chimed most merrily. We desired the coachman to stop in the village underneath, till the group approached, following a new-married couple: — the whole bedizened with ribbons, — the bride most glaringly so, — large true-blue bows were across the full of her breast, lessening till they reached the waist; white, red, and every other color were conspicuous about her gown and hat, except forsaken green, which I was glad to perceive was not worn by one of the throng. It would have gladdened any heart to have seen them striking down the hill, — such kiss-

ing, and such romping, and such laughing, I never heard or saw before. Rustic happiness was afloat; the girls' faces were tinged beyond their native bloom, and the maidens' blush enlivened the lilies around them. The men's legs and arms were as busy as if they had hung on wires. In an instant half a dozen youths pulled off their shoes and stockings, when I noticed their legs had been previously girt with party-colored ribbons. On being started by the bride, they spanked off as hard as they could, amidst the whoops of the young and old. This I understand is a *race of kisses*: and he who first reaches the bride's house is rewarded with a kiss and a ribbon. If they were to have been rewarded by a bag of gold, they could not have looked more eager; they took different roads (without heeding the rough stones they had to encounter), and which we were told were previously agreed upon, in proportion to the known swiftness of the candidates. We regretted that we could not stay to see the result of this Hymenean race; and left them in the midst of their mirth, after a donation which would not take from it, but which was only received, on condition of mutually drinking healths, and our accepting a ribbon apiece. I got upon the top of the coach to look at them as long as I could. Marrowbones and cleavers could not express half the hilarity which we witnessed; and when the coach set off they gave us *breasts-full* of huzzas. We answered them with such sincerity, I shall have a twist in my hat as long as it lasts; and for some time after we left them, we heard bursts of noise.

A RAMBLER."

Dick Steele would have welcomed such a correspondent, and given the scene the immortality of a page of the Tatler, at least, and that was the most he could confer.

This spirit of geniality, together with the landscape that makes so fit a background for the antiquarian lore, gives

one constantly the sense of being in pleasant company, with a touch of oddity in the people. One would like to meet a man who found an absorbing interest in the history of sign-boards, and took pains to catalogue all that were in his neighborhood or had been swinging there within the memory of men; and even a modern Shakespearean scholar, although he stands aghast at the etymologies of his fathers, must experience some fellow-feeling with the correspondent who tried to crack that nut of "leading apes in hell" with which Beatrice still puzzles the commentators. The frequency of references to Shakespeare, too, by these Englishmen before Schlegel is very gratifying, with its ample proof of the enormity of that pretentious falsehood which declares that the Germans discovered Shakespeare for us. Our ancestors knew a good play as well as good ale, and that they were seldom deceived is tolerably clear to those of us who have worried through the reprints of the comedies and tragedies they damned. Shakespeare had a place in their minds with Lucan and Virgil, because they were educated to seek for worth, and what they gathered passed into their lives and became related to things about them; now, knowledge is the cry, and a large part of what is recovered seems meant only to pass into libraries, and be stood up there as the Egyptians embalmed the dead. Thus, considered generally, these volumes bring home to the mind very sharply the change in the temper of our scholarly class. A literary instead of a scientific spirit informs them; cultivation as contradistinguished from exact knowledge is the trait that especially belongs to the writers in them; in other words, they are a fine illustration of the culture of the old school.

The peculiar propriety of the old word for the branches of a liberal education, "the humanities," is thus one of the striking impressions made by the perusal

of most of the work. The interest of the author in his subject is generally not due to any cultivation of the historical sense, which makes time long past an object of curiosity as ardent as is felt in contemporary affairs; some fact of experience instead of one of book-learning is the source of his little essay, or note, or query, as the case may be, and his limited stock of information is drawn upon only to illustrate and elucidate the matter in hand. Possibly one is now and then reminded of our old and delightful friend the Antiquary himself, and how he found the lines of the Roman *castra* and quoted his polysyllabic authorities apropos thereof, when the beggarly Ochiltree could have told him in good broad Scotch the facts about his mare's nest, and so spared him his Latin; but the exhibit of learning is occasioned in the same way by something seen or heard, and comes as naturally in place as genealogies to the lips of country gossips when an old man dies. These parish clergymen, who read with interest the forms and ceremonies of the Biddings to Welsh marriages, might have felt a less lively curiosity about the kingdom of the Hittites that Professor Sayce has rescued from the maw of oblivion; and they, we dare say, would try much harder to interpret that curious letter in the Shetland dialect, or to get the exact sense of the Exmoor Courtship, than to translate cuneiform inscriptions or enjoy the love-songs of the Egyptians before Moses, as we have them now in that very valuable collection of the leaflets of antiquity published as *Records of the Past*. Not that there was no true learning in those easy-going days, nor any lack of an enlightened interest in it; but men who were merely cultivated had a narrower range, and did not trouble themselves much with what did not in some way come with warmth to their hearts and have a personal value to them; and even the men of widest acquisitions wore their learning, as Mil-

ton did, like a panoply in which to endue themselves when the controversial giant should appear on the other side. Now we go light-armed, and if any fray arises, take an index and write our rejoinder by its aid. Beside those great battles that used to be waged, our modern contests seem mere fencing-bouts. We do not carry what we know about with us any more, whether it be much or little, but put it into a dictionary for reference. In other words, knowledge has been becoming more and more impersonal, just as scholarship has gradually taken on a professional character. One smiles at the very suggestion of an Englishman of the old school taking a "disinterested" view in any matter; and disinterestedness, as we are told, is the essence of the modern scholarly ideal. A student nowadays is much like a lawyer or doctor: he makes an investigation and writes a book as they examine and conduct a case, and when he is through with his task the volume is put on the shelves, and he goes on to a new work as they to a fresh client or patient. Nor does the frame of mind in which he goes through the routine of research differ much from that of his brethren in the bar; for his pursuit is to him a business, and is as disconnected with his own individual affairs as is the case with the others. Scholarship is in fact already one of the professions, and its votaries, who were once nearer the literary, are now nearer the scientific class. As a consequence, learning, which was once truly, like poetry, a part of culture, is passing over to that division where it becomes, like the study of the law or of medicine, merely an item of civilization; it ceases to be a thing that can be incorporated into the body and substance of our lives, and now constitutes a part of those possessions of society in common with which the individual is concerned not continuously nor for his own sake alone, but incidentally and as a social being. An obscure perception

of this change underlies the opposition to classical studies, which in becoming largely the apparatus of a profession have lost their character of being modes of culture. Even the undergraduate does not need a very thorough acquaintance with the books and conversations of the gentlemen of the old school in order to conclude quite certainly that if he knows more Latin they knew vastly more Horace. In our academies and colleges the language is taught as never before, but the old boys of Eton and Harvard learned what the language was used for, and that was their great gain. The whole literature of the eighteenth century proves how truly the classics were appropriated then by those who read them; and when an elegant writer of compliments now and then pleasantly mentions "our own Waller," the accent of the phrase discloses a state of education, of literary standards and modes of comparison, very different from any that now obtain either here or in England. It is not that the humanities have lost their humanizing power, but that they are inculcated as sciences. Culture must always be literary, but the classics, in consequence of the change in the ideal of scholarship, have become philology, antiquities, and cognate branches of research. This subject, however, is too broad and too old a one, and is in a fair way to be settled, willy-nilly, by the logic of social needs. It is glanced at here, because the older contributors to the *Gentleman's Magazine*, and by inference the far larger number of its readers, exhibit admirably the strength and weakness of that old culture, so living, personal, familiar, so uninterruptedly entering into daily interests, so at ease with itself, and, with all the limitations that made it parish-like, so essentially humane. What is to be in the place of it, what a gentleman may be assumed to know and how he bears his knowledge, belongs to the future, since at present the intellectual furni-

ture of a well-bred man, beyond a conversational acquaintance with the talk of the hour, is a matter almost of haphazard, an unlimited curiosity being perhaps his most useful trait; but let the education of the next age be what it will, it can hardly make men more agreeable, refined, and truly enlightened than were the gentlemen bred under the old *régime*, nor leave a pleasanter tradition behind it than flavors the pages of their monthly.

From what has been said it will be thought quite rightly that these are volumes to be read in by a winter fire, and not studied. The seeker after facts will take the books of latest authority, which the editor has been careful to list in his prefaces as furnishing the necessary corrections to the vagaries of the old-fashioned text, and find in them the knowledge he desires; but when study grows wearisome, he can scarcely have better diversion, nor one more consonant with his tastes, than in the rambling and gossipy antiquarianism of the body of the volumes. On the whole, one cannot more easily characterize their contents than as the literature that old men are especially fond of; for the instinct of the antiquary can hardly consist with the sense of utility so engrossing in young minds. In fact, too, one must have some spice of the old culture in order to enjoy the magazine that flourished under its influence; he cannot otherwise be placed *en rapport* with it. The list of the London pageants, for example, will be dry unless one is already attached to the memory of those parades, and can imagine from a hint the moving *tableaux vivants* of the trades; and no inconsiderable part of the attraction there is in discussion of proverbial sayings, village

customs, and disused games lies in the familiarity they have acquired by being mentioned in our old dramatic literature, or memoirs, diaries, and letters. The local coloring that was unconsciously put upon their works by the writers of a former day, before it became a recognized element in the novelist's art, is brightened, and the blurred and faded spots are restored by the reminiscences and survivals of ancient customs and the descriptions of forgotten things that are gathered here as in a final repository. Next to the very valuable record of traditional usages in the life of the country people, the dialect pieces seem of most interest and best worth reprinting, from the view of modern scholarship, though they add little to the collections of the Dialect Society. If we were to treat of the several topics separately, however, our notice could be nothing but an inventory, owing to the diversity of the matter. The remaining volumes of the series will add to this difficulty; and though we are not informed as to the topics to be included in them, they cannot fail to be well filled with literary curiosities, and perhaps the later volumes of the Magazine may furnish a larger proportion of the extracts. When it is remembered that Gibbon first proposed the scheme that is now, almost a century since, being carried out, the vitality of the interest the series has seems beyond question; and, after all, he will be a dull reader who does not find in it, however much he may smile at its unscientific character, something more than the most complete and varied expression of the spirit that breathed in the now discredited education that bred Gray and Joseph Spence and John Evelyn.

RECENT AMERICAN FICTION.

MR. CABLE's novels differ essentially from his short stories, and disclose in what phase of his work this author takes the liveliest interest. He has a quick apprehension of the physiognomy both of persons and places; he watches eagerly the dramatic exhibition of life; he is concerned with the development of character. All this is discernible in his short stories, but when he is permitted the breadth and freedom of the novel he discloses the fact that over and above all this he is absorbed in the contemplation of the struggle which is going on in the world between the forces of good and evil. In this he shows his kinship with the great moralists who have used the novel as a microcosm which should reflect their conception of the macrocosm. Thus the *Grandissimes* showed how profoundly Mr. Cable had studied the question of slavery and races, and thus Dr. Sevier¹ hints very directly at studies in poverty as a social problem.

In art, however, a humane or religious sentiment must possess a work; it must not interrupt it. The *Grandissimes* was a strong book in its intention, but the author had not so mastered his great theme that he was able to present it through a culminating process of persons and events, and the consequence is that one enjoys only a series of massive fragments. Dr. Sevier again illustrates the same tendency of this writer to forget the limitations of his mimic art, and to confound his characters with real persons. The attentive reader imagines for the greater part of the book that he is engaged in tracing the fortunes of John Richling and his wife. He is willing, indeed, to concede, in deference to the title of the work, that the main theme is Dr. Sevier's relation to this struggling

couple; but he discovers before the book is done that Mr. Cable's own interest is not so much in these people, either as people or as representatives of certain motives, as it is in the working out of certain problems which vex him regarding poverty and labor. It is not wholly clear what he thinks, beyond the general proposition that the question of poverty is, in the last analysis, one of personal relations, and not of merely social organization; but it is evident that his own novel does not absorb his thought, and he has not succeeded in making the persons and the action clearly carry the moral which lay in his own mind. Indeed, he has forced the situation, we think, and produced results in the case of John Richling which the circumstances and the character of Richling lead one to doubt. Is it quite reasonable to suppose that the repeated success which Richling is shown to have attained had no accumulative effect upon his fortunes? In the final success with the German baker, the question of credentials comes up anew to perplex John and the doctor. Mr. Cable seems to forget that he has told us how again and again John had secured a situation, shown himself capable of filling it, and then had lost it through no fault of his own, but by circumstances beyond his control. Now these cases of temporary success certainly should have afforded basis enough for credentials. But no; it was necessary to keep up the fiction in order to remind the reader what he might easily forget, — that John's origin is a mystery.

The truth is that Mr. Cable desired a character of essentially noble qualities, who had thrown away, in marrying out of his class and section, the advantages to which he had been born and bred, and was now to fight the battle of life

¹ *Dr. Sevier*. By GEORGE W. CABLE. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1885.

single-handed and with scarcely a weapon. The fact of his being a disguised gentleman was enough for the novelist's purposes, and he seems rather to have despised the ordinary means resorted to in such cases to hold the reader's interest. The fact is disclosed chiefly by innuendo, and made perfectly apparent only at the close of the book, where it has no climactic significance. The mere incidents of Richling's separation from his family are held to be of no importance to the reader, and the fact itself might have been revealed to him at any time, instead of being hinted at in pantomime.

The disposition to convey a meaning by hints and nods seems to be taking firmer hold of Mr. Cable, and we are sorry for it. The shrug, the posture, and gesture generally, belong to the stage, and not to literature. It is only by rare use of this mode of expression that an author can hope to make it effective. When he insists upon it, and tries to make it effective, the mind tires of the effort to reproduce the exact significance. For example, Mr. Cable undoubtedly intended to give some subtle clue to the nature of Mary Richling when he invested her laugh with so much meaning, but the reader has an uncomfortable feeling that he does not quite understand it. He is as puzzled as he is to know the precise point of humor in Narcisse's visits to the post-office, over which the author keeps up a subdued hilarity.

Somewhat the same criticism might be applied to the extraordinary pains which Mr. Cable is at to reproduce the exact forms of speech of his several characters. When Ristofalo is introduced, the author announces, "His English was well pronounced, but did not escape a pretty Italian accent, too delicate for the printer's art." We accept the statement with a feeling of relief that there is not to be added a new variation to Mr. Cable's odd collection of dialects; but our relief is a short one, for on the

next page the printer's art is called in to contribute to a clear perception of Ristofalo's linguistic peculiarities. There are no insuperable difficulties in reading the lingo which all but the native Americans indulge in. The phonetic sentences even of the German baker yield an intelligible meaning, but we doubt if all this contortion of speech carries as much as Mr. Cable seems to suppose. Its value, to use a technical phrase, is exaggerated, and one comes to feel that he is listening to a mimic. Mimicry has its place, but when it becomes so very considerable an element in art there is a loss in the beauty of the art itself. The very refinement of this feature serves to weaken one's perception of real character, and to confine attention to facial expression.

That Mr. Cable can tell a story well is illustrated by his narrative of Mary Richling's adventures in breaking through the lines and returning to New Orleans. The effect of this episode — for it has only a trifling structural value in the book — is to revive the reader's interest when it has begun to flag. The whole adventure is told with great skill and power. It makes us regret more than ever that Mr. Cable should not esteem more highly the dramatic quality of his work. If he allows himself to disregard this, he will be giving us tracts instead of great novels; and however forcible his tracts may be, their influence will be inconsiderable beside the possible long life and subtle power of a great work of art. That he has the making of a great humane novelist in him we firmly believe. He has a great gift by nature; he is for the time, however, perplexed by the conflict of two persons in him. If he ever succeeds in so adjusting his ethical nature to his artistic that the one shall be thoroughly interfused with the other, and his men and women, working out their destiny, shall keep within the bounds of a fit artistic order, we may expect a literary result noble and enduring.

It is pretty clear that we are entering upon a period in our literature when the war for the Union is to play a highly interesting part. Until lately we have lacked the requisite historical perspective; and while there has been plenty of cheap use of martial material, there has been wanting that temper and knowledge, both in authors and readers, which would permit the scenes of the war to form a background in front of which the story of life is drawn out. Dr. Mitchell has indeed boldly mingled the lives of his characters and the struggle for national life in a story¹ which need not be rehearsed here, since it has been already printed in the pages of this magazine. The story was well adapted to serial publication, since it depended for its value upon the slow building of characters, and the reader who followed the fortunes of Dr. Wendell had the opportunity of dwelling upon the successive phases of the man's nature, and thus of appreciating more fully the value of the subtle influences which were at work. Dr. Mitchell has written a graceful story, in which Philadelphia social life is brightly and clearly reproduced; but he has done more than this. He has succeeded in the very difficult task of tracing through simple outward manifestations the gradual disintegration of an inherently selfish and cowardly nature. *Nemo repente fuit turpissimus*, but it is no easy matter to show this without a good deal of morbid anatomy. Dr. Mitchell has avoided the easy mode of the analyst, and without the aid of any extraordinary incidents he has revealed Dr. Wendell's paltering with his conscience, so that the moral is involved in the story, but clear as noonday to the reader. It is by such books that the novel may prove its right to the office of *censor morum*, while it continues to be an agreeable companion; for we doubt if

any homily upon honesty could be more effective than this perfectly natural portraiture of a weak man.

The character of Ann Wendell is not so well drawn. One cannot help feeling that Dr. Mitchell drew upon an imagination which had been educated among books and conventional types when he sought to construct a New England gentlewoman. The hard and angular virtues which are customarily supposed to be indigenous to New England have enjoyed a modification in the transplantation to Philadelphia, but the plant is a potted one, after all. The persons native to the region have a more idiomatic rendering, and one comes to have a thorough enjoyment of the society of these well-bred people.

Mr. Craddock has used the war more deliberately as an artistic value. He has taken an old battle-field as the chief scene of his tale, and invested it not only with circumstance bearing directly upon the development of his story, but with a peculiar spiritual significance. The very title² of his story recurs from time to time as a melancholy refrain, and there is an almost too palpable appeal to the reader's imagination in the reiterated recital of mundane properties which are charged with a preternatural significance. The key in which the entire book is pitched is one of too great intensity for the actual story which is the core of the novel, and the writer is so much under the influence of his imagination that he has managed to stifle most of his characters. They talk, as it were, with bated breath, and seem always in danger of being blown up by the premature explosion of the materials of the story. One longs for a good breeze to clear away the heavy murkiness which hangs over everything.

The plot of the novel turns upon the attempt of the villain Brennett to get

¹ *In War Time*. By S. WEIR MITCHELL. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1885.

² *Where the Battle was Fought*. A Novel. By CHARLES EGBERT CRADDOCK. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1884.

possession of a piece of real estate, by playing upon the fears of the girl whose title to the property is possibly barred by the existence of a certain John Fortescue, who was said to have been killed upon the battle-field in an act of distinguished bravery. In furtherance of his plans he persuades a dissolute fellow, who knew Fortescue well, and has a gift of mimicry, to personate the missing man. Meanwhile a love affair is carried on between the daughter of General Vayne, who owns the plantation adjoining the battle-field, and a Captain Estwicke, who proves to be a son of Fortescue, and whose change of name involves a domestic tragedy.

The secrets of the plot are tolerably open, although the key to the character of Estwicke is not fairly in the reader's hands until the end of the book. There is a curious offense against probability in the silence of the young lawyer who is acting for the girl whose property is at stake, and the whole machinery by which the fraudulent Fortescue is made to serve the purpose of the plot creaks somewhat under the action of the story, but Mr. Craddock shows a good deal of ingenuity in his invention. The ingenuity is indeed so apparent, and the scenic properties of the battle-field are so persistently used, that the reader is forced to the conclusion that the whole story was invented for the sake of using the fanciful sights and sounds connected with Fort Despair. The imagination which reconstructed out of natural forces the shadowy simulacra of a great battle was a forcible one, but the artistic effect is marred by reversing the position of the real and imaginary. The weird ceases to be in the background; it is brought to the front, and thus irritates criticism.

In spite of structural offenses, the book impresses one as the work of a man of strong, vivid imagination. His representation of character, where the character is, so to speak, in a state of

nature, is uncommonly vigorous. We do not care much for the villain and his accomplices, but the moody Estwicke and the chivalric Vayne are capitably delineated. The women, too, are excellently discriminated, though they play a very subordinate part in the story. Antoinette, though not the heroine, is better drawn than Marcia. There are, besides, special scenes in the book which show a strong hand. Such is the gambling adventure, in an early chapter. It has very little to do with the development of the plot, but we suspect it will remain longest in the reader's mind; and it has a value, not understood when first read, as explaining the mind of Captain Estwicke. The pictures of rough Tennessee life are also good, although one is constantly afraid that the author is about to press the pathos too far. The temptation to exaggerate, not the actual feeling of rough men and women, but the expression of that feeling in terms which belong to more analytic minds, is one which seems to be a sore one to this author. We have dwelt at more length upon the defects of the book than upon its fine qualities, because we feel extremely jealous for the success of a writer who gives promise of being a new and distinct force in our literature.

It is not the subjects offered by Southern writers which interest us so much as the manifestation of a power which seemed to be dying out of our literature. We welcome the work of Mr. Cable and Mr. Craddock because it is large, imaginative, and constantly responsive to the elemental movements of human nature; and we should not be greatly surprised if the historian of our literature, a few generations hence, should take note of an enlargement of American letters at this time through the agency of a new South. Perhaps the political historian will make a similar statement. At any rate, there are elements in Southern life which, when expressed through literature, are complementary to ele-

ments in Northern life. The North refines through a keen analysis. The South enriches through a generous imagination. The spirit which informs the delicate, but fragile, creations of Northern literary art of the present day is a fine successor to a metaphysical temper which has for generations been making subtle distinctions in theology and philosophy. The breadth which characterizes the best Southern writing, the large, free handling, the confident imagination, are legitimate results of the careless yet masterful and hospitable life which has pervaded that section. We have had our laugh at the florid, coarse-flavored literature which has not yet disappeared at the South, but we are witnessing now the rise of a school which shows us the worth of generous nature when it has been schooled and ordered.

The marked separation between the North and the South which has permitted so wide a deviation in literary types is not exactly paralleled by longitudinal distinctions. For all that, Mr. Howe's *The Story of a Country Town*¹ is so curious a product of Western life that it would not be difficult to predicate a further sectional variation by means of it. The chief trouble would be to find another Western story to place with it. If it must be accounted for at all, it is safer to refer it to the impression which must be made on a sensitive nature by the growth of a transplanted creed in a rude soil. This, at least, appears to be the explanation which the narrator of the story makes to himself. He has described a community which feeds its higher life with a faith no longer held as an inspiration, but as a warning; the people, meanwhile, have been dislocated from the conditions which brought them into healthy association with the world. They are engaged in a sordid struggle for existence; they have lost their ideals,

and the world seems to mock at them. A more dreary waste than the country town which Mr. Howe describes could not well be imagined. It appears to have no traditions even of beauty, and certainly no anticipations of hope. It is degraded spiritually and mentally, and nature itself seems to take on the prevailing gray hue, and to shut in upon the narrowing circle of life.

The circumstances of this life are recorded with a pitiless fidelity. The author declares in his preface, and the reader has no difficulty in taking him literally at his word: "I do not think a line of it was written while the sun was shining, but in almost every chapter there are recollections of the midnight bell. No one can possibly find more fault with it than I have found myself. A hundred times I have been on the point of burning the manuscript, and never attempting it again; for I was always tired while working at it, and always dissatisfied after concluding an evening's work."

"Always tired while working at it." Never was a franker or more suggestive confession made by an author. The book carries evidence of fatigue on every page, but it is not merely physical fatigue, it is the fatigue of the spirit, which is fascinated by its work, and subtly assimilated to it. The author and the town are made out of the same materials; and since the story is told in the first person, one never knows whether the town has impressed itself on the author, or the author has created the town. It has been asserted that the book is a remarkable piece of realism, but a more distinct characteristic is the subjective treatment of realism. One feels that he is always in a damp, unwholesome sort of town. The author himself is greatly pleased with his figure of a cave in which the hero is wandering and waking the hollow echoes. The isolation of the town is something phenomenal. The book contains no hint of its geographical

¹ *The Story of a Country Town*. By E. W. HOWE. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1884.

position, and scarcely a reference to any known landmarks. It is a Western town, — that is all we know; and while certain features of Western life are recognizable, the strength of the book is not in the report of these features, but in the author's imaginative presentation of persons and scenes. He uses a merciless frankness of speech, and there is a remarkable candor in his manner; it is only when the reader has separated himself from the fascination of the style that he perceives how completely the whole book is spun from the brain of the writer. Mr. Howe has made the earth and the air, even, of his Western town. Nature is as cheerless as human life, and the book is a nightmare without the customary self-conviction of the nightmare.

The book is singularly composed of original and conventional elements. If Mr. Howe is indebted to any writer, it is to Dickens. The teller of the story and Agnes, and to a certain extent Big Adam, are copies, but the Rev. John Westlocke and Lytle Biggs and The. Meek and his family are genuine creations. Mr. Biggs's cynical philosophy makes one's tongue cleave to the roof of his mouth, and the author's melancholy power of language appears nowhere so masterly as in the monologues of this extraordinary creation. Hear him, for example, as he philosophizes upon life and death, after the death of his sister: —

“Taking a man, for example, when it is first known that he is to have an existence his mother cries, and his father says he would n't have had it happen for the world, or for fifty thousand dollars, although he may not have a dollar he can truthfully call his own. After a season of piling his clothes all in one place at night on the part of the coming man's father, and grief and suffering on the part of his mother, he is finally born, and the women of the neighborhood come in to see which one

of his parents he resembles, although it should be known beforehand that he will be like the uglier one in face and disposition. This may ALWAYS be depended upon; it NEVER fails. When he is a month old, or on the first regular bill-day after his birth, his father quarrels with the doctor for bringing him into the world at all, and pays the price in great anger and under protest, vowing that he will never again give the old quack opportunity to rob him. When he is three or four months old, his father and mother quarrel as to whether he shall be named for her people or for his folks. This settled, he is attacked with colic, followed in rapid succession by the numerous distressing complaints which nobody ever escaped. After this comes his boyhood, which he always remembers as being particularly disagreeable, as he never gets enough to eat, and is constantly being found fault with and whipped. At last he is started to school, where a man who is a tyrant because he is not a lawyer (or a woman who is cross because she is not married) endures him during the hours of the day when the outside is most attractive. From this he runs away, and serves an apprenticeship with the world, making so many mistakes and doing so many foolish things that he is crestfallen the remainder of his life. Then he marries the wrong woman, and has the experience of his father over again, meanwhile working like a slave to get something ahead. But he does not succeed, as he has a faculty of doing that which he ought not to do, although he strives very earnestly to become a great man, and make his father ashamed of himself; and after a life of misery, a boy comes out of his front door on a morning after a stormy and windy night, and hangs crape on the knob. If there is a newspaper in the town where he lives, he is given a magnificent column, to induce the relatives to buy large numbers of extra copies to send away. The next

day a hearse and six gentlemen in black clothes and white cotton gloves appear at his front gate. The neighbors come straggling in to see what the mourners will do, and an hour after that a surly sexton, who is wondering who will pay him, begins to rattle clods on his coffin; whereupon the carriages on the outer edge begin to drive hurriedly away, as if too much time had been spent with him already, and in a few minutes he is an inhabitant of the silent city whose residents quietly wait to be gathered as brands for the burning. If he happened to be possessed of an extra farm, or a store, or ready money, his afflicted relatives prove that he had been crazy several years before his death, that they may divide his effects to suit themselves, and which they afterwards spend in ribald and riotous living. The principal merit of this brief sketch, as the newspaper writers say, is its entire truthfulness. 'Deceased' — he inclined his head toward the coffin — 'had an experience like that I have mentioned, except that she was a woman. Peace to her dust.' He spoke of his sister as 'Deceased,' as though that had been her name, instead of Maggie, or Jennie, or whatever it really was. 'Now that she is Up There,' Mr. Biggs continued, after a short silence, waving his right hand toward the ceiling, 'I do not care if I mention that Deceased had an unhappy disposition. She had that tendency when a very little girl (being an angel now, she will recognize what I am saying as the truth, and commend me for it), and was unusually disagreeable to those around her. Whether her complaint was poor health, or disappointed hopes, I do not know; but as a man who believes that it is best to tell the truth at all hazards, I confess to you she died friendless. If there is not secret joy in this house that she is dead, then my philosophy avails me nothing, and I am as a ship on an unknown sea, without rudder or compass.'"

The story itself, so far as it relates to the fortunes of Jo Erring and his wife, whom the author apparently intends as the hero and heroine, issues in dreary melodrama; and although a good deal of care has been expended upon Jo Erring, the reader longs for some fine stroke of common sense to set the wretched being right. The book is whimsically inarticulate. There is no real spinal column to it, and no clear moral. The author has presented the lives of a number of people who have to do with each other, and has uncovered some concealed relationships, but the book is a number of stories rather than one story with episodes and digressions. The humor is of a somewhat acrid sort, but is undeniably present, and altogether the critic, glad as he may be to escape from a book which seems to turn the very moon to green cheese, finds himself recurring to it and unable to escape its grim fascination.

The Western town, with its suggestion, not of the frontier, but of a place left in the wake, finds a strong contrast in that picture of California life which Mrs. Jackson has given us in *Ramona*.¹ Instead of the barren, dreary existence so pitilessly exposed by Mr. Howe, we have the mellowness of a long-continued pastoral form of civilization as witnessed in the remains of Mexican occupation of California. The contrast extends to the treatment, for Mrs. Jackson shows a ripeness of art and a richness of color which make one feel that he has come unexpectedly upon a Murillo in literature.

The story is not a new one. A girl, brought up as a foster sister to a boy whose mother is coldly just to the alien and passionately devoted to the child of the house, is secretly loved by the generous youth, but returns the love only as a sister. Then comes a stranger, who shows her what her power of love is. The alliance is held disgraceful by the

¹ *Ramona. A Story.* By HELEN JACKSON (H. H.). Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1884.

mother, who obeys a sense of family pride when she has no obedience to give to family love. The lovers flee, are married, pass through a terrible experience which ends in the violent death of the man, and the widow is rescued in dire extremity by her foster brother, who has gone in search of her after his mother's death, and now recovers her to ease and quiet, finally marrying her, or that part of her which has not died with her husband.

We do not say that this is a commonplace story; only that the outline is one which could be substantially recovered from modern fiction. The interest is in the use which Mrs. Jackson has made of material never before appropriated for such a purpose. Her heroine is a girl half Indian, half Scotch. Her dragon mother is a Mexican Señora; the son, a Mexican gentleman; the lover, a full-blooded Indian. The scene is laid in California, and until near the close of the book no American is directly introduced. The minor personages are Franciscans and priests, Mexican, Indian, and half-breed servants. It will tax the credulity of the reader to tell him that the story, wrought from such materials, is one of the most artistic creations of American literature. Nevertheless, the most jaded novel-reader and Indiophobic may be trusted to finish the book, if once induced to enter upon a reading. We will answer for it that as such a reader glides upon the smooth, gentle current of the earlier chapters he will forget his prejudices, and be borne quickly along by the hastening current.

The brief outline of the story given above may be enriched without a betrayal of the reader's interests, for the worth of the book is not in any surprise or unexpected *dénoûment*. The scene opens in an old Mexican estate in Southern California, where the chief characters are the Señora Moreno, her son Felipe, and her adopted daughter Ramona Ortega. It is sheep-shearing

time, and the Señora wishes to arrange matters so that the band of Indian shears may come just when the old Franciscan, Father Salvierderra, makes his infrequent visit; for the Señora is a fervent daughter of the church. She is also a woman of iron will and subtle diplomacy. She wins her way, rarely by the direct exercise of power, but by her skill in seeming to follow the lead of her son. Her design is effected, and the Indians and the monk arrive together. At the head of the band is Alessandro, who comes suddenly and noiselessly upon Ramona, engaged in washing an altar cloth by the brookside. This man, handsome, alert, and silent, is overpowered in a moment by the beauty and grace of the girl. An accident which befalls Felipe upon the first day of the shearing brings the two together. Felipe, who has just recovered from an illness, is exerting himself beyond his strength in packing the fleeces, and suddenly faints upon the roof of the shed, falling helpless in a most perilous position. Alessandro rescues him, and still further saves his life by singing to him when the sufferer is delirious, and so quieting him as to cause him to fall into a slumber which is the turning point of the sickness. Meanwhile, Juan Canito, the head shepherd of the Moreno estate, breaks his leg, and the result is that Alessandro, instead of going away with his band as soon as the shearing is over, remains in charge, and proves to be the most helpful nurse to Felipe, upon whom he tries hygienic means familiar enough to the Indian.

It is not long after the beginning of these scenes that Alessandro learns in a fragmentary fashion that Ramona has Indian blood in her. It gives him a confidence which otherwise he would not have dared to assume. As a matter of fact, Ramona was the child of Angus Phail, a Scotchman, who had been cruelly thrown aside by the sister of Señora

Moreno, and an unknown Indian woman whom he had taken to wife in his sullen despair. Upon the death of the mother Angus had brought the child, in fierce revenge, to the childless Señora Ortegna, who now conquered him by her contrition, received the child as her own, and on her own death bequeathed her to Señora Moreno. This iron woman hated the child because of all the reminiscences which she called up, but treated her with a hard, unloving justice.

The crisis of the lovers' affairs comes when Señora Moreno chances upon them locked in each other's arms, at the very moment of betrothal. She vents her rage upon both, for she sees in such a union, whether true or false, a disgrace upon a proud Mexican house thus brought into alliance with an Indian. She drives Ramona to her room, locks her in, and determines to crush the girl's will. Alessandro has sought Felipe, and been advised to go away for four days. He goes, but three weeks pass before he comes back. Then he appears, hollow-cheeked and broken-hearted, for his home-going has been to find his father dead, the village of which his father was head destroyed, the people ruthlessly driven away by the Americans, who have, under form of law, made themselves masters of all the fields which the Indian had patiently tilled. Alessandro, his fleet horse taken from him, has ridden and crawled back to Ramona, meaning to release her from her promise, for he is now a beggar. Ramona, who has been wasting in the silence of Alessandro's absence, has a presentiment of his approach, and steals out by night to meet him. She gives herself unreservedly to her lover; his people are her people, and she will share his wanderings. Together they flee that night, escaping by means of Ramona's horse. They hide in a remote cañon till danger of pursuit seems over, and at last, by watchful marches, reach San Diego, where they are married.

Now begins a series of pathetic misfortunes. As fast as they become established in one place the covetous Americans appear, take possession of the land, and the unhappy Indians move to remoter quarters. Alessandro, proud, passionate, burning with indignation at the wrongs which he and his people have endured, at last loses his reason. In one of his hours of aberration, he rides away with an American's horse, leaving his own sorry nag in the inclosure. He returns home to his wife and child, but scarcely has he reached them before the owner, in mad haste following him, rushes in and shoots him dead. Ramona, seizing her child, flees in horror to the nearest Indian village. It is there that Felipe, who has at last found a clue to her hiding-place, discovers her. He is accompanied by a rude Tennessee woman who has befriended Ramona, and this woman, by her skill and simple remedies, delivers Ramona from dementia; so that finally, restored to reason and strength, the girl and her child return with Felipe to the old Mexican estate. Señora Moreno is dead, and Ramona's life, which has known such strange vicissitudes, passes now into a gentle peace. Felipe, hemmed in by Americans, finally sells his estate and removes to Mexico. The patient waiting is rewarded by a union with Ramona, and it is one of the graces of this noble story that the finale is so admirably wrought as to leave on the reader's mind none of that dissatisfaction which second marriages in fiction are so apt to produce.

Now that we have filled in the outline more fully, we are almost sorry to have done it, for we have been unable to give any idea of the exceeding beauty of description and portraiture with which Mrs. Jackson has invested the narrative. There is a succession of lovely pictures, and the whole tale is romantic in an honorable sense, filling one with compassion and tender regard. The characters are admirably modeled, and the

picturesque element is so marked as to serve as a relief to the otherwise overcharged sentiment. Mrs. Jackson has shown rare power in identifying herself as an artist with the life which she has essayed to portray, and she has placed herself so completely on the side of her characters in viewing the relations which they hold with the Americans that it is impossible for the reader to do otherwise, and he makes no protest, even though he knows that it is his own countrymen with whom he is indignant.

It should be said, however, that the story never loses its balance to become a plea. On the contrary, the artistic conception is so firmly held that the wrongs suffered by the Indians envelope and inclose Alessandro and Ramona almost as some dire fate; and though the reader is moved to indignation, his interest is never withdrawn from the story. The result is that the wrongs sink deeper into the mind than if they had been the subject of the most eloquent diatribe. It is as an artist that Mrs. Jackson has written, and she has seen instinctively that her hero needed to be distinguished. By differentiating him from the Mexican she has softened the asperity with which the American might otherwise regard him. We see in him, besides the type of the wronged Indian, not an ordinary example. His own people recognize Alessandro's superiority to them; every one who meets him is struck by his lofty nature, and the reader has no difficulty in giving him his admiration. All this is necessary to the best evolution of the story, and it does not lessen the injustice done by the whites; but the exceptional character of Alessandro will be taken by some as an explanation of the subjection of his people. Had they all been like him, they will say, they would have held their ground more surely. The impatience of the Anglo-Saxon at the presence of the Indian is not lessened by the story, because he is convinced that to be

made presentable the Indian hero has been sublimated; but his sense of justice ought to be touched by the very evidence here given of qualities which appeal to humanity.

It is by a sudden wheel that we turn about from this far Western romance to occupy ourselves with the political fortunes of an ambitious Bostonian. Mr. Crawford, whose stories hitherto have admitted Americans only as foreigners, now makes a somewhat daring plunge into that aspect of American life¹ which is most finely differentiated from European life. An American millionaire is a variation of a familiar type; an American gentleman scarcely offers a shade of distinction from an English gentleman; an American lady has furnished a great variety of studies as seen against the background of European society; but an American politician is so autochthonous an individual that the most courageous foreign observer might hesitate before abandoning caricature as the easiest and safest form of portraiture. Not that we are in haste to expatriate Mr. Crawford. His ingenuous footnotes in his earlier volumes shall not be used as evidence against him. On the contrary, the admirable spirit which he shows in this latest volume makes us welcome him more cordially than ever into the ranks of American writers, and we are willing to give him in his subjects the freedom of this continent in addition to that of Asia and Europe, where he has been naturalized.

All the same we think his first essay in a distinctly American subject was an over-bold one. If there is any one topic upon which every American feels that he can pass an examination, it is the political nature of the nation, and he will recognize any slip of the tongue in treating of it quite as quickly as a Bostonian will detect a Philadelphian by

¹ *An American Politician.* By F. MARION CRAWFORD. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1885.

his speech. Mr. Crawford may tell us charming stories about Roman singers, and we will accept every noble improbability without a skeptical thought; but let him tell us of political addresses in Boston Music Hall, political bargains between demagogues and moneyed men, political contests over senatorial elections, and we are on the alert, ready to challenge every assertion and to specialize every generalization.

The hero of *An American Politician* is a young Bostonian of social position, who leaves the ranks of his party and becomes a Democrat. He is honorable and ambitious. He has the mind of a reformer, and all those qualities of will and temper which make him a fit hero for a romance. The crisis of his fortune is in his failure to secure what Mr. Crawford calls the junior senatorship of Massachusetts; but his political views are more distinctly pronounced in two speeches, — one delivered, near the beginning of the story, in Boston Music Hall, and the other at the close of the book, in the Senate at Washington, to which he has finally been elected. Mr. Crawford has not shirked his difficulties, but has given a tolerably full summary of each speech. The first is devoted to the civil service and what he calls the navigation act. The last is a plea for the paramount value of the Union over political parties. There is an approach to practical discussion in the Music Hall speech, though it is a little hard to imagine a reformer holding a vast audience by such elementary statements. But the speech in the Senate — which, by the way, a senator could not have delivered on the occasion, since the occasion was one in which the House only could take action — is about as improbable and unnecessary a speech as it would be possible for an American citizen to conceive. It would hardly have been printed in the Congressional Globe. Mr. Crawford, we fear, has been reading American newspapers, and has

been aghast at the fury into which they have lashed themselves. We can imagine that to an outsider it must have looked as if there were a terrible storm raging, but an ordinary attention to the familiar duties of the day relieves the citizen of any extreme anxiety.

There is also a dark and mysterious conclave in London of Americans, who calmly write and receive a few telegrams which settle momentous questions. This is all Mr. Crawford's invention, and answers to Ram Lal and the insane Jew and other creations of his vivid imagination. As part of the machinery of his story it serves a purpose, though a somewhat inscrutable one; as a revelation of American political life it will chiefly be valuable to the marines.

It must not be supposed that there is no love-story in all this. That is the most rational and lively part of the book. We accept again the English girl and English young man, without much question; but the distinctively American characters and the pictures of American social life need to be seen from across the Atlantic to take on a perfectly natural air. Old Miss Schenectady, an example of Boston high breeding, discloses her nationality by a free use of the phrase "I expect," and by addressing her servant in the following terms: —

"Sarah, I think you could tell Miss Josephine that Mr. Surbiton is in the parlor, could not you?"

Mr. and Mrs. Wyndham have one dialect in which they converse with their English friends, and another, more relaxed one, in which they talk to each other. Paul Revere's church is incidentally mentioned as one of the Boston sights, and the General Court gets an offhand and slightly novel definition.

These little slips are entertaining, and they hurt no one. The cheerfulness of the love passages is not greatly marred by Mr. Crawford's political anxiety, and we can promise our readers a lively story, with a good deal of go to it, and that

unfailing heartiness which is so great a charm in Mr. Crawford's art. Nevertheless, for his own sake we trust that in selecting distinctive American subjects for his always readable novels he will write of that which he sees from the inside as well as the outside. There is no better observer of national or local characteristics than one who is native to them, but has absented himself for a time, and then has come back to a fresh survey. The country life is not repeated for us more surely than by those who were born in the country, but have been city exiles; the keenest critics of English politics are those Englishmen who have studied American institutions on the spot, and we have much to hope for from those Americans who, with their fortunes bound up in their country, have

yet availed themselves of the opportunity of comparison with foreign modes of life and thought.

We do not like to leave our half dozen novels without reminding the reader what significance they have as indications of the wider scope of American fictitious art. We have simply taken the recent novels which are best worth attention; yet no two cover the same field, and the reader of them travels in their company from the Atlantic coast to the Gulf, visits the valley of the Mississippi, crosses the great plain, rests in California, and comes back to a study which connects the Old World and the New. The journey is worth taking, if only for the renewed confidence which it affords the student of human nature in the superb and varied resources of American life.

STUDIES OF THE RENAISSANCE.

ÆSTHETIC criticism, according to Mr. Walter H. Pater, must be a personal, subjective matter. The student must realize all the primary data for himself, or not at all. He must pass through the alembic of his mind the pleasurable sensations produced in him by "all works of art and the fairer forms of nature and human life," analyzing them and reducing them to their elements. In this way, it is true that the phenomena of "the solemn sixteenth century" cannot be studied too much, since each analysis must bring forth a different result, and each result must show a different phase of truth.

Miss Violet Paget, an Englishwoman living in Italy, who writes under the pseudonym of Vernon Lee, is an apt pupil in this school of analytic criticism. She finds herself wandering about the streets of some quaint Tuscan town, entering the dim aisles of some mediæval

church, turning over the leaves of some musty volume, ransacking the treasures of some old curiosity shop, and to her imaginative mind the life of the dead past lives again: she sees the architect superintending the slowly-rising marble pile, the sculptor busy over tomb and statue, the painter filling the canvas or the tempered wall with glowing forms, the poet singing his immortal lays to listening ladies dressed in rich brocades. This concrete vision is a gift, but she does not concern herself wholly with what she sees: she goes deeper, and seeks for the causes of the civilization which lives again. She tries to explain the life and character of an epoch producing the men whose works she sees. She recreates abstractions existing in her own mind.

The collection of essays¹ containing

¹ *Euphorian*. By VERNON LEE. Two vols. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1884.

her studies of the antique and the mediæval in the Renaissance she names Euphorion, after the marvelous child of Faust and Helena. Every reader of the second part of Faust is at liberty to interpret the Helena episode as he pleases. Faust to one represents the Romantic spirit in literature, Helena the Classic, and Euphorion is the poet Byron. To another, Euphorion, still concrete, is Goethe himself. Goethe, to whom full vision had not been vouchsafed, saw thus symbolized the century in which he lived. "Euphorion," says Carlyle, "is the offspring of Northern character wedded to Grecian culture." Vernon Lee reads the allegory to suit herself, and her quick intuition furnishes an explanation fertile in results. "In this strange Faustus, made up of so many and conflicting instincts; in this old man with ever-budding and ever-nipped feelings of youthfulness, muddling the hard-won secrets of nature in search after impossibilities; in him so all-sided and yet so willfully narrowed, so restlessly active yet so often palsied and apathetic; in this Faustus, who has labored so much and succeeded in so little, feeling himself at the end, when he has summed up all his studies, as foolish as before, — which of us has not learned to recognize the impersonated Middle Ages?" Helena, of course, is the spirit of antiquity, called to life again by Fate's necromancy; "a simulacrum of a thing long dead, yet with such continuing semblance of life — nay, with all life's real powers — that she seems the real, vital, living one, and Faustus yonder, thing as he is of the present, little better than a spectre." And Euphorion is the Renaissance, "a child of the Middle Ages, taking life and reality from them, but born of and curiously nurtured by the spirit of Antiquity."

A sentence from Carlyle's essay on the Helena applies with strange accuracy to Vernon Lee's book. It is an admirable makeshift criticism: "It is in-

deed a graceful, emblematic dance," he says, "this little life of Euphorion, full of meanings and half-meanings: the history of poetry; traits of individual poets; the Troubadours; the three Italians; glimpses of all things; full vision of nothing." Vernon Lee herself expressly disclaims full vision. She has no desire to make "an encyclopædic atlas" of the complex civilization of the Renaissance, and she declares that all the incompleteness, irrelevancy, and unsatisfactoriness of her book, as well as the pleasure or instruction which it can afford, are due to the fact that she has followed the bent of her own curiosity and fancy, and studied as much or as little as she pleased. Her essays, she says, "are mere impressions developed by means of study: not merely currents of thought and feeling which I have singled out from the multifold life of the Renaissance, but currents of thought and feeling in myself which have found and swept along with them certain items of Renaissance lore."

Not counting the Introduction and Epilogue, which together form a rather eloquent apology for her treatment of the subject, Euphorion contains seven essays, each complete in itself, but forming a whole through unity of purpose. "Each of these studies of mine," she says, "brings its own lesson, artistic or ethical, important or unimportant; its lesson of seeking certainty in our moral opinions, beauty in all, and, whatever our forms of art, spirituality in our love." She shows how the brilliant civilization of Italy, already doomed to death by inward rotteness, was made the common property of Europe through "the fatal sixteenth-century mistake" of inviting the French to settle the petty quarrels of princes and commonwealths; and how the stupid, rapacious ruffians, who came in iconoclastic wantonness with Charles VIII., carried back with them "the seeds of the ages of Elizabeth, of Louis XIV., and of Goethe."

She contrasts the hateful life of the serfs of feudal Europe with the gay, independent peasantry of Italy, reconstructed from the specimens of out-door poetry which have come down to us, especially in the works of Lorenzo dei Medici, "the flippant, egotistic artist and despot, whose love of nature broke the long spell of the Middle Ages." She explains the point at issue between the art born of antiquity and the art born of the Middle Ages,—the art of Mantegna and the art of Fra Angelico; showing how the antique perfected but did not corrupt the art of the Renaissance. She points out the distinction between the ideal portrait art of the ancients and the realism of the school of Giotto, so often horrible, yet so wonderfully perfect. She traces the influence on Boiardo and Ariosto, Tasso and our English Spencer, of "the old, consistent, grandly tragic tale of the mysterious incests and revenges of the race of demi-gods," as told in the Eddas and retold in the *Nibelungenlied*; of the adulterous, fantastic legends of Arthur and the Round Table; and of the hazy, feudal cycle of Charlemagne and his Paladins,—and in spite of his crudeness she gives the palm to Boiardo, the least known of all the four. She takes the love of Dante for Beatrice as the text for a sermon on the strange phenomenon of mediæval love, which she does not hesitate to call adultery.

"Personal impression," she says, "has led me, perhaps, sometimes away from the direct road; but had it not beckoned me to follow, I should most likely have simply not stirred. Pleasant impression and painful, as I have said; and sometimes the painful has been more efficacious than the other. I do not know whether the interest which I have always taken in the old squabble of real and ideal has enabled me to make at all clearer the different characteristics of painting and sculpture in Renaissance portraiture, the relation of the art of Raphael to the art of Ve-

lasquez and the art of Whistler. I can scarcely judge whether the pleasure which I owe to the crowding together, the moving about, in my fancy of the heroes and wizards and hippogriffs of the old tale of Oberon and Ogier, the association with the knights and ladies of Boiardo and Ariosto of this or that figure out of a fresco of Pinturicchio, or a picture by Dosso, has made it easier or more difficult for me to sum up the history of mediæval romance in Renaissance Italy; nor whether the recollection of certain Tuscan farms, the well-known scent of the sun-dried fennel and mint under the vine-trellis, the droning song of the contadino ploughing or pruning unseen in the valley, the snatches of peasants' rhymes, the outlines of peasants' faces,—things all these of our own time, of yesterday or to-day,—whether all this, running in my mind like so many scribbly illustrations and annotations along the margin of Lorenzo dei Medici's poems, has made my studies of rustic poetry more clear or more confused." At any rate, Vernon Lee makes charming use of modern Italy to illustrate the Italy of the Renaissance, and almost every page brings up, like vivid illustrations, the life and scenery which make Italy so dear to its lovers.

But what seems to impress Vernon Lee more than aught else in the Renaissance is its immorality. It possessed, she says, the germs of every modern thing: the habit of equality before the law, civic organization, industry and commerce developed to immense and superb proportions, science, literature, and art, and, above all, consciousness of freedom and of unlimited powers. But this self-cognizance, which was the source of all its achievements, brought a terrible penalty,— "the loss of all moral standard, of all fixed public feeling." Such moral chaos is always the accompaniment of revolution. "In the eighteenth century," says Vernon Lee, "France

plays the same part that was played in the fifteenth by Italy: again we meet the rebellion against all that has been consecrated by time and belief, the toleration of evil, the praise of the abominable, in the midst of the search for the good."

It is this moral anomaly which weighs like a nightmare on Vernon Lee's mind. "This much I know as a certainty," she says: "that never should I have tried to unravel the causes of the Renaissance's horrible anomaly of improvement and degradation, had not that anomaly returned to make me wretched with its loathsome mixture of good and evil; its detestable alternative of endurance of vile solidarities in the souls of our intellectual forefathers, or of unjust turning away from the men and the times whose moral degradation paid the price of our moral dignity." She does not excuse or make light of the immorality of the Renaissance, but with pitying wonder she shows how inevitable it was, since "it was not a formal rebellion against God, but a natural evolution of the modern world."

Curiously enough, this horrible wickedness is not to be found in the writings of the Italians. Both poetry and prose are, as Vernon Lee points out, essentially light and quiet and well regulated, sane and reasonable, completely deficient in every tragic element. The art is absolutely stainless, full of vigorous, serene beauty, pure and lovely life. One must seek in the Elizabethan dramatists, Webster, Tourneur, and Marston, and above all in Ford, the reflection of the lurid crimes which fill Italian history. One of the most striking of Vernon Lee's essays is devoted to this astonishing contrast. "In all the works of our Elizabethans," she says, "we see not only the assimilated intellectual wealth of Italy, but we see the deep impression, the indelible picture in the memory, of Italy itself; the positive, unallegorical, essentially secular mode of thought;

the unascetic, æsthetic, eminently human mode of feeling; the artistic desire of clear and harmonious form; the innumerable tendencies and habits which sever the Elizabethans so completely from the Middle Ages, and bring them so near at once to ourselves and to the ancients, making them at once antique and modern, in opposition to mediæval." But, most of all, the crimes of Italy haunted the imagination of the English. "To these men, ardent and serious even in their profligacy, imaginative even in their Puritanism, all sucking avidly at this newly found Italian civilization, the wickedness of Italy was more than morbidly attractive or morbidly appalling; it was imaginatively and psychologically fascinating." And while the real Italy was, if anything, worse than it was painted, filled with murder and incest and crimes too horrible to mention, the very criminals were genial, polished, popular gentlemen and scholars. "The great criminals of the Renaissance," says Vernon Lee, — "traitors and murderers like Lodovico Sforza, incestuous parricides like Gianpaolo Baglioni, committers of every iniquity under heaven like Cæsar Borgia, — move through the scene of Renaissance history, as shown by its writers, great and small, quietly, serenely, triumphantly; with gracious and maguanimous bearing; applauded, admired, or at least endured."

We have seen whence arose this moral rottenness, which was the more deadly because those contaminated were blind to its presence. The Renaissance was not a period, but a condition. In Northern Europe it was confined to the few towns which had shaken off the choking traditions of feudalism. In Italy it was almost universal. The growth of free towns, mercantile commonwealths, and democratic principalities involved the failure of feudalism; and Italy was modern before it was ripe, like a child educated beyond its years, and liberated from the wholesome re-

straint of school. Vernon Lee has shown the causes and effects of this abnormal state with a master hand.

Her essays are full of fruitful suggestions, and throw a new light on Renaissance literature and art. They are intensely feminine, not only in their display of quick intuition, but also in their style. The style is always florid, and

often positively bad; she affects long and involved sentences, overweighted with ideas and thoughts, and rococo with affectations. But she has so much to say that is new and original, and her heart is so thoroughly in her work that one easily forgives her style, and remembers only what she teaches and suggests.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

WE of America may not at all times have guarded with due care the Well of English Undefined; nay more, we may now and then have dropped roiling substances into that precious reservoir. In such case, we do not complain at any judgment which the grave custodians of the Well may have seen fit to pronounce. But how when the rod of punishment is broken over us because of our honest effort to filter yet clearer the afore-mentioned well-water? Are we not then justified in lifting our voice against chastisement? In no spirit of anglophobia (a malady as malignant in its way as anglomania), but very properly, one may resent a little such thrusts as this, leveled by *The Saturday Review*: "This book is published both in London and New York; but all copies would appear to have been printed in the transatlantic city. Not only do we meet in its pages with such ungainly and ugly words as 'honor,' 'favor,' and 'savory,' but we find the not only inane and idiotic, but, as the merest tyro in philology could inform Messrs. Van Campen and Van Pelt, the absolutely impossible adjective 'neighboring.'" It would, of course, be absurd to take up the cudgels for the "absolutely impossible," but we may with reason inquire why "honor," "favor," and "savory" should be thought more "un-

gainly and awkward" than "honour," "favour," and "savour," which the English writer impliedly authorizes. If there is any beauty in orthographical simplicity and uniformity, then, with all its ungainliness and ugliness, the *or* termination is preferable to the *our*. This ground is well defended by the author of Webster's Unabridged, — a work for which some of us confess a fond attachment. Our good Noah lays to Dr. Johnson's charge the retention of the *u* in words of this class, and remarks aphoristically, "Nothing in language is more mischievous than the mistakes of a great man." And moreover, our favorite lexicographer is no farther sighted than ourselves, for he admits that he can't see why "favour" should be written thus, following neither the Latin "favor" nor the French "faveur." If a "tyro in philology" might venture to offer a suggestion, it should be that, by combining the Latin with the French, a comely word and the preservation of all the vowels in both orthographies would be secured: example, "faveour." The *u* in these few debatable words might well be considered as an international shibboleth, since no good American would be apt to employ the vowel in the connection indicated, and no good Englishman, 'pon his soul! would omit its use.

— A friend of mine, who for some time resided in the city of Cienfuegos, relates the amusing experience he had of a curious social amenity there in vogue, and characteristic, perhaps, of Spanish-American etiquette elsewhere. On first taking up his residence in the Cuban city, he was not a little puzzled at hearing himself uniformly addressed as Don José, his baptismal name being neither José (or Joseph), nor in any way resembling it. His perplexity was not lessened when, in a company where several other strangers were present, the preponderance of Don José's was something to be remarked; he had not before observed that the name of Joseph was so very common. He was at some pains to correct what he supposed was an error with regard to his own name; at length, from a Cuban friend, the following explanation was elicited: "Don José" was a most honorable title (in part borrowed from a favorite saint), applicable to all strangers whom the native desires to treat with very polite regard, alike avoiding rigid formality and presumptuous familiarity; while it was difficult to assign the exact position which the typical "Don José" occupies between the mere *conocido* and the assured *amigo*, the distinction was one to be readily perceived by all courteous natures.

It occurs to me that, should this verbal coupling establish itself in general usage, it may finally take its place in the Spanish lexicon as a common name, or the equivalent thereof, used to denote the individual but recently presented, yet very eligible to one's further regard and favor,—in short, the individual with whom one would wish to appear on terms of hopeful and progressive amity. As an instance illustrative of the use to which the new vocable might be applied, take this bit of imaginary colloquy. It is asked, "Is he a friend of yours?" to which the reply is, "No, not precisely that, but a very agreeable and esteemed

don José of mine." In case this new coinage is favorably passed upon by the Spanish Academy, let us lose no time in adopting it into our own vernacular; any one will at once see that it would render very efficient service.

— Some of the things we are most familiar with are those hardest to define, and perhaps by reason of our very familiarity with them. "Humor," for instance, is a word in every one's mouth, but to define it adequately in clear and concise phrase is not so easy as might be imagined; and how many of the people who use the term have even an approximate notion of its meaning? It is much the same with regard to the word "wit," although this idea is less complex than the former one. "Tact" is another word of the same kind; we recognize the thing much more readily than we can explain it. Wit, or the quality of mind that produces wit, has been described (not defined) as the antithesis of dullness. May we not describe tact fairly well as the antithesis of clumsiness? Etymologically, as we know, tact is touch, and it may be called, therefore, the deft way of handling people. It is born with some men and women, like the supple, delicate fingers of the artist's hand, and those who have it use their gift instinctively. It is not measured alike to those who have it,—men possess it in different degrees; while others, again, are wanting in it altogether.

Tact ought not to be confounded with *savoir-faire*: it is not merely the English equivalent for that term; one may have a large acquaintance with the world and its conventions and be perfected in the practice of social duties, great and small, and yet be lacking in this fine sixth sense, so invaluable to its possessors and to all with whom they come in contact. It is the outcome of intellectual and of temperamental qualities, and implies the possession of clear perceptions, quick imagination, and del-

icate sensibilities; it is these that give the tactful person his subtle intuition of another's mental processes and moods of feeling, and in the same moment the exactly right mode of dealing with these. Tact, it is true, like any other natural gift, may be consciously exercised and brought by use to a higher perfection. Practiced on a large scale, with experience and foresight aiding, it makes the successful diplomate. It is impossible not to feel a certain pleasure in the use of special faculties, of whatever kind; and it is not to be wondered at that a person possessing the gift of dextrous touch should regard with a mingling of amusement and compassion the unfortunate individual who goes on his blundering way through the world, forever stumbling against people's idiosyncrasies, bruising their small foibles, oversetting their cherished prejudices, when a little adroitness might save all the damage. There are men and women who are always doing this, just as there are those whose awkward motions and clumsy fingers are continually bringing disaster upon themselves and whatever they handle.

It is sometimes argued that this power of delicate manipulation of others is not an altogether admirable thing,—that it is scarcely compatible with perfect sincerity of nature; and if you are inclined to oppose this view you are asked to think over the list of those among your acquaintance most remarkable for tact, and say if you consider such as trustworthy as others you know. There is a show of reason for this opinion, no doubt, but on the whole the case cannot be made out satisfactorily. It seems to me to reduce itself to a question of the use or the abuse of a good thing. The quality of our action depends upon the motive of it here as elsewhere. We may of course manage people for consciously selfish purposes, and we may do the same things out of the purest good-will, for wholly benevolent ends. Tact may be

called the worldly substitute for Christian love, or the practice of that golden rule whose universal observance would bring in the millennium. But while waiting for the perfection of individual Christians and the realization of the Christian ideal, we may be thankful for tact, and acknowledge our debt to it for hindering much of the friction of this jarring world.

—“Brer Jahsper? He live down dat street, roun’ de corner, on de lef’ han’ side, in a little frame house, wid steps up to de do’, an’ a right smart garden.”

Our pilgrim feet followed this direction until they brought us into the actual presence of the colored preacher so well known at home and abroad for his theory that “the sun do move.”

He was smoking a contemplative pipe before an open fire. With the old courtesy of the slave, his first thought seemed to be that the smoke might be unpleasant to his visitors, for the pipe disappeared somewhere even before he advanced to shake hands, then he hastily opened a window, and seated himself by it. The room apparently served him as chamber and study. A large Bible lay on the bureau, numerous likenesses of himself adorned the walls, the most prominent among them being a large oil portrait over his bed.

It was evident that “Brer Jasper” was accustomed to being interviewed, for he was in no wise abashed. When told that people North were interested in him and his church, he replied, “I am *awan* of that; I’ve had visitors from all parts of the world; committees have called on me. I’ve had applications from Europe and the State of Maine, Paris and Boston. I was offered as much as twelve hundred dollars in Washington, but I refused, because I was *ot*-tached to this church, and raised it up.”

His tall figure and dark, solemn old face were not without a dignity, imposing in its way, as he spoke of his career

and experience with the most genuine admiration of himself.

"I was the youngest of twenty-fo' children," said he; "my mother lived to be a hundred an' six years old, and not more'n half the har on her head was white; and my grandmother she was a hundred an' ten; an' I'm seventy-two now." (The Negro, like the Chinaman, is apt to age an ancestor in proportion to his veneration for him.)

"The onliest living pastor, white or colored, who was preaching when I began, that had any name in the public, was Dr. Ryland; he's principal now of a young ladies' seminary, and he was formerly pastor of the First Colored Baptist Church, — that was forty-five years ago. I came here as a hirelin' from Williamsburg in 1825; Mrs. Peachy was my mistress. As it was 'gainst the law for a slave to have a church, I preached round in different counties, and in family circles wherever they wrote me letters to come. My owners had no objection; I never was treated barbarously; they would n't impose upon me, or suffer anybody else to do it; I was the same as a prince to 'em; but when I worked in a tobacco factory my time had to be paid for by them that sent for me to preach, when they took me away from my work. Sometimes I was called off most every day in the week. They sent a dollar for my time in the afternoon, and when the colored families where I was going to preach the funeral could n't raise it, they got the whites to give it, and they often made me a present of five dollars just graciously. White people thought a heap of me then, and they do now. Some of the agedest white citizens — but young to me — come to see me; they sit down here in this room and 'verse with me. Young men come too, and they've all told me I never should suffer while I was living. I told 'em I had made a little preparation for my old age, that I was n't fur behind time. If my race thought as much of me as the

whites do there'd be another state of things about here; fact is, I don't accuse my race, it's jealous colored preachers. My first church was in Petersburg, after the war. I organized my present church — the Sixth Mount Zion Apostolic Baptist — in 1867. I was a member of the First Baptist twenty-seven years, and when I took my letter out, and went to raise this young church, I started with nine members. Now we don't number less'n twenty-three hundred. How did I come to preach about the sun? Well, it was six years ago, one of my members asked me to preach it. Richard Wells, the pastor of the Ebenezer Baptist Church, said it was a base fabrication, and a contemptible lie, and I preached to the world that it was God's revealed will. Philosophers believe in the world revolvin' upon axles, and there ain't no reason for it whatever. He take philosophers, and I take God's word. If the philosophers has got Wells, and gone from the Bible, they have n't got me, and I stick to it. If Joshua commanded the sun to stand still, how could it stand still unless it was a-movin'? I was n't after money, I only wanted to set the world right. I been offered three or four hundred dollars for preachin' that sermon about the rotation of the sun, but I refused; the onliest time I has ever commanded any money for it was once when I preached it here in Mozart Hall for the white people; then they give me a third, after they frame expenses. I reckon if I had all the letters been sent to me here since I preach that subject, a bag would n't hold 'em. Do I enjoy preachin'? Lord, ma'am! in my younger days I could preach a sermon every hour, — 't wan't no mo' to me than singin' a few verses of a hymn; then I had strength and lungs, — got no strength now. I'm an old man now, does very little preachin', fact is, I *could* preach more than two sermons a day, but 'tain't no use for me to impose myself. Does I take com-

fort in my religion? I ain't no mo 'fraid o' hell than you is of a fly. I was satisfied at my conversion that I was called to preach. A great deal is said about anointin', but little understood about it. I was anointed of God to preach, when I could n't read a word of the Bible, anointed by the Holy Ghost. I feel like it was an independent fortune to me in this world and the world to come. You ain't never seen any of the particular sketches which I preach on the rotation of the sun, — has you?"

Here the old man handed us some printed notes of his famous discourse, the text being taken from Exodus: "The Lord is a man of war, the Lord is his name," and the motion of the sun proved from as many as a dozen texts from the Old Testament. As we left, Brother Jasper showed us his garden with some pride; it is his pleasure to work in it. He is paid a regular salary by his congregation, and is not obliged to resort to any secular business.

Thirty years hence the Rev. John Jasper and his innocent delusion will be a legend. He is nearly the last of his kind.

— It is not often that "Round Robins" have more than a circumscribed and ephemeral interest. The following verses, which were inspired by the receipt of Professor Palmer's Translation of the Odyssey, were sent from a Pennsylvania Rectory as part of a Round Robin greeting and acknowledgment, and as they have a certain application to the present phase of classical training they seem worthy of publication. 'Απόλλυ is of course the Rector's wife; the Doctor her father, and Chrysostom the pastor of a famous church in New York. "Uncle Sam," we scarcely need to add, is the late Dr. Samuel Taylor, of Andover.

ON RECEIVING A COPY OF PALMER'S ODYSSEY.

The morning mail had brought us in the Book,
And down we sat to run it through and look

Again on sweet Nausicaä's maiden grace
And the worn furrows of Odysseus' face,
When, just as we were sitting down, we four,
There came a sudden ring at the front door.
(A knock would have been fitter far, but things
Have changed, and knocks have given place to
rings.)

"There!" said 'Απόλλυ (feminine of Apollo),
"We can't sit down but some call's sure to fol-
low;

Here, let me run!" She bundled up her knit-
ting,

Looped a stray lock of hair up, and was flitting,
When in there came a gray-haired, oldish party,
With long and serious face, but kind and hearty
In voice and manner, moving slow each limb,
As if his eyesight were a little dim.

His clothes all looked, though not so fresh and
gay,

Like Mr. Riddle's in the Cambridge play.

I just began, "Excuse me, sir, but who?" —

When down he sat before I'd said, — "are
you?"

"Ah, here my exile — if it is such — ends!
At last," said he, "I've got among my friends!
Just think! the President of Harvard College
Talks of admitting other kinds of knowledge
From here and there and all about creation,
To take my place at June examination!
But there, don't mind me; egotism's bad breed-
ing.

Go on. Don't let me interrupt your reading."

"Well, really then," said I, "if you'll excuse
us;

We've got a book we're thinking will amuse
us.

This author writes poetic prose; embodies he
The very life and soul of Homer's Odyssey."
The old man gave a start and said, "Indeed!"
But Chrysostom took up the book to read.
The Doctor crossed his legs and smoothed his
breeches;

'Απόλλυ set herself to count her stitches;

While I enjoyed the luxury in reading

Of being fed myself, instead of feeding.

We took the tenth book, where the woes be-
gin,

Odysseus' crew have burst the wind-filled skin,
And raised, as if on Winter Street, the weather,
Where winds all come from every side together.
We read of Laistrygonia's strange night-day,
And how Odysseus' ships fled from the bay;
How, as his fortune went from bad to worse, he
Found a year's prison in the house of Circe.

Our guest soon grew uneasy in his chair,
And muttered here and knit his forehead there;
And once I heard him say, "Confound the fel-
low,

With his new-fangled book' of blue and yel-
low!"

Soon he broke out, "I'll leave it to you, whether
That line, 'Then all the ships went down to-
gether,'

Is n't sheer poetry? why, they'll find it easy!
They've always rendered βυκρανον by 'breezy'!
This nonsense," he went on with louder clamor,

"Distracts attention wholly from the grammar.
Give a boy this, and he'll soon cease to be
Well up on special forms of verbs in μ .
I'll not endure it, I'll" — but here I grew
Impatient. "But, sir, pray then, who are
you?"
"What!" said he, rising; "surely you know
me!
Author, proprietor, sole patentee!
My name is Homer, — your old friend I am:
We made acquaintance under Uncle Sam."
But while he spoke, a something in his tone
Convinced me 't was a tramp I once had known.
We'd met, indeed, at Uncle Sam's, but slowly
Had dropped acquaintance utterly and wholly.
'T was not the great Ionian, clear of song,
Wise, childlike, eager, dignified, and strong.
This fellow needed more than emendation,
And was no nearer than a poor relation.
Besides, as he came in he made no bow,
While Homer nods (Homer informs us how;
Which, though to mention may not be good form,
it at
Least is true, "Bonus Homerus dormitat").
Ἀπόλλων smiled, and he turned to accost her,
When I broke out, "Sir, you're a rank impostor!"

Get out of here at once, and leave the Rectory!
None of your manners, Ajaxy and Hectory!
That name you used just now is a misnomer;
You're not the genuine, you're scholastic,
Homer.
This book and you — you're right! — cannot
be friends;
This gives your deathblow, your dominion ends.
Schoolboys shall learn in studying Greek's laws,
Amazed, that parsing 's not its final cause.
This ends their born hostility to Greek;
Here living men and women move and speak;
Their life we feel; why, we can almost see 'em!
Not like wax figures in your old museum,
But men that hope and love, and fear and pray,
And feel the interests that we feel to-day.
Come, there 's the door, sir! Leave! I'd have
you know
I cut our past acquaintance long ago!"
With this I turned him out and slammed the
door,
And trust I never shall behold him more.
But as we all began to talk and wonder,
My eye fell on the bust of Homer yonder.
I'll swear 't was so, although I know it 's
odd, —
I saw it several times distinctly nod.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Holiday Books. Stuff and Nonsense, by A. B. Frost. (Scribners.) Mr. Frost is a clever draughtsman, and he is sometimes funny, but his extravagance becomes wearisome, and though there is no vulgarity in the book one is affected by the exaggerations almost as if they were improper. — Flowers from Glade and Garden, by Susie Barstow Skelding (White, Stokes & Allen): a collection of poems chiefly by American writers, whose fac-simile draughts are frequently given, and a number of chromo-lithographs which are tolerably faithful in drawing, but somewhat coarse in color. — Illustrated Poems of Oliver Wendell Holmes. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) One will linger a little over the form and cover of this volume, because of the admirable proportions and tasteful design. The poems, selected by Dr. Holmes, are possibly a little graver in tone than his admirers would have chosen, but they are favorites, nevertheless, with every one. The designs, while rarely rising above fair virtue, rarely fall below it, and the general make-up of the volume shows care and excellent taste. — Garden of the Heart is one of those distortions of art which do not have much to do with books of any kind: a heart-shaped collection of leaves, fringed of course, each one containing a verse of Scripture or some pious reflection or poem. We have looked in vain for any publisher's name. — One Year's Sketch-Book, illustrated and arranged by Irene E. Jerome (Lee & Shepard): an oblong book of sketches, which

follow the seasons of the year. The verses and passages which are inwoven with the designs are well selected. The designs themselves, though somewhat conventional in their form, are well studied, and the engraving, if somewhat hard, is suited to the design. Altogether the book is above the average of its class, and represents much work and interest on the part of the arranger and illustrator. — Wordsworth's Ode, Intimations of Immortality (Lothrop), is valuable chiefly for the two portraits of Wordsworth which are given. The illustrations are of trifling value, and one or two, which essay to reproduce spiritualities, are puerile. — An Unsentimental Journey through Cornwall, by the author of John Halifax, Gentleman, with illustrations by C. Napier Henry (Macmillan): an amiable sketch of travel to Land's End, undertaken by three ladies. The descriptions are frankly feminine, the illustrations bold and masculine. With our familiarity with American wood-cuts, these at first look coarse, and we think something has been lost in the printing; but it is not difficult to acquire a genuine liking for wood-cuts which have the vigor and rude effects of these pictures. — Daddy Darwin's Dovecot, a country tale, by Juliana Horatia Ewing (S. P. C. K., London; E. and J. B. Young & Co., New York), is a little story, illustrated by Caldecott, breathing the fragrance of English country life, sweet, pure, and worlds away from the madding crowd. — Sketching Rambles in Holland, by

G. H. Boughton, with illustrations by the author and E. A. Abbey (Harpers), is a delightful volume, and proves what Mr. Boughton's friends have always suspected, that he has a neat pen at the other end of his paint-brush. An artist always has special obstacles to overcome when he mixes ink with his colors. The letterpress of this book has many of the qualities of the illustrations, and it requires very good prose to stand the test of juxtaposition to drawings by Abbey and Boughton.

Poetry. A new edition of *Marmion* has been published by Crowell, with illustrations which are reasonably good and not too finely engraved for the design. — The same publisher issues an edition of Burns's complete works, — for the letters are added to the poems, — and considering the unsatisfactory character of the ordinary lives of Burns the reader may be congratulated at getting the work in this form. — *A Rosary of Rhyme*, by Clarence T. Urmy. (Jos. Winterburn & Co., San Francisco.) Mr. Urmy respects his work, and has shown a care in his form which augurs well. If the poems reflect rather moods than states, they have at least the merit of not attitudinizing. He has evidently read other poets, but read them thoughtfully. She and I, for example, recalls Browning's Evelyn Hope, without at all imitating that poem, and there are other coincidences which are not mere echoes. — *Poems*, by Mary Hunt McCaleb. (Putnams.) The writer of these poems evidently translates everything that she sees and something that she is into verse, and does it with a fatal facility. — *The Peril of the Republic*, and other Poems, by George Macdonald Major. (Putnams.) Mr. Major's patriotism is sound, and his poetry struggles for an effective voice, but this volume is still practice work. — *Echoes from the Highland Hills*, by Charles H. Collins. (P. G. Thompson, Cincinnati.) The author claims to have done nothing but amuse himself in these verses, and he would be a churl who would deprive him of his pleasure. — *Melodies of Verse*, by Bayard Taylor (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), is a tidy little volume, in which a score or so of musical short poems have been taken from Taylor's works. The reader of his biography will be glad to have so convenient a testimony to the claim therein made that Taylor's place in literature is to be as a poet. — *A Dream of the Adirondacks*, and other Poems, by Helen Hinsdale Rich (Putnams): the poems of an earnest woman, who took refuge in sentiment from the oppressions brought by thought of wrong and evil. — *Cofachiqui*, and other Poems, by Castello N. Holford. (L. D. Holford, Bloomington, Wis.) The author apparently has Mexican blood; the poems have, at any rate. There is considerable vigor, but the poetry is chiefly represented by rhyme. — *Wanderings on Parnassus*, Poems by J. Hazard Hartzell. (Whittaker.) We think this is a case where Mr. Hartzell's senior warden might have interfered, when he saw his rector proceeding to lay aside his surplice and put on his singing-robes. Mr. Hartzell has lost his way on the mountain; he is on the other side from Helicon. — *Dunbar, the King's Advocate*; a Tragic Episode in the Reformation. (Waddie & Co., Edin-

burgh.) The author prefaces his drama with a short dissertation on the absence of dramatic art in Scotland; a still shorter one might be written on the absence of any remarkable insight into the subject in the preface. The scenes of the drama are laid in Edinburgh in 1530, and the drama itself is correct and tame. — *Callirrhoe*, Fair Rosamund, by Michael Field. (Holt.) The former of these dramas is Greek in theme, the latter English, and both have life in them. — *Over the Summer Sea*, by John Harrison and Margaret Compton (Lovell), is an ingenious medley, in which the characters are passengers upon an Atlantic steamship, and the scene is the voyage over. By rhymed narrative and intercalary songs the authors have told an entertaining story, and probably would be the last to imagine that they had written poetry. — *Lovers of exquisite and inexpensive books* are in debt to White, Stokes & Allen for at least three of their late publications: *Lyra Elegantiarum*, a collection of *vers de société*, edited by Frederick Locker; a new edition of Mr. Locker's own delightful lyrics; and Heine's *Book of Songs*, compiled from the translations of Theodore Martin and E. A. Bowring. — *A Minor Poet*, and other Verse, by Amy Levy (T. F. Unwin, London), has a great deal of crude gold in it.

History and Biography. The seventh, and we believe the penultimate, part of Mr. Francis Parkman's series, *France and England in North America* (Little, Brown & Co.), appears in Montcalm and Wolfe, now published in two volumes. The work is the ripe fruit of years expended not indeed on this particular subject, but upon the great panoramic history of the relations between France and England in America, which finds its most culminating passage in the contest which saw the dramatic death of the two heroes who give the name to the work. — *Outlines of Roman Law*, comprising its historical growth and general principles, by William C. Morey. (Putnams.) "It seems now to be a well-established fact," the author says, "that the history of modern systems of law and the principles of comparative jurisprudence cannot be properly understood without some knowledge of this most important branch of learning." His work is elementary, but is so well furnished with reference lists that it offers a very convenient hand-book, both for the private student and for the class-room. — *New York im Siebzehnten Jahrhundert*, by Dr. Victor Precht (Cherouny Printing and Publishing Co., New York): a sketch with special reference to the elucidation of the *Leisler* question. — *Thomas Carlyle, a History of his Life in London, 1834-1881*, by James Anthony Froude, completes the series of Carlyle biography. This section will have a greater interest for most people than the previous portions. It is, moreover, the presentation of Carlyle when he had become a formula, and when his hatred of sham had passed over into the natural condition of being itself a sham. It is extraordinary to see how Carlyle, when everything seemed to be in a state of wreckage, stood on the traditional faith of his ancestors. That was the rock which he never really left. For the rest, one is amazed at the prodigality of Carlyle's nature; his letters contain picturesque mate-

rial enough to construct half a dozen popular writers. We must say, that while we respect Mr. Froude for his fidelity to the trust imposed on him, we think his own interpretation of the universe, as thrust in occasionally, is a piece of impertinence. The book is issued in various forms by Scribners and Harpers, the former giving the more satisfactory library form. — *The Three Prophets: Chinese Gordon, El Maahdi, and Arabi Pasha*, by Colonel C. Chaillé Long. (Appleton.) A volume half narrative, half interpretative of English policy in Egypt. The writer was in a position to see affairs for himself, and he writes dispassionately and frankly. — *John Wycliffe, Patriot and Reformer*, by John Laird Wilson. (Funk & Wagnalls.) A condensed but not desiccated biography, which claims no originality, but is apparently prepared with care and judgment. — *Our Great Benefactors: short biographies of the men and women most eminent in literature, science, philanthropy, art, etc.* Edited by Samuel Adams Drake. (Roberts.) The plan of the work embraces only those who have lived since the introduction of the art of printing, except that Chaucer heads the list, and it excludes merely military heroes and persons of local renown only. The last name given is that of A. G. Bell. The sketches are not always biographies. In the case of Bell, for instance, there is nothing biographic, not even the date of his birth. As other dates in the book are not all correct, this is less of a loss than it might have been. However, it is not the biographic element which is aimed at so much as an account of the contribution to the world's progress made by the different persons included. The book is by different hands, and there is a lack of skill shown in some of the sketches, which are really too short to justify so much rhetoric as appears. The emblematically embellished portraits are of varying degrees of infidelity. — *Biographical Essays*, by F. Max Müller. (Scribners.) The collection includes Rammohun Roy, Keshub Chunder Sen, Dayānanda Sarasvati, Buniu Nanjio, Kenjiu Kasawara, Mohl, and Kingsley. The most of the book throws light upon the native religious movements in India, and the Catholic judgment of Max Müller is of great service in setting in true light the leaders in the movements. — In Harper's Franklin Square Library is a centennial biography of Sir Moses Montefiore, by Lucien Wolf, a timely sketch, which will explain to some otherwise ignorant that it is not the Jew's hundred years, but his hundred well-spent years, which have made him justly famous. — *Julian Hawthorne's Biography of Nathaniel Hawthorne and his Wife* makes two handsome volumes. (J. R. Osgood & Co.) We shall refer to the work later. — G. P. Putnam's Sons have issued a very neat edition of the letters of Princess Alice, with an interesting biographical sketch by Dr. Sell, of Darmstadt. — *Samuel Taylor Coleridge*, by H. D. Trail, is the latest addition to the English Men of Letters Series. (Harper Bros.) — The first volume of Justin McCarthy's *The Four Georges* (Harper Bros.) has prepared the reader to give an attentive welcome to the three volumes which are to complete the work.

Fiction. *My Friends and I*, edited by Julian

Sturgis. (Holt.) Three tales which Mr. Sturgis need not at all feel obliged to palm off on any imaginary Mrs. Harris. — *At Last*, by Carlotta S. Amspaugh (Tribune Publishing Co., Oxanna, Ala.): a ridiculous story of the sensational order. — *The Shadow of John Wallace*, by L. Clarkson (White, Stokes & Allen), is a strained piece of writing, in which a sleepy village of Long Island and a mysterious English nobleman are brought together. The author weaves *The Ring* and the *Book into the web* as a sort of mystifying interpretation. — *On a Margin* (Fords, Howard & Hulbert) is a story of artful elaboration, but with no pattern which it is worth one's while to trace. — *Dorcas, the Daughter of Faustina*, by Nathan C. Kouns (Fords, Howard & Hulbert): an historical romance of the fourth century. Historical accuracy seems to have been carefully studied, and the story is subordinated to an earnest attempt at making real the life of the Christians in the catacombs. — *Jack's Courtship*; a sailor's yarn of love and shipwreck, is the latest of W. Clark Russell's tales. (Harpers.) It is told with more or less faithfulness to a sailor's style of narrative, but the literary art is tolerably well superimposed. — *At the World's Mercy* (Appleton) is by the author of *The House on the Marsh*. It is romance served up in realistic form. — *John Rantoul*, by Henry Loomis Nelson. (Osgood.) — *Dark Days*, by Hugh Conway (Holt), is the latest book of an author who has sprung into sudden popularity, less through the literary merit of his work than through the story-telling faculty which he possesses. This book will be read quickly and forgotten, like his previous one. — *The Bassett Claim*, by Henry R. Elliot. (Putnams.) The claim was one of the French Spoliation claims, and Mr. Elliot has made a clever story out of it by making his hero a descendant of the original claimant, and employing the political circumlocution office for machinery. — *Choy Susan and other Stories*, by W. H. Bishop. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) Mr. Bishop understands the art of short stories, for he has in each case employed a motif which requires quick movement and short compass. These stories are not brief novels, nor extended anecdotes, but well-considered stories, with just enough suspense in them to keep the reader's mind on the alert to the end. Bright, often witty, and crisp in style, they ought to be popular. — The latest issues in the Franklin Square Library (Harpers) are *A North Country Maid*, by Mrs. H. Lovett Cameron; *Beauty and the Beast*, by Sarah Tytler; *The Lovers' Creed*, by Mrs. Cashel Hoey.

Sociology and Politics. The fourth edition of that terrible book, *The Jukes* (Putnams), has been published. A brief introduction gives some glimpse of the personality of Mr. Dugdale, the heroic author. — *Black and White: Land, Labor, and Politics in the South*, by T. Thomas Fortune. (Fords, Howard, & Hulbert.) Mr. Fortune's position is that the problems at the South are part and parcel of all labor problems, and are not especially affected by racial or political considerations. He violently denounces the centralization of wealth, but his book offers little in the way of reasonable solution of any problem. He adds his testimony,

however, to that of others in pleading for a more technical education of the blacks. — *Public Relief and Private Charity*, by Josephine Shaw Lowell. (Putnams.) This is an attempt at formulating the best results of charitable organization, and is done with an earnestness and a soundness of judgment which make it both valuable and stimulating. — Judge Tourgée has wisely dropped the form of fiction, and made his *An Appeal to Caesar* (Fords, Howard & Hulbert) a direct one. The book is an impassioned argument for national legislation in aid of education at the South, and it is supported by a dense array of facts, figures, and observations. It is to be hoped that the book may be widely read, even though one may suspect the writer to be wanting in scientific habit of mind. — *Our Penal Machinery and its Victims*, by John P. Altgeld. (Jansen, McClurg & Co.) An inquiry into the prison and contract system, chiefly as carried out in Chicago and in the neighboring county. The study results in certain sensible propositions, looking to such a reform as will give convicts a chance to be self-supporting when discharged. — *The Way Out; suggestions for Social Reform*, by Charles J. Bellamy (Putnams), is a thoughtful book, intended to apply rational principles to the treatment of the various diseases now afflicting the body politic. Mr. Bellamy does not claim to have discovered a panacea, but he has studied his patient well, and the remedies which he proposes are not those of a quack.

Hygiene and Medicine. *The Man Wonderful in the House Beautiful*, an allegory, teaching the principles of physiology and hygiene, and the effects of stimulants and narcotics, by Chilion B. Allen and Mary A. Allen (Fowler & Wells): a droll book, in which the customary facts are couched in alluring terms. The youngest pupils when listening to the book may be supposed to be playing baby-house. One may extract some entertainment from this ingenious work, and it might furnish teachers with illustrations, but it tries to do too much when it makes grave subjects dance a jig. — *Myths in Medicine and Old-Time Doctors*, by Alfred C. Garratt (Putnams): a book which is not confined in its interest to the profession, but will amuse many people who like *curiosa*. Dr. Garratt will lose some of these readers, however, when they come to the last section, and find that he includes the homeopathic school with the alchemists and other deluded folk. — *Health for the Maori* is a little book intended for the use of Maori children in the schools established by the English government. It is a most practical application of English sense. The author is James H. Pope, an inspector of native schools, and it is published at Wellington by George Didsbury, government printer.

Handbooks. Mrs. Lincoln's Boston Cook Book (Roberts Bros.) will prove a serious rival to the very best compendiums of the kind. Like other things with the prefix "Boston," it will be found indispensable everywhere. — The Harpers have added a valuable work to their Franklin Square

Library in Stormonth's *English Dictionary*, now issuing in weekly numbers. It is to be completed in twenty-three parts. — *A Handy Classical and Mythological Dictionary for Popular Use*, by H. C. Faulkner (A. L. Burt, New York): a convenient little book, if one is satisfied with the very meagre information to be obtained. — *Handbook for Horsewomen*, by H. L. De Bassigny (Appleton): a book which might be used to advantage by some teachers, but is inadequate as a guide to horsewomen themselves.

Criticism and Philology. *Elements of English Speech*, by Isaac Bassett Choate. (Appleton.) Mr. Choate, adopting the familiar grammatical classification, has given ten chapters, in which he illustrates in an agreeable fashion the forms which have been taken on by English speech. It is not a text-book, but will be read with interest by any intelligent observer of our language. It is a pity that the book is not furnished with an index. — *From Opitz to Lessing: a study of pseudo-classicism in literature*, by T. S. Perry. (Osgood.) Mr. Perry, who has shown himself a patient and minute student of literature, has aimed in this book to take German literature, within the time named in his title, in illustration of the phases of change common to all European nations. The comparative method which he employs is one full of suggestion, and his attempt to show the unity of literature is in itself one which will win readers for the book, since the tendency of thought is in this direction.

Government Documents. *Annual Report of the operations of the United States Life-Saving Service for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1883.* (Government Printing Office, Washington.) Among the recipients of this series of documents should be included all professional novelists of incident and adventure. Mere analysts of character might be omitted, unless they promised to introduce episodes of shipwreck. Mr. Howells would thus be entitled to the series. Yachtsmen who do or do not sail their own craft will be glad to see the book, for its list of places on the coast where vessels have stranded during the past fiscal year. A fiscal year is as good a one to be shipwrecked in as could be found.

Travel. *Three visits to America*, by Emily Faithfull. (Fowler, Wells & Co.) An uncommonly solemn preface by the publishers, which reads as if they had done an unexampled thing in arranging for the publication of this book, hardly prepares one for the endless chatter which he encounters as he moves with Miss Faithfull from point to point. All looks rosy to the good lady, but the freedom with which she uses names and introduces to the public at large all the American ladies who were civil to her is a curious commentary on manners. — Cupples, Upham & Co. send us the *Report of an Archæological Tour in Mexico in 1881*, by A. F. Bandelier. The book, which is issued under the direction of the Archæological Institute of America, contains a large number of excellent illustrations.